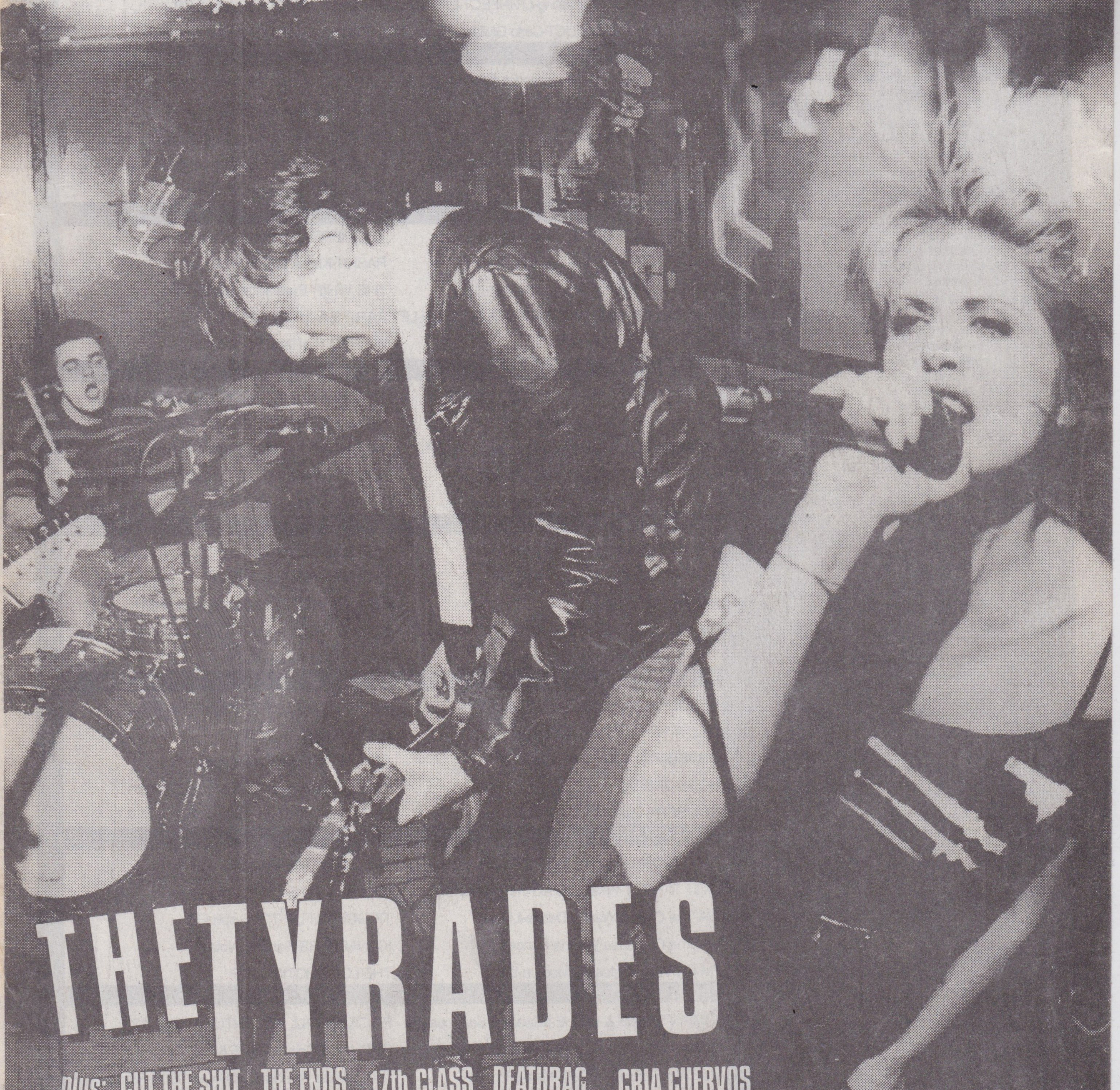
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#241 • JUNE 2003 • $3



THE TYRADES

plus: CUT THE SHIT THE ENDS 17th CLASS DEATHBAG CRIA CUERVOS PUNK ROCK IN IRAQ & IRAN? NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD THE STAND BY ME & MORE!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-154, 156-157, 159-163, 166, 168-172, 174-175, 178-181, 184-211, 213-240 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $85
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $100
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $150
Full page (7 1/4" x 10") $400

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads on paper, properly sized.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible.

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, they're $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order 5 or more of the same issue.

NEWSSTAND circulation through Big Top Newsstand Services, a division of the IPA. For more information call (415) 643-0161 or fax (415) 643-2983 or E-mail: Info@BigTopPubs.com.
Also available from: No Idea, Sound Idea, Revolver, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.
See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

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www.maximumrocknroll.com
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TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

- TRIGGERS/FLIP-TOPS-split EP
- WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-EP
- FM KNIVES-Useless & Modern-LP
- VICTIMS-Neverendinglasting-LP/INFECT-EP
- TRIGGERS-LP/CONFLICT-Carlo Giuliani-45
- INVERSIONS-EP/LAST TARGET-What Caused-45
- KIDNAPPERS-Ransom Notes-LP
- END OF THE WORLD NEWS-1917-EP
- PROJECT HOPELESS-Utsatt-EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Backstabber-EP

ROB COONS

- GUITAR WOLF-UFO Romantics-LP & live
- E-150/ZANUSSI-split EP
- V/A-Senza Tregua-LP
- V/A-Death to Hardcore Death to Reagan-LP
- BG/IRON LUNG-split EP
- CAUSTIC CHRIST/RAMBO-split EP
- THE WHIP-Freelance Liaison-45
- VICTIMS-Neverendinglasting-LP
- MILKMAN-Is this Punk Enough for You-LP
- TRIGGERS-all releases & live

ARWEN CURRY

- END OF THE WORLD NEWS-1917-EP
- TRIGGERS/FLIP-TOPS-split EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Backstabber-EP
- BREAD & CIRCUITS/FORMER MEMBERS OF-LP
- BANANAS-First Ten Years-CD
- TRIGGERS-Shoot Your Mouth Off-LP
- RASHIT-Kapak Güzelleri-LP
- THE WHIP-Freelance Liaison-45
- ÄÄRITILA-110901-EP
- WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-EP

PAUL CURRAN

- END OF THE WORLD NEWS-1917-EP
- BANANAS-First Ten Years-CD
- THREE FIFTEEN-Heart Stops Beating-EP
- NIKKI CORVETTE-45/THE FIX-45
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Backstabber-EP
- TRIGGERS/FLIP-TOPS-split EP/RASHIT-LP
- GRAVY TRAIN-CD/FLESHIES-CD
- VICTIMS-LP/PROTEST STAGNATION-EP
- NEUROOTTOSET/TARTUNTA-EP/ÄÄRITILA-EP
- V/A-Senza Tregua-LP / V/A-Death to Reagan-LP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- TRIGGERS-Shoot Your Mouth Off-LP
- LEIF ERICSSON/MILLOY-split LP
- MODEY LEMON-live
- FM KNIVES-Useless & Modern-LP
- THE WHIP-Freelance Liaison-45
- HORRORS-Vent-LP
- OIL-Red White & Boots-EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Backstabber-EP
- ROCK & ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-12"
- BG/IRON LUNG-split-EP

JEFF HEERMANN

- DEADLY WEAPONS-Backstabber-EP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Then & Now-EP
- GRABBIES-I Wanna Be Blind-EP
- HORRORS-Vent-LP
- NUMBERS-Ee-uh!-EP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Brainwash City-EP
- INVERSIONS-both EPs
- CINEMA EYE/AUDION-split 10"
- TRIGGERS-Shoot Your Mouth Off-LP
- ORPHANS-Chinatown-45

KENNY KAOS

- INVERSIONS-Hung by the Phone-EP
- LAST TARGET-What Caused the Probllem-45
- V/A-The Cretins Wanna Dance-LP
- V/A-The Creatures Wanna Dance-LP
- FM KNIVES-Useless & Modern-LP
- THE ENDS-Teenage Retox-EP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Then & Now-EP
- TRIGGERS/FLIP-TOPS-split EP
- KIDNAPPERS-Ransom Notes-LP
- THE LOCOMOTIONS-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- JUMPIN BEANS & WILLIE-MilwaukeeSessions-LP
- FM KNIVES-LP/TRIGGERS-Shoot Your Mouth-LP
- THE WHIP-45/HORRORS-Vent-LP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-EP/OIL-Red, White-45
- GRABBIES-I Wanna Be-EP/STREET TRASH-EP
- ROCK & ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-12"
- ORPHANS-Chinatown-45 & live
- LYRES-Tear You Up-45/KIDNAPPERS-Ransom-LP
- EASYS-I Want You Back-45
- THE FIRST ATTEMPT-Video

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible--one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

- FM KNIVES-LP/KIDNAPPERS-Ransom-LP
- NOFX-Regaining-EP/LAGWAGON-Blaze-LP
- HOOTEN 3 CAR-CD/GO KART GO-Flying-CD
- DEADLY WEAPONS-EP/TURBONEGRO-live
- GRAVY TRAIN-Hello Doctor-CD & live
- NO SHAME-Rebound-CD
- PONYS-So Sentimental-EP
- APERS-Buzz Electric-CD
- NIKKI CORVETTE-Love Me-45
- MOONDOGS-Peel Sessions-CD

BOBBY MANIC

- KIDNAPPERS-Ransom Notes-LP
- FM KNIVES-Useless & Modern-LP
- BANANAS-First Ten Years-CD
- ROCK & ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-12"
- NIKKI CORVETTE-Love Me-45

WILL RISK

- BREAD & CIRCUITS/FORMER MEMBERS OF-LP
- BG/IRON LUNG-split EP
- TURBONEGRO-live/ABI YOYOS-live
- BLUE MONDAY-War Wounds-EP
- TOTAL FURY Commited to the Core-10"

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- CONFLICT-Carlo Giuliani-45
- FUSES-Sex Crimes-45
- FM KNIVES-LP/ORPANS-Chinatown-45
- BREAD &CIRCUITS/FORMER MEMBERS OF-LP
- ANNIHILATION TIME-LP/THE WHIP-45
- ROCK & ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-12"
- TRIGGERS-Shoot Your Mouth Off-LP
- THE SHIVERING-To the Ground-10"
- THE GRABBIES-I Wanna Be Blind-EP
- THE PEELS/OPERATION MAKEOUT-live

DONNA POOLE

- ORPHANS-Chinatown-45
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Brainwash City-EP
- TRIGGERS-LP & EP
- TRIGGERS FLIP-TOPS-split EP
- MIDNIGHT EVILS-Straight Till Morning-CD
- FM KNIVES-LP and live
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Backstabber-EP
- KIDNAPPERS-Ransom Note-LP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Then & Now-EP
- TURBONEGRO-live

BRUCE ROEHRS

- BULLDOG SPIRIT-CD/GRABBIES-EP
- WAR OF DESTRUCTION-EP/OIL-EP
- STREET TRASH-EP/STITCHES/BODIES-live
- MILKMAN-Is this Punk Enough for You-LP
- KAUNIIT POLIISIT/ARSYKE-split EP
- VICTIMS-LP/BOILS-Pride & Persecution-LP
- BOMBAST/SPEEDFREAKS-split EP
- ÄÄRITILA-110901-EP
- ANNIHILATION TIME-This One's for You-LP
- CAUSTIC CHRIST/RAMBO-split EP

MIKE THORN

- ÄÄRITILA-110901-EP/INFECT-EP/OIL-EP
- TRIGGERS-LP/DEADLY WEAPONS-EP
- FROTERRORISMO-EP/RESOLVE/CONSUME-EP
- CAUSTIC CHRIST/RAMBO-split EP
- STREET TRASH-EP & live/RESOLVE-live
- RUIDO DE ODIO/KONTRAORDEN-EP
- KAUNIIT POLIISIT/ARSYKE-split EP
- WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-EP
- SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS-LP
- NEUROOTTOSET PELIMANNIT/TARTUNTA-EP

RYAN WELLS

- ROCK & ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-12"
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Brainwash City-EP
- FM KNIVES-Useless & Modern-LP
- JUMPIN BEANS & WILLIE-MilwaukeeSessions-LP
- THE WHIP-Freelance Liaison-45
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Backstabber-EP
- PONYS-So Sentimental-EP
- FUSES-Sex Crimes-45
- CLONE DEFECTS-Shapes of Venus-LP
- GUITAR WOLF-UFO Romantics-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Downsided #6
- Headwound #14
- Mind the Gap #7
- Morgenmuffel #11
- The Neus Subjex #50
- No-Na-Mé
- Profane Existence #41
- Razorcake #13
- Shrike #2
- Xerography Debt #10

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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punçh, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, Distemper, Enewetak, UK Subs, Luxo Champ, Jake Sayless, "Pioneers of Punk."

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#228/May '02. 3 Summers Gone, Haymaker, Killed In Action, 31G, Cheetah Chrome, Stardumb, This Computer Kills, Isso•Keh, Strong Intention, Desobediencia Civil, Caustic Christ, Lack of Knowledge.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four,
All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore Fanzine, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit! The Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music zine round-table, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

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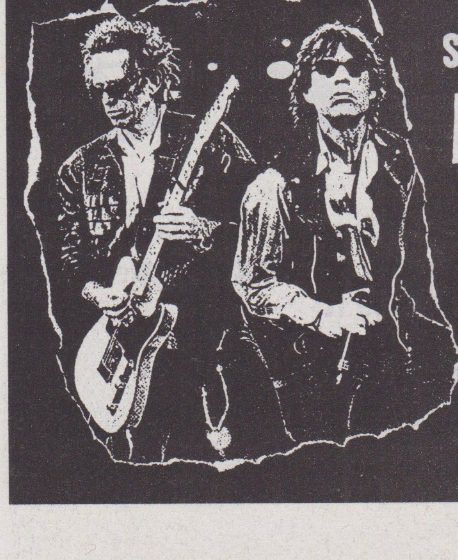

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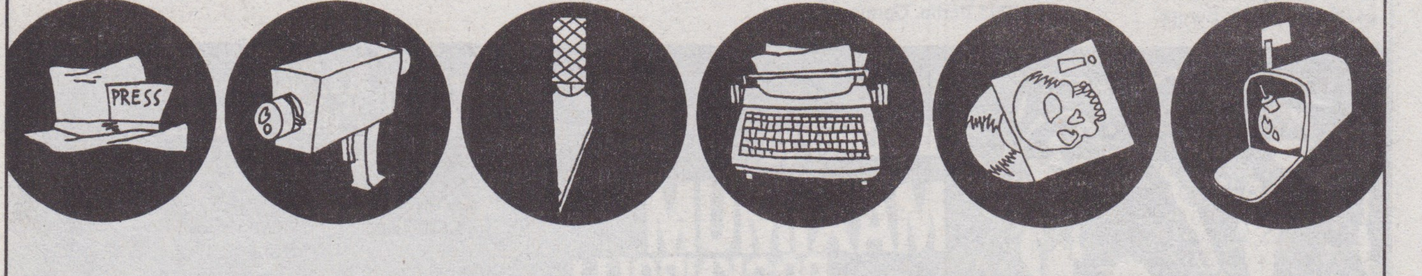

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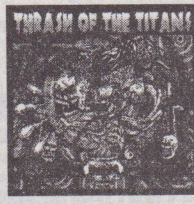

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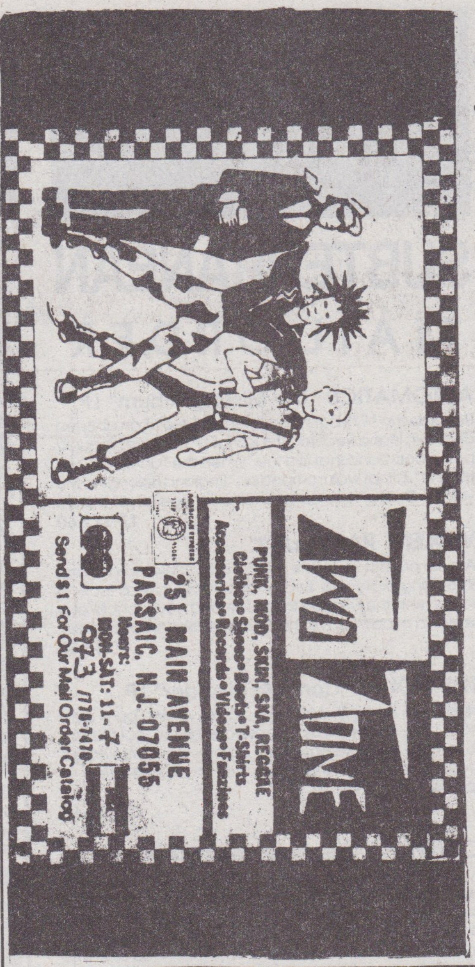
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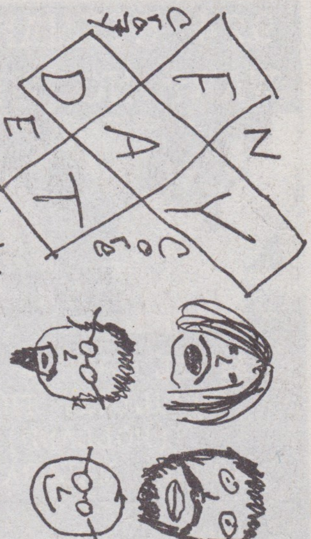

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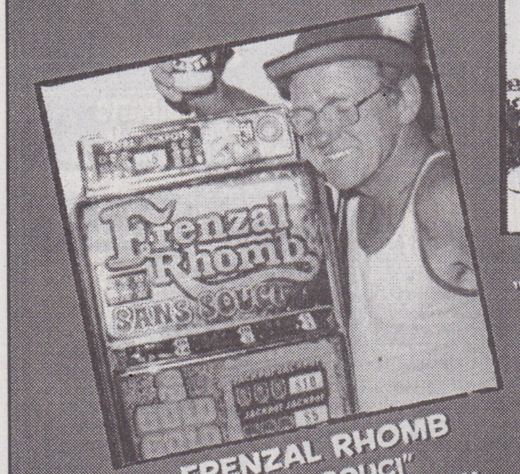
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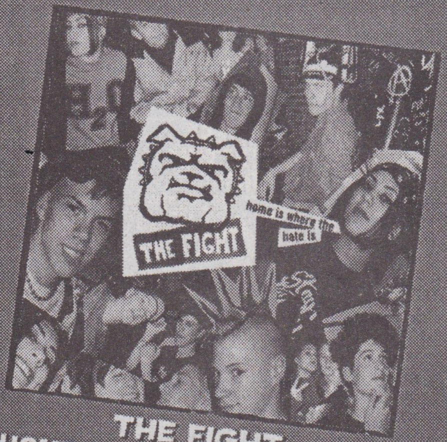
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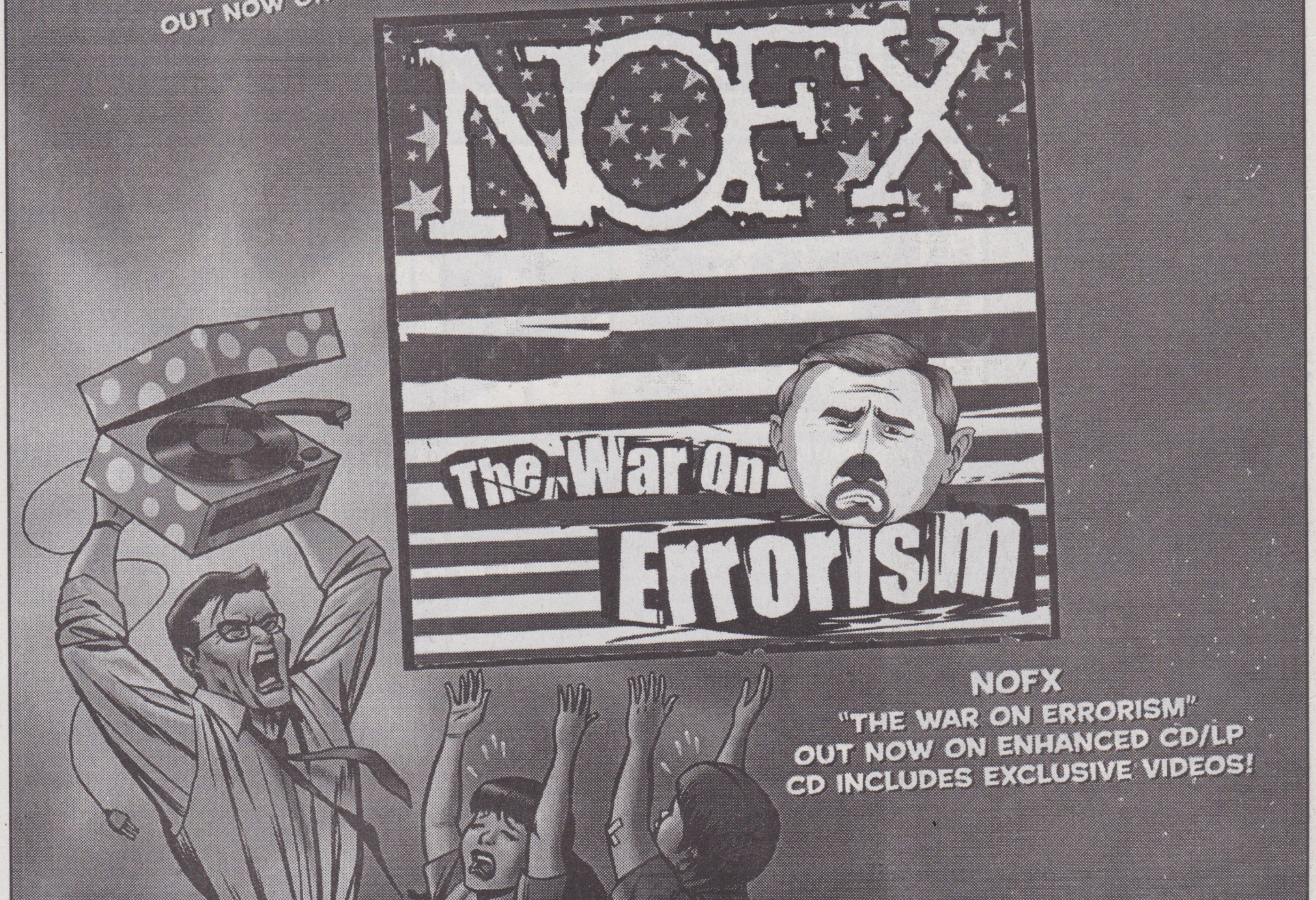
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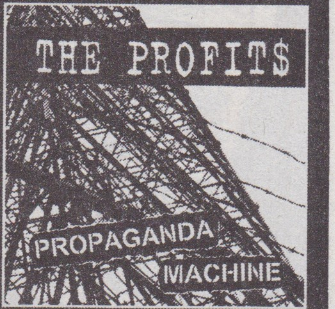
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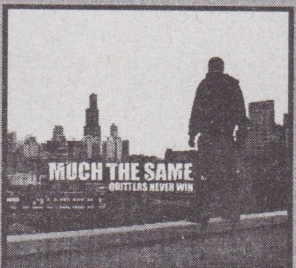
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Dearest *MRR* / "lost art of letter-writing" division:

I was moved by Arwen's plea in the January '03 issue for more letters not having to do with "so and so is a fucking Nazi/ isn't a Nazi, but there's nothing wrong with that..." subjects. Then I opened March's *MRR* issue (great interview with This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, especially including the negative review...genius) and realized that I still hadn't written the letter I was going to. Oops! Shit, now I gotta come up with some stuff to write about...

Order of Business #1: *MRR* Radio. Brilliant. Seriously. At the beginning, admittedly, I was just really excited to hear Paul Curran, but really soon I found myself furiously scribbling down the names of Japanese and Eastern Bloc hardcore bands for future record-bin-haunting purposes. To think that I thought the best thing to ever come out of Eastern Europe (the "good" strain of Communism according to a 1968 *Time* magazine...I hate *Time* magazine... although I could see how during the Cultural Revolution and Brezhnev being a fat greedy son of a bitch of a premier, they might not have been too sweet on Soviet/Sino strains...) were werewolves and Nicolai Ceausescu making his dog, Corbv, a colonel! Man, what the hell was I talking about? Oh, yeah, great job on the radio show. I love being able to hear some of that great foreign stuff without having to drop the bread on import prices.

Item #2! I actually only started reading *MRR* in August, finally picking up an issue for the Toys That Kill interview, because for a solid three years I'd heard nothing good about it. People would always graciously inform me about it was nothing more than interviews with shitty hardcore bands and ignorant shit-talking opinions. Man, what a fucked-up reputation. I was very happy to see that, after a few issues where I sort of cringed at the black stains on my fingertips and telling myself I was only picking up the hated zine 'cause of George Tabb's columns...I found myself opening new issues and feeling...at home. There really is, at least to my perception, a real sort of DIY, fraternal intimacy that, honestly seems to be absent from the other, shall-remain-nameless "big" interview-column-review magazines. Nothing about *MRR* feels mass-produced or distant or coldly commercial, and I've even started looking at the black rivers dripping down my fingertips after attacking a new issue with love.

I am in agreeance with Arwen about the reading thing she mentioned in January. Luckily, I have some not-quite-punk friends (as in June of '44 over Conflict and Cat Power over Against Me...so not that different, but still...) who read voraciously, like, two or three books a week. One week I saw one of my good friends with Sinclair Lewis, Camille Paglia and another book in the same week...either way, my local punk rock scene, Staten Island—as NYC as a whole has no scene—is woefully ignorant. I almost want to say willfully ignorant, but it isn't really my place to judge.

However, a scene report would be rather heartbreaking to read. 99% of the kids are firmly pro-war, and not even for really valid reasons, either. I recently entered into an argument with a bunch of people (online, as Staten Island kids avoid face-to-face confrontations as much as books...) and kept being met with counter arguments like "Saddam will murder us if we don't take him out" and "the war has nothing to do with oil, George W. and Dick Cheney have no oil interests." It really is rather on the depressing side, and I can't tell if this is akin to Nazipunk influence in the days of yore, or just the fact that being from the only conservative borough in NYC, the borough that elected, I kid you not, a high school dropout as borough president, renders them this way.

Whatever it is, it makes me pretty sick. Even more so when you add in the fact that the scene is dominated by homophobia, sexism, and racism. One of the bands here has a song, I just found out recently, about beating a woman because, and I quote, "feminism is bad because women should not be superior, and feminism is sexist because it assumes all men view women as sexual objects." It makes a little sense until you think about it for a few seconds and the ignorance dawns on you. Add that on to the liberal use of the word "fag" that is almost expected when you pack a room full of mallrat high school kids together, and a recent upswing of "nigger," which is "explained" as, "Oh, I didn't say that, I said 'nigga,' like Nelly," and you've got a pretty terrible atmosphere.

I forgot how reading books factors into this, but let's just say that I long ago learned not to talk to anyone outside of two or three people, as at the first sign of intelligence coming from my lips, the chastising and hatred begins. And of course, when the punks are as bad as asshole locals, the asshole locals are, by default...even worse! Thankfully, I don't have to go to school here, and I leave in five months or so.

Jonathan Tesnakis

P.S. Mike Thorn, your review of Against Me's new 7" fit my feelings of it exactly. I was afraid no one else saw the slight letdown in it. They're playing an ultra-lame festival here (Ashbury Pack), complete with "punk" fashion show, vending booths, and $26.50 ticket prices. I was very sad upon hearing about that, almost ashamed, somehow.
P.P.S. Along the same lines, I'm including a cutout from Sunday's (03/09/03) *NY Times* that illustrates how far CBGB's has fallen. Shows sponsored by Volvo and (apparently) the foreign affairs ministry of the Swedish government? Rock the fuck on, my friends.
P.P.P.S. Including news stories in the zine? Awesome.

Maxi Rocker:

This is Karl Bakla from Las Vegas—the crazed Sri Lankan punk rock dude! Well anyway, I'm writing because in the most current issue there is a letter from my old buddy, Opie Muddle, who was trying to track me down. Well I just wanted to thank *MRR* for helping me find my old friend!

Also, this is to all the stupid assholes who were biting *MRR*'s head off because of some supposed white power band's record review—all of you fuck off! I'm glad you wrote in to tell everyone to stay away from this band, but how the fuck is *MRR* supposed to know all about some stupid band from some stupid country nobody gives a fuck about? I think it's your fucking job to inform *MRR* about these things! If this band is so dangerous, why didn't any of you lazy asses write a letter in warning *MRR* before a record by such a "dangerous" band could be released? I think anyone with half a fucking brain knows *MRR* doesn't support white power! You cowards need to save your white power-bashing for the real racists. Don't you think a nice letter informing *MRR* would of also done the job?

Well, I gotta go, but I'd like to add that I still hate Panic Inc./Larry B. from Las Vegas, and by the time this sees print it will have been over a year since I ordered that record from him and not gotten it. Oh well, Larry's probably mad because that shitty Mormon band the Reform isn't around any more...oh well!

Karl Bakla

P.S. Fellow Sri Lankan/Sinhalese punks, get in contact—I'd like to know I'm not the only one! Maybe we can eat curry and start a pit?

Dear *MRR*,

I've been drawing record covers for a couple of years now. For the last year, I've been able to support myself off of illustration and illustration alone. The upside of that is obvious; I get to make my own hours, take off whenever I want, not answer to a boss, and best of all, draw all day. The downside is that I don't get paid much. So I have to draw a lot in order to make ends meet, and often for bands I've never heard of. What I've done before when people email me asking me to do artwork for them is say, "sure, I'll draw a cover for your 7", as long as your band has no sexist, homophobic, or racist lyrics." Sometimes I forget to preface a deal with that, but I'm naive and sometimes think that no one in the DIY scene would put out anything by ignorant grunting fools that still think those subjects are cool.

Well, I was wrong. The recent *Stab to Kill vol. 1* compilation 7" was a good slap in the face to remind me of that. Also, I'm sure it would've been nearly impossible to get lyrics from all the bands on the comp beforehand and pass them on to the artist. Comps can be a pain in the ass, I know this. Anyway, on a whole it's OK, except for one song. The Smut Peddlers' "Riot at the Pier" song is a craptastic song laden with homophobic terms. "Progressive types are taking over the beach / things are getting out of hand / people wait in line to be let into gay bars / rainbow flags fly over our land / riot at the pier...." "...Kent Shockneck is a fucking queer" Maybe this is some sort of inside joke and I don't get it. If it is, it's in poor taste, and how is anyone to know? I doubt it, though.

So this letter is meant to be an apology. I'm apologizing for allowing my artwork to be associated with such narrow-minded shit. I try. But, sometimes it's not going to work and something's gonna slip by. So I just wanted to let anyone who cares know that I don't support anything like this. For everyone who thinks this is cool and being "anti-PC" is cool and/or funny, I say, eat a box of shit.

Mike / Last Chance Illustration

Dear *MRR*:

I recently wrote a letter in which I mentioned Centinex's questionable lyrics (and the band's connection with Nunslaughter). Apparently the song in question is a cover version of "Mutilation" by Death, but I'm sure Centinex wouldn't sing it if they didn't agree. Just wanted to correct myself before someone else did. Not a terribly important letter.

Humberto Sanchez.

P.S. The lyrics are:

"Staring your severed head in the face / I celebrate a faggot's death, human disgrace / Hanging your mangled corpse for display / My revenge fulfilled upon this day."

Dear *MRR*:

I never had the urge to write until now, but over the last however many months, more and more people keep writing in and complaining about racist bands and organizations that release their music. Who cares if people do this kind of music? You aren't held at gunpoint and forced to listen to it, are you? If you don't agree with their ideas, don't fucking listen to it you fucking pussies. You guys are worse than fucking Tipper and the PMRC. I'm more than sure they don't waste their time listening to what you listen to. I don't see too many racist magazines and establishments out there telling people not to listen to anti-racist bands. The bottom line is if you don't like what they have to say, don't listen to them. I'm not racist, but at the same time I'm not anti-racist. I learn to deal with things. Look at animals out in nature. Dogs don't seem to like other dogs. Beta fish don't like other beta fish. I know this seems like a cheesy analogy, but I've been led to believe racism is a part of life. You learn to fucking deal with it.

Fitch Brain Larry

Dear Larry:

Well, as a woman, I guess some might say I am a "pussy," but I usually think of myself as so much more. Sigh. Oh well. Onward; so you're not a racist, but neither are you anti-racist? Give me a break. There are many things in this world which are inevitable and which one must learn to deal with, like rain, aging, stupid people...but racism is not one of them. Racism is one of those things that you're either for or against, and anyone who can't quite bring themselves to come out against has some problems, in my mind. Racism is not an unavoidable fact of human existence, it is a result of a culture which divides and sub-divides groups of people and pits them against one another. As for that tired ass nature argument, there are many more examples of cooperation than of competition in animal societies, and if you don't care for that scholarly type stuff, go to the dog park! Most dogs I've known seem to like other dogs just fine, with the exception of those who've been victimized by fucked up humans! Sheesh! Oh yeah, the music thing; I don't want my money to support racist businesses, projects or bands. I appreciate people helping me steer clear of things which I might oth-

erwise inadvertently support, not realizing until too late where my money had gone. And I think a lot of other people feel the same way.
-Anandi

Dear Gang:

Well it looks like "the war" in Iraq may be "over" for the political pundits in Washington. But don't forget; it will never be over for those who lost loved ones, both American and Iraqi, and those children whose limbs were blown off or parents killed. It will never be over for the innocents. And the repercussions of this foul act will probably never be over for you or me. As is being said in the Arab world today, "A hundred Osama bin Ladens have been born." Will we always be looking over our shoulder? What about the inalienable civil liberties that many Americans once enjoyed? Let us think about it for just a moment—what are the repercussions of this entire episode for our children? Do any of us actually believe that the world is safer now? Will this war ever be over for you or me or our kids?

Either way, I hope the killing in Iraq is over. I hope Saddam is dead. Both figuratively and literally. I hope our respective countries' economies recover. I am surprised that the US stock market slipped today, in spite of what has happened in Iraq. And, I hope we can now try to deal with that fruitcake running North Korea. I sincerely hope we can get out of Iraq ASAP and we leave Iran and Syria alone. And I hope we get the Israelis out of the occupied territories. And, I guess while I wish for the impossible, I also wish for a billion gazillion dollars and some magical red slippers that will grant my every wish! Have a nice day.
Mike

A letter to *MRR*:

Hilipatihei! I've got some information and I want to share it with everybody. Maybe some of you already know that some time ago this bootleg LP called *Killed By Finnish Hardcore*, with thirty Finnish hardcore bands from early 80s, was released. That record includes all the classics and lots of obscure bands as well. With the letter there is an insert. In the insert, it was mentioned that two hundred copies of the record were sent to *Toinen Vaihtoehto* fanzine in Finland. Records were sent to Finland to make sure that all the people who played in those old bands get their copy of the record.

Well, indeed, we did receive two hundred copies of the *KBFH* LP. It was a surprise to us to go to customs office and find out what there was waiting for us. Customs officers tried to get two hundred dollars from us for taxes or something. But after negotiating for over two hours with them, they shared our opinion and we didn't have to pay any taxes. Excellent. So in past weeks we've been trying to track down all these people in all these bands. Some people we have found easily (Mellakka, Pohjasakka, Lama, 000, Nukketeatteri, Tampere SS, Bastards, Rattus, Kaaos, Riistetyt, etc...), some people have died, and some we are still looking for.

The point is that the bootlegger actually sent out those two hundred copies for the bands, though it happened indirectly. But we are making our best to make sure that everybody gets their record. Most people we have reached so far have been happy getting their share and they are also surprised that people still care about their music twenty years after it was created.

Anyway, records are being spread and it's an interesting job for us to try to find everybody and see what are they doing nowadays...
Kasikaks, Markku Hirvelä and
Toinen Vaihtoehto crüe

MRR:

Hey, I love the radio show. It's cool to be able to hear stuff I never would have heard otherwise, every week. I do have a couple of criticisms, however. First, I think you need to let the females represent on the show more. I just started listening a month or two ago, but it seems like the shows are almost completely male-dominated. I'm sure you could find some cool punk womyn to spin some records. Maybe you could even have an all-grrl show every once in a while? I know this has been said before, but we need to do away with alot of the patriarchy in the punk "scene."

Also, I think the geographical sets are getting a little tired. I'm sure you could come up with something a little more original? Maybe do an anti-war set? An all-female set? Come on! You have that *huge* library of records to work with, I'm sure you could come up with something new. Arwen, I want to hear you on the next show!
Jack.

MRR:

Just wanted to drop a quick email to notify our friends...As of March 23rd, 2003, Diallo has ceased to be a band. An original member had decided to leave and the rest of us cannot continue on without him. I'd like to say thanks to everyone who has booked a show for us, supported us, shown an interest in our project, released our material, let us sleep on their floor, and made us feel welcome. The split with Artimus Pyle and the split with Exhale will be our last releases, and there will be no last show. So with that, our utmost gratitude for the past three years.
Much love,
Chuck/ Diallo

MRR:

Hello, we still have some rip off problems in Japan.

Azra Affendi Ab Rahman, Lot 651. Kg Belukar Beta, 16450 Kota Bharu, Kelantan Darul Naim, Malasia. This guy ripped us off some Japanese shops. We are not money trees!
Kenji
Answer Records

MRR/Andy:

Thanks so much for your review of our latest CD in the current *MRR*. It really meant a lot to us. So many times we get slagged in various punk rags for not fitting into whatever narrowly defined punk sub-genre the reviewer particularly likes. You really made our day!
Thanks,
Chris Peigler/My So-Called Band

MRR:

The Machine Gun Pete 7" you reviewed in the May issue didn't have an address 'cause I forgot to include one. It's 3218 Fullerton Ave. #26, Chicago, IL 60647. The record is $3 ppd in the States.
Thanks, Martin

P.S. George Tabb should either write new columns or give up the space to the other writers you got going only once every other month.

Hello:
I've been reading *MRR* for the longest time now and I still like the zine a lot. There's one thing bothering me though; you seem to like Stardumb and the Apers a lot. I come from the Apers' hometown and I can honestly say we know better here! The Apers take every opportunity they get to vent their disgust about the so-called "real" punk scene in the Dutch media. (No, they won't do that in *MRR*, that would be bad for business!) To them, the DIY scene is just a remnant of the past. They keep on talking about how badly produced most punk rock records are and how most artwork is cheap and looks bad. Well, if I had a band member working at a printing plant who could make full color flyers for the cost of the ink and paper, I wouldn't use cheap photocopied black and white flyers either. And I sure would spend two weeks in a good studio to record my album if I had the money for it. If you saw the kind of media attention Stardumb seeks over here, you wouldn't want to have anything to do with them.

To a lot of you folks, a person like Jello Biafra is nothing more then a rock star, but I think the Apers are a lot worse in that aspect. Kevin Aper is going to have a mock wedding in Las Vegas with a Dutch rock singer called Ellen ten Damme. The Dutch media are full of that thing; it's such a stupid publicity stunt. Apers video clips are offered to commercial MTV-like stations like the Box, and they spam their "fans" to call that station (for 70 eurocents a call) to ask them to play their record. It goes on and on like that.

How people conduct their business is their own choice, but the Apers clearly use a double standard. They pretend to be DIY to the DIY scene and meanwhile they seek mainstream media attention in a way that really sickens me...Stardumb, to me, doesn't represent the Dutch scene in any way!

Leen Steen

Rock & Rollers:
This is Ryan Emotion of hardcore punk band Gruk, from Chico, California. I just read a review of our self-titled CD in the May issue of *MRR*, and we'd like to thank Megan March for her kind words...but our contact info was wrong! The website provided should have read www.geocities.com/ryanlallbaugh/enter gruk.html. I blame nobody but myself and my bad handwriting for the mistake. If you could put a lil' correction in the 'zine somewhere, that would be great.
To all the punx... please don't steal my lunch money.
Love, Ryan Emotion/Gruk

Dear *MRR*:
Thank you so much for writing about our CD in issue #240! We love *MRR* and it was a pleasure seeing our name in your legendary and influential pages. Maybe it doesn't matter much to some readers out there, but it does to us. The review said: "...with a chorus of yell-along guys." It's true, we yell a lot, but the chorus is made of just as many *girls* as guys. It was 50/50, if I remember correctly. And it was a lot of fun too.

We're touring Europe in August. We'll be in Denmark the 1st of August and we still need some shows all over the place. We will travel in a van for little over two weeks, so if anybody out there can help us out to put up a show, please contact us via email: IAdaptHC@yahoo.com or thru our web-site: www.iadapt.tk .
To *MRR*: keep up the good work! To its readers: fight the good fight!
—The guys from I Adapt, Iceland

Hey *Maximumrocknroll*-
I read just recently in your zine about you guys parting ways with Mordam Records. I think that was an exellent move. Mordam and companies like it are sucking the life out of what is left of punk and making it just another bullshit industry. Which brings me to my point; if you are gonna take Mordam out of the zine then Interpunk.com ads need to go and go quick. I am a former employee of interpunk.com and I know what goes on there. If you actually take a look at their website, you can get a clue as to what I mean. Promoting such acts as Sum 41, Good Charlotte, the whole Vagrant thing, Capitol Records, Dreamworks, and a number of other major labels. In addition, they sell merchandise directly to one of the worst culture-stealing companies that associates itself with punk...Hot Topic! They make patches, keychains, buttons, and pins, and sell them direct to the store. If you don't believe me, look at one of the keychains; there is an Interpunk logo on the bottom of one of the sides. And that is why I left—I felt disgusted to work there. It's been almost a year since I worked there and I have boycotted the place ever since and encouraged others to do so as well. And that is, unbelievably, just the tip of the iceberg. I just felt you guys needed to know. For the kids, by the kids is a joke...don't believe their hype.
Thank you.
Chris

Hey Chris,
Well, we wouldn't sign an exclusive distribution contract with Interpunk, for the reasons you described (Capitol Records? Yeesh). We left Mordam for similar reasons. But as far as advertising goes, we consider Interpunk to be like a store—with a broad inventory that we can't really keep track of. And we'll allow an (independently owned) store to advertise even if they also carry major label crap—as long as that crap isn't in the ad. A distro like Mordam could send us an ad including, say, Prank or Broken releases, but not for one of their labels that deals with majors.

Besides a punk at a show with a cardboard box full of singles, labels are (just about) the most basic, closest unit of punk..uh...commerce—they make the records we review, they support the bands we see at the show. Stores and distros, on the other hand, are usually farther from home and harder to watch—sometimes the customers are the kids, but often they are other distros. At a certain point, it just becomes impossible to monitor what gets sold to whom.

Do we need more stores and distros that are really, truly run by the kids, for the kids? Fuck, yeah—desperately.

I'll expect the ad for yours by the 15th.

—Arwen

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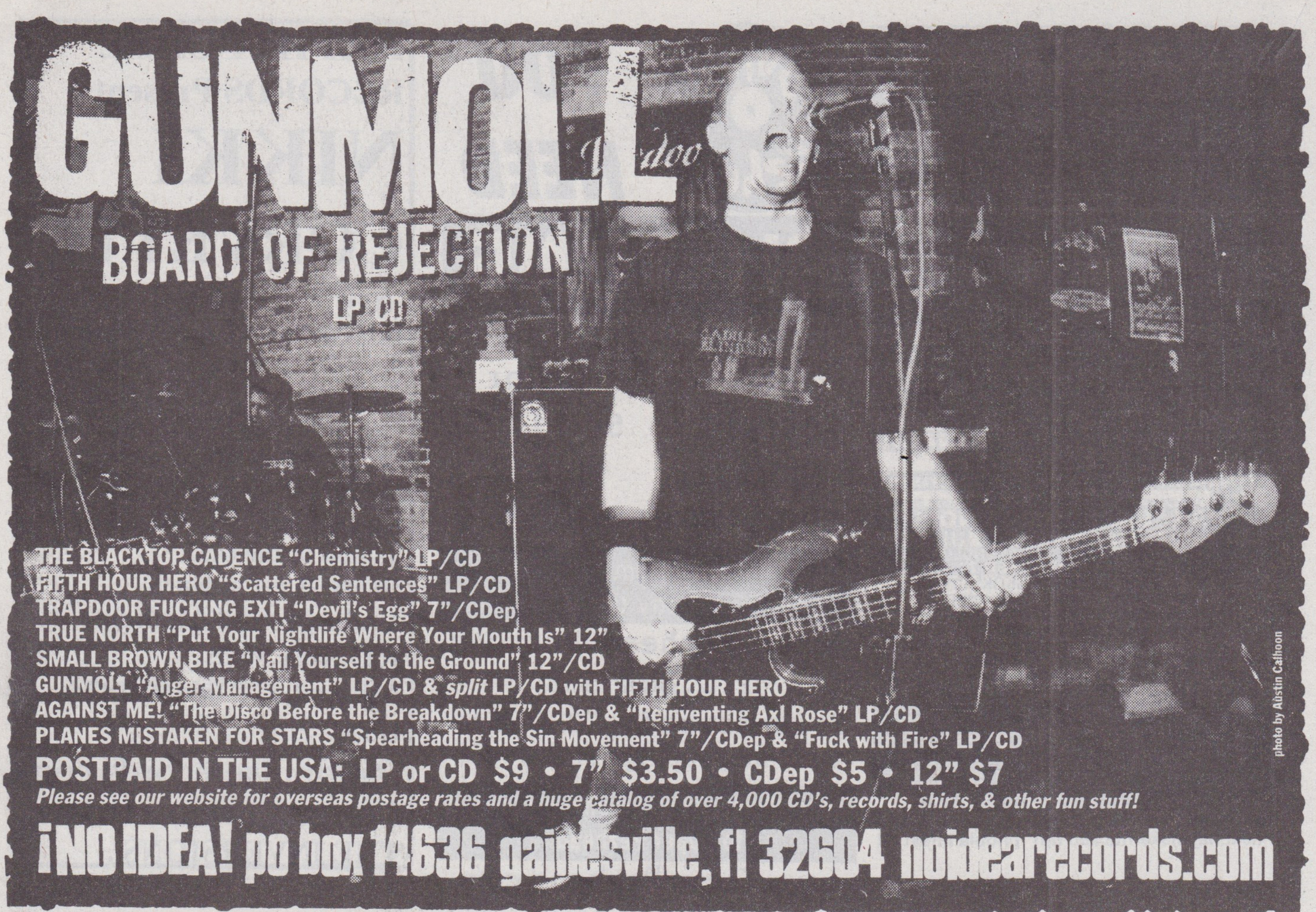

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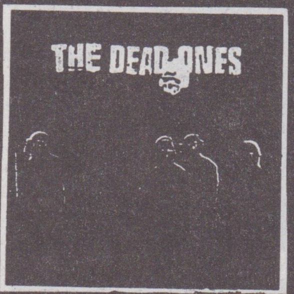

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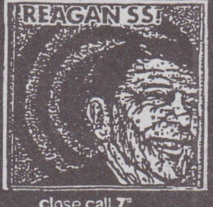

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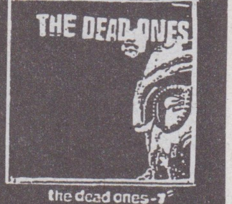

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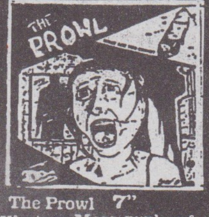

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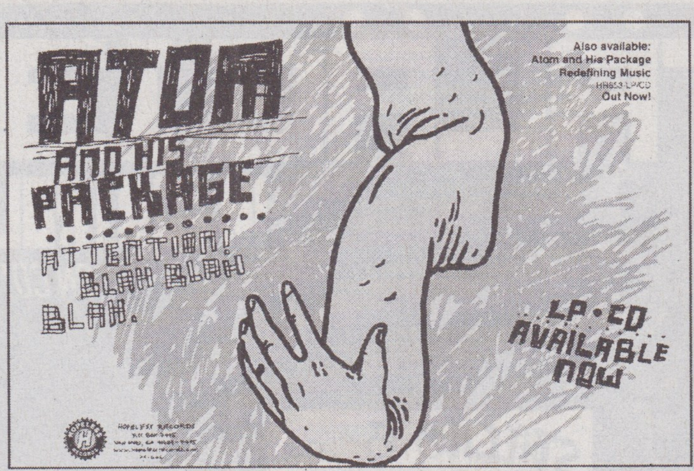
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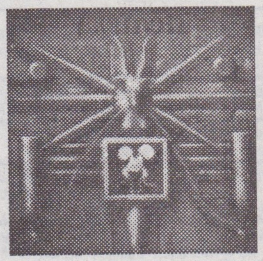

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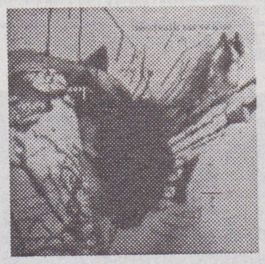

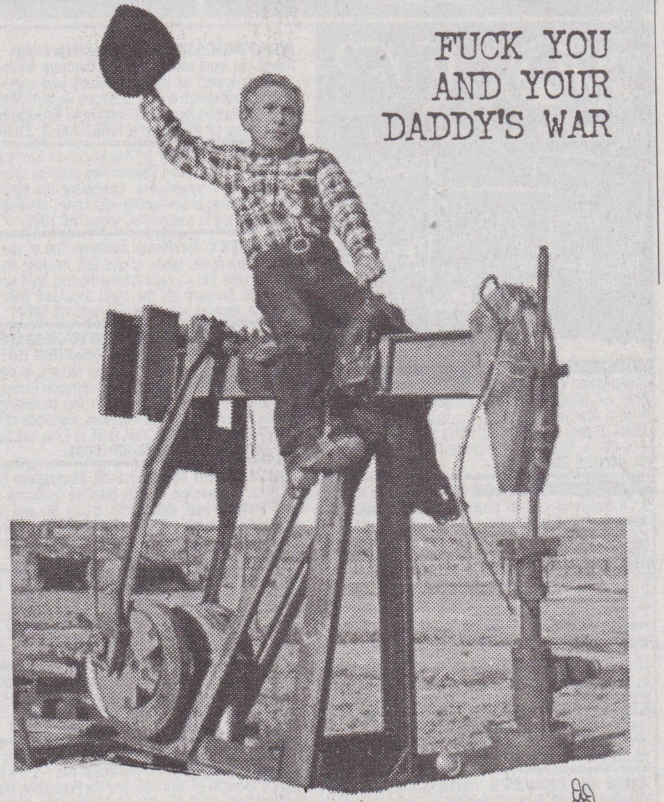
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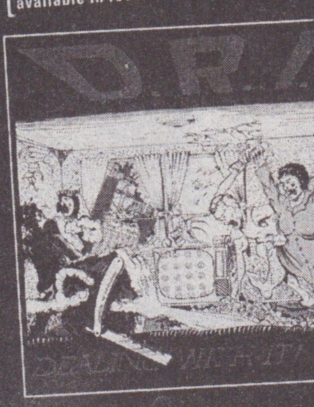

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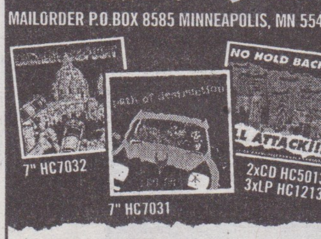

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COLUMNS

My Mother Wears Combat Boots

Jessica Mills

At the Roach Motel reunion show a couple of weeks ago, it struck me that what this column needed was the voice of a kid who's grown up with punk music scene-involved parents. Because there she was, the merch girl, a girl who will be 15 next month and who I've seen grow up around me since she was about my daughter's current age of 3.

I wanted to know what she had to say about all of this, not just about that night's show, but her whole, holistic view of being brought up in and around a local punk music scene. I wondered what it was like for her to be in the midst of her mom's and dad's drunk punk party friends and acquaintances all night long, some of whom would ask her after buying a shirt or a record, "Hey, What's your name? Yeah, I know you! You were at my wedding years back. You're all grown up. I've known you since you were 'this' high." I wondered how many times she had heard that or something similar.

So I decided to ask her all about it...

MRR: Were you required by your parents or by the club to stay at the merch table all night in order to be allowed into the show?

We decided ahead of time that there'd be more of a chance for me to get in if I showed up last minute. So, I went that night not sure whether I could get in, or if I would be sent home. We figured doing merch would be a good excuse if I needed one, plus it gave me something to do. I felt more like I belonged to something. We arrived early enough, and there were no problems getting in. I wasn't restricted to the table, but I liked the spot; good for people-watching.

MRR: You told me that you thought the show was good. What made it so?

All my life, Roach Motel has been a legendary name in my house. So, it was exciting to finally see what all the fuss was about. I'd only known Bob Fetz as this sort of quiet, nice guy who wore Dockers and was a friend of my mom. Then, there he is: seated onstage over a pitcher of beer bellowing how hard it is "bein' the singer for the Roach Motel!" That transition was incredible. And the fact that my dad had only moments before been installing Bob's dentures in the parking lot really added to the irony. It was also cool to witness something that means a lot to my parents, experience it, and maybe understand *them* better. There they were: dad in a freshly buzzed mohawk and mom right up front pogoing. They were living in the moment, just like I've done at shows. It was thrilling and comical at the same time.

MRR: Has your enjoyment of shows increased? I ask this because I remember one Fugazi show in particular when I was eight months pregnant and you stood in the back with me most of the time, you practically falling asleep by my side, and now I'll see you enjoying yourself out at more shows.

Yeah, I definitely appreciate them more now. At that time three years ago, I'd been to big arena concerts with assigned seating, or outdoor events, but I wasn't quite ready for the sweaty, smoky, loud interior of a sold out Brick City. Gradually though, I got more and more into the music. I could go to venues with a parent and enjoy it. Around 12 or 13, I was able to attend all-ages shows without them. Now, especially within the past year, I try to see as much local music as I can.

When I was younger, I knew *of* plenty of bands from listening to my parents. My mom would mention a Radon gig, and I knew that they were a band, but it didn't mean to me what it does now. Not that I'm just discovering it, because they were always there, but now I see for myself and can create what the music means to me. What makes local stuff great is the ability to speak to the band, or know people without viewing them in such a "rockstar" light. Unlike most music out there, where you might only see a band on TV or at a huge concert, and then they're celebrities.

MRR: So, you actually really like punk rock and don't hate it just as a way to rebel against your parents?

Yeah, I'm into it now, but I've certainly gone through my phases. I don't think I considered it rebellion, but it's hard to be young and not susceptible to what the media throws at you. What's cool about my upbringing, is that I was always at least aware of good music. It was never unattainable. In third grade, I remember drawing pictures of my hero at the time, Joey Ramone, wearing my pink sunglasses. That was my first time getting into the "Ramnoes" as I spelled. Then, in fourth and fifth grade, I liked Hanson and more radio-friendly stuff. Punk was always around, just not as prevalent as the MTV ear candy. My parents let me get through my Spice Girl phase and enjoyed it with me, no I never thought of it as defiance. Luckily, the support I received gives me a greater appreciation for good music now.

MRR: I think that's how more parents should be, them supporting and guiding their kids through whatever the kids' interests are, not just dictating what is permissible and acceptable and what isn't, according only to the parental agendas. People keep warning me that my daughter will rebel no matter what, because that's what all kids do. They say whether it's kids turning to punk because their parents are super conservative or kids playing a super conservative role because their parents are rockers, I should expect it. But I don't think that's necessarily true and I think that how your parents have supported you proves that.

Absolutely. I've had my phases, but I think that maybe some inherited "rock awareness" kept me from being too absorbed by them. I've had a blast enjoying my parents' music. Punk rock sing-alongs were (and still are) prevalent in my dad's car, and when I was around eight, my mom and I had tailor-made dresses and painted our faces for two KISS concerts. How many kids get these kind of memories?

MRR: Do you have a first memory specific to your folks being involved in something subcultural?

Well, early on, it didn't seen out of the ordinary. My best childhood friend's mom worked at the Hardback and most of my other friends had parents connected within the scene. It wasn't until I got a little older with suburban kids at school that I realized we weren't exactly the typical American family. I was like, *"What? Your mom's not a rockstar?"*

In initial memories, my pals and I spent a lot of time running around the daytime, usually empty Hardback Cafe. Being so little, I couldn't fathom why the bathrooms were so grody or what the grafitti meant, but I knew it was an important place for bands to play. My friend would tell me that she heard people peed in the courtyard and we just thought that was wild.

I remember not understanding why I couldn't wear my Ovarydose shirt to school. I got really excited when they were interviewed on 1390 and I could hear my mom over the radio. I called in and asked her what a boob job was. They all laughed and she answered, "Something I never want to get."

MRR: What is it exactly that sets your parents apart from your other friends' parents who are not in the scene?

I think that the parent-child relationships are very different. I'm close with my family because I know a lot about them. What they're passionate about and that they didn't stop being themselves when I came along. Many kids don't know much of their parents lives pre-family, or can understand their love of music. My folks have been very open about things with me. They're able to maintain the balance between rock & roll and responsibility. As a result, I haven't gotten into much trouble because it doesn't seem exciting or rebellious. By allowing me to make my own decisions, I think that I've made the right ones.

MRR: Do other kids tell you how lucky you are or how cool your parents are?

Yes! Though only a few of my friends realize how involved in the scene my parents are, I get it from them a lot. But I try not to let my mom catch on to how cool she is.

MRR: Is there anything that you haven't liked about your parents being involved in the scene?

Well, it's been tough sometimes when they're out partying or at band practice. At 2 1/2, my mom went on tour with Mutley Chix for two weeks. From what I hear, I was quite the terror for my dad, still nursing and not dealing well with the separation. As I got older, I could understand band duties, and my mom tried not to schedule practice when I was with her.

Other things like crashing at party houses or feeling uncomfortable amongst all adults came into play as well. But the independence skills I've gained from talking with a lot of adults are valuable. It's easy to feel insecure when you're the youngest one in the room, but as soon as you actually talk to someone and have a good conversation, they can usually get over the age thing and you meet some really interesting people.

It took a while to adjust to drunk people, too. I've rarely been around my parents drunk, but it was scary at first. Now it's actually kind of amusing.

MRR: What are your favorite bands right now?

I'm really into local bands currently. Against Me!, Radon, HWM. I recently got the Bitchin' album and really like it. I still love Ramones and have gotten into some Replacements and Bad Religion. I listen to Mazzy Star, Cyndi Lauper, Less Than Jake, the Strokes, Chili Peppers and lots of retro, too.

With my parents, there's always a vast library of punk to be aware of. It's never hard to find good music.

MRR: Every year for the past few years, I've been to your super cool birthday dance party where your folks have decorated up a local venue and your friends come for the afternoon. I remember the first one I went to, I walked in and the first song I heard was a Ramones song and all you jr. high kids were having so much fun. I thought it was so awesome. Do you bring your own records to play?

It was all stuff I picked out. Unfortunately, not many of the 50 or 60 kids there from school shared my music tastes, but I guess that's jr. high for ya. So, I compromised and had to play a good amount of rap and techno so people would dance. I don't like rap, but I chose the stuff I could tolerate, nothing violent or degrading. I snuck some good sounds in there, too. If I only played my music, the parties wouldn't have gone over as well.

MRR: If you could have any band play your party this year, who would you get?

Against Me! would be great, they have such high-energy shows. But if I could have any band in the world, I'd either choose the Strokes because that's what I like to dance to, or someone outrageous like the B-52's or Harry Belafonte. That would be really crazy and fun, definitely setting the party apart from a basic show. Too bad the Down Lo is no longer.

MRR: Are you interested in playing music?

Yes. I took drum lessons for a year, but didn't have my own set, so I've taught myself as much on guitar as I can. I'd really like to improve on either, but varsity softball eats up most of my weekday time. I'm at a point where, as soon as I can, I want to get more lessons.

MRR: Are you interested in anything else that you think is an element of the punk scene? I'm asking this because I saw you at an anti-war demo a couple weeks ago. I noticed that you were there on your own - no parents. Just you, a friend, and your bikes.

I consider myself very socially aware and am interested in sociopolitical issues. I'm in the Student Activist Coalition at my school. We attend and support anti-war efforts to promote peaceful solutions. My parents are split on the issue, so I've mostly come to this conclusion alone. I've been to many political events with my parents, but now I also attend things on my own.

MRR: And I know that you've been raised primarily vegan? Can you talk a little bit about that? (being raised vegan, how it was taught to you and why, your own food choices now that you're older, different from your peers, etc.)

Being raised vegetarian/vegan is some thing I'm very thankful to my parents for. As a baby, I ate what they ate and grew to love good food. I've always been given the option of trying meat if I ever wanted, but I've had no desire or need. I've found this is the case with many kids raised veggie. Personally, I enjoy eating healthy, and have tried not to impose it on my peers. Elementary school came with a lot of questions from other kids, but I was always confident and informed enough to answer them. Young people now eat so poorly in general, without understanding what it does to them. I'm happy to stand out from this crowd.

MRR: So all in all, what does being raised in this crazy scene mean to you? How does it all fit together for you—the music, the politics, the food choices?

I guess that it's all come together to greatly influence who I am. The scene has raised me as aware. Of music, issues, people, and of myself. I've had experiences very different from most people my age, and it's been fabulous. I think they've made me more mature than a lot of my classmates. I get along well with my parents and at the least can say that things have never been dull. Growing up in such interesting environments, and things turning out the way they have, I couldn't imagine it any other way. Punkparents, keep up the good work & get in touch!

yardwideyarns@hotmail.com
or PO Box 12839, Gainesville, FL 32604

ALL
HAIL
THE
MARKET!
$
NATHAN BERG

The Business of Invasion

I'm sure that I'm not going to be the only columnist dedicating this month's column to the subject of war. Unfortunately, the publishing timeline of *MRR* makes it pretty hard to write about anything on a timely basis (though trust me, I do my best to make sure that my columns are as up-to-the-minute as possible; er…late). Surely, any kind of news that I could share with you about the war will be old hat by the time you read it. However, if you're trying to get all your information about the war from *MRR*, you're so behind the times and drastically under-informed that I doubt I'll be of much help anyhow. So, I figured I'd write about a few of the more interesting aspects of the US invasion as it has occurred in these first three weeks.

One of the most fascinating spectacles I've noticed thus far is the attention that the mass media has given to propaganda. I've seen at least a dozen stories in the mainstream press about how the battle for public opinion is being waged just as heavily as the version with soldiers and guns and planes and missiles. Interestingly enough, these stories make virtually no effort whatsoever to cover up the propaganda tactics used by the US government/military. They describe, often in vivid detail, the various methods being used to deceive or misinform both the Iraqi and US populations.

At first, I was shocked by these articles, often on page eight of the newspaper, that stop just short of spelling out the connection between this outright manipulation of the American public and all of the other info presented on pages one through seven. However, I've come to notice that the propaganda of this invasion is a bit more subtle than in previous conflicts that the US starts.

Of course, there is the typical twisting of semantics. Some terms and phrases are being used with such frequency in the mainstream media that one can almost forget what the original meaning is. Here are some examples: "war" means invasion; "coalition forces" means the US and British armies; "friendly fire" means getting killed by your friends; "collateral damages" means dead Iraqi civilians; and, in the most blatant misuse of any English term I've seen to date, "defend" means attack.

But more importantly, the most obvious propaganda tactic being used is the lack of information. There are billions of aspects of the invasion on Iraqi that simply aren't being addressed by the US media. This has been the case during wartime for as long as any of us can remember, but in this modern age of the internet proliferation, it's easier than ever for Americans to view foreign sources of news and see what it is that we're not being told.

American Image

A couple of months ago, I wrote a column about image and its importance in both the business community and life in general. Now, in anti-war protests around the world, we're beginning to learn what image America portrays to the rest of humanity.

I feel that it's safe to say the majority of the world's population is opposed to the US action in Iraq. Even in many countries whose governments officially support the US, the overwhelming majority of its citizens do not, such as in Japan, where 80% of the population is opposed to the US invasion. In fact, three weeks into the attack, one could start tabulating the number of people around the world that have directly protested the war using a percentage of the total world population. So obviously, anti-American sentiment is at an all-time high.

Protestors have shown their disgust with America in mnay different ways. There have been burnings of US flags and effigies for George Bush and Colin Powell. But in many cases, disgust has been shown by the desecration of American products. In India, Maoist rebels attacked a Pepsi warehouse and smashed bottles of Coca-cola to show their contempt. In Greece, they smashed out the windows of a local McDonald's. Elsewhere, entire countries are running successful boycotts of US-based companies.

This is how the rest of the world sees America: as the land of Pepsi, McDonald's, and Wal-Mart. And when they're pissed at us, that's how they will show their anger. No small wonder that the stock market continues to fall, even as "coalition forces" push closer and closer to "victory."

Invasion Advertising

Since the invasion began, I've heard many people say that you shouldn't watch TV news or read mainstream newspapers to get information because "it's all lies." While I agree with this premise, I find that mainstream news is a bewilderingly interesting exhibition at a time like this. So long as you consume it with a critical mind and a boatload of skepticism, it can be a magically informative experience.

However, I was surprised to note that just three days into conflict, I would turn on the television and see nothing but the regular toilet bowl of programming. I seem to recall that during Gulf War, Part I, you couldn't flip on the tube without seeing some correspondent commenting on the battle fatigues of US soldiers or George Bush, Part I, relaying the message that Kuwaitis are slowly regaining their freedom. Nay, I tried six different times, and not once did I manage to find the slightest admission that our country was brutally attacking another.

A week later, I gained an incredible amount of insight as to why this might be. As it turns out, many of the largest television advertisers (PepsiCo., Proctor & Gamble, Visa, etc.) have pulled all advertising for products during wartime news coverage. Giving no real reason for doing so, numerous companies are now refusing to run ads any time a network airs anything to do with the war. For the time being, the networks are claiming that they are giving no less coverage regardless, saying that they are losing tons of revenue just to bring this "important" information to the consumer. But I can't help but wonder if the coverage is being diminshed solely because these advertisers won't let the images of their products be tainted by images of reality (or, at least, reality as defined by network television).

Again, some would argue that this is a good thing, because mainstream television news is only good for fooling the masses. Again, I understand the premise, but news about the war (even the filler produced by the TV barons) still serves to remind people that we are attacking another country and that this is not something to be taken lightly.

Somehow, I doubt that Jimmy Kimmel will deliver the same message.

On a humorous endnote, one of the articles I read while researching this trend of major advertisers pulling their ads out of war coverage was written two days before the Academy Awards. In it, they mentioned that many of these same companies (Pepsi, P&G, McDonald's, American Express, etc.) decided not to pull their ads from the awards show in the hope that none of the Oscar winners would use their time on stage to discuss their opinions about the war.

Ha ha. Go Michael Moore.

Contact

If you'd like to send a letter my way, send it here: Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative, c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St. Madison, WI 53703. Zines are good.

XXX
MORE THAN FASHION
CARL CORDOVA

Let's Get Down

My band recently had the fortune to play with a great band out of Vallejo, California, called ESKAPO. Their demo that my bassist picked up was great, but it doesn't hold a candle to their live show. Even when I couldn't understand what the singer was saying because it was in Tagalog (some members of the band are from the Philippines), I still enjoyed watching the crowd go nuts for them. Their sound ranges from anywhere to melodic punk songs about drinking too much, to surging fast political hardcore anthems. Personally, my favorite songs on the demo CD-R are the ones that sound like AVAIL. If you live in the area, this band is not to be missed live. You can get their demo by contacting eskapo@hotmail.com.

Another rad demo was just put out by a new straightedge band from the Bay Area. LIGHTS OUT plays six songs of traditional straightedge hardcore with Connor from the LAB RATS taking on vocal duties. Unfortunately, there is no ANGRY SAMOANS influence to be found here (just kidding). If you want to order one, send 3 dollars to 1040 Laguna Ave. Felton, CA 95018, or email Connor at hardxtimes@hotmail.com for any questions. If you have a computer you can download 2 songs from here http://www.blacksummer.com/lightsout/

Speaking of Bay Area straightedge, you need to check out Trent Nelson's website at http://www.trenthead.com/punk/index.html. Trent Nelson is currently News Editor for Photography at the *Salt Lake City Tribune,* and was named Utah Press Photographer of the Year in 1997. He also happen to have a camera with him most of the time at the Gilman during the late 80s, and captured some really crucial photos of bands like UNIT PRIDE, BREAKAWAY, HARDSTANCE, INSTED, and YOUTH OF TODAY. You'll definitely recognize the YOUTH OF TODAY photos from various album covers and t-shirts. Very nice.

I guess we can't get everything that we want. Take for instance the STRIKING DISTANCE interview you wanted in last month's issue. I mentioned in my last column that it was ready, but then I missed the deadline. It might be in this month's issue, then again it might not be. Hopefully STRIKING DISTANCE are too busy touring Europe to notice.

Surf and Destroy

I might be asking the wrong crowd, but does anybody else still rock their BL'AST *Power of Expression* LP? While it's not hard to see the many obvious influences BLACK FLAG had on this band (BL'AST thanked them "for existing" on their lyric sheet), their first LP was everything that Greg Ginn wishes he could have written while getting stoned off his ass. "Surf and Destroy" has to be one of the best skate songs ever written. Why the sudden BL'AST worship? Ask Oxnard's ANNIHILATION TIME. Since their s/t LP just came out on Deadalive Records, I blew off the dust on my old BL'AST records to compare them against these new dudes. The jury is in, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a "Thanks to…BL'AST (for existing)" on their lyric sheet. Add a little BLACK SABBATH, and then some artwork from the legendary Raymond Pettibon, and you get ANNIHILATION TIME. Pick this winner up from Deadalive Records at PO Box 42593 Philadelphia, PA 19101, or go to their website at www.deadaliverecords.com.

Posi Fest 2003

The dates and place have been decided, but the tickets and prices are still TBA. Bands who want to play need to send music on a CD or tape (CD preferred) to: XBobbmacX, 19 Sorbertown Hill, Hunlock Creek, PA 18621. So far the highlights (in this writer's humble opinion) include STRIKING DISTANCE, SUICIDE FILE, MENTAL, DESPERATE MEASURES, THE FIRST STEP, and INTEGRITY (no joke).

Leave a space on your calendars for July 11th through the 13th· You heard the stories about last year, so don't miss out on this year. Check www.homebaseshows.com/posifest/ for more updates on added bands.

Three Chords. That's All I Need

I have been listening to a ton of RAIN OF THE PARADE recently, and I have come to the conclusion that this band was easily one of my favorites from that '97 time period when shit was off the wall. They might not have been a sXe band, but I could have cared less. ROTP were the band that finally had the balls to put into lyrics what almost every straight edge kid (besides the ones living in Syracuse or the entire Midwest) was asking him/herself at the time: "Why the fuck are we wearing SLUGFEST nightgowns, and spreading one SLAYER riff over an entire album?" Everyone knew those were the dark ages of hardcore, but ROTP was the first to say "Send it back to the longhairs!" It's a shame that it took almost three years for the rest of the country to catch up with the East and West Coast. Hell, even today in Kentucky some kid with size 48 purple JNCO jeans is waiting for the DESPAIR reunion…

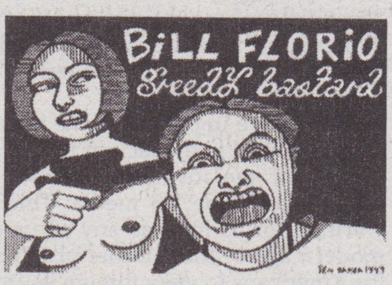
So…I want to know when/if the discography is coming out. I've got a couple thousand in my savings, so I'll put it out if I have to. I am 100% serious.

This Month's Top Ten

1. RAIN ON THE PARADE Everything
2. JUDGE *Revelation Can Suck It* 10"
3. *FUCK YOU FANZINE**
4. RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO *The In Crowd* LP (while typing this)
5. YOUTH OF TODAY *Can't Close My Eyes* 12"
6. *IMPACT* Fanzine #2 (It's huge!)
7. *START TODAY* Fanzine #3
8. MILES DAVIS *Porgy and Bess* LP (for grading Film papers)
9. *MRR* Photo Show at the Balazo
10. MOUTHPIECE poster from Rob Coons

*You seriously need to check out this new one page fanzine called *FUCK YOU FANZINE.* It seriously has to be one of the funniest, most well written one page zines since *RADIO RIOT.* Great interviews, awesome rants, and some of the most brutal reviews I have ever read. Some of them are so right on that I wish that I had written them. Check out this review for Seattle's STAY GOLD: "STAY GOLD, 'a product of Seattle Washington' according to the cover of this CD. Ah-ha! That explains why this is so terrible! If I was on a desert island, and this was the ONLY record I had to listen to, I'd snap this CD in half and slash my wrists with the sharp ends." Pure genius. Email this guy right now and ask him how you can obtain these: fumisterfuman@hotmail.com.

Send demos, zines, and limited colored vinyl to Neck, 800 Font Blvd. #10A, San Francisco, CA 94132. Keep the faith.



So after hearing for months from my friends and bandmates about TURBO this and NEGRO that, as well as being offered a free ticket, I went to see the Norse enigma that is TURBONEGRO. Whenever the subject of this band came up, I would tell everyone that I've never seen them and it's hard for me to decide if I really like a band without seeing them. The other thing is, I bought one of their singles ten years ago because someone else told me they're good, and it totally sucked, so I'm already biased. So as far as I know, I'm going to the show knowing that they have two decent LPs which we listened to on tour 40 times, and they have a single that sucks that I bought because it has Norwegians wearing blackface.

OK, let's flashback a year or two. My friend Will Tarrant calls me up. "Hey Bill, you interested in going to see THOR tonight?" Will has been a big metal fan since the early to mid 1980s, and even did an underground metal zine when he was in high school. I was pretty into metal in high school as well, especially if it was semi-obscure bands. Anyhow, I don't remember ever listening to THOR, but we had the *Thunder on the Tundra* EP hanging up at Reconstruction Records because the cover was so damn funny, and I bought it and never listened to it. Anyhow, I answered a loud "Yes!" to Will's question and opened up the record, listened to one and a half songs, and trekked down to Continental for the show. So we sit through the hardcore hockey tribute band TWO MAN ADVANTAGE and watch as the Long Island weeknight fans scurry out to catch the LIRR when THOR takes the stage. OK, THOR's band was pretty schlubby; there was an old has-been guy on guitar and some guy with flamy Hot Topic satin pants and a Lollapalooza hat on bass. They were sort of a karaoke party for THOR, though. He changed headgear three or four times, donning different styles of Viking helmets, one of which was shaped like a wolf's head. He also had a sword, a hammer, etc. His banter was great—he then added a great strongman freak show element, bending a steel bar with his teeth and blowing up a water bottle till it burst. Musically, it wasn't that bad; without the overproduction of the records, it was just barebones 70s-style heavy metal. A lot of chanted choruses, etc., etc. It was a lot more than I was expecting, and it was probably one of the most fun shows I have seen at The Continental since; definitely the best show there where there were fewer than 40 people sticking around.

OK, so Sunday night I walk into Mercury Lounge, which for the record is a place I've never been to. The usual show for that place is lame indie rock bands that I have no interest in whatsoever. By the way, this show and the show the following night had sold out in a couple of hours. They play their opening theme music and the band takes the stage. After two dirgy songs, the singer says something like, "You dare throw a beer bottle at me and I will kick your ass." The next thing ya know, two beer bottles fly at him and hit him in the head. He leaves, and they announce that he went to the hospital and the show is over. It's pretty anticlimactic. I guess a couple of people really dislike them enough to pay $12 to fuck with them. I am someone who would pay $12 to fuck with a band, but I can't say I've ever hurt anything except someone's ego. In fact, I once planned to grease the stage when this lame-o San Diego screamo band HEROIN played at ABC, but I thought better of it when I imagined one of those skinny little wusses hitting his head on one of the metal columns and getting a concussion. It would have been great to see them fall down on purpose as part of their stupid schtick and not be able to get up. If I had to do it again, I would have hired some stripper to Crisco wrestle on stage during their set while they slipped and fell.

Anyhow, I still had no idea if I really liked TURBONEGRO or not, I mean, besides the fact that it sucks to have to go to a hospital in NYC, that was fucking great, but I really didn't pick much up about the music. It definitely wasn't as great as Artie cracking his arm in half, slipping on a burrito in SF, but this Hank guy would have fared much worse if it had been a slimy burrito instead of a bottle of Bud. After everyone finally accepted the fact that the show was over, Artie rubbed his TURBONEGRO patch in the blood that was left on the stage. I must say, I have more respect for the guy every day, considering it's been a very slow build from him driving his car through the wall of the club where was playing ten years ago.

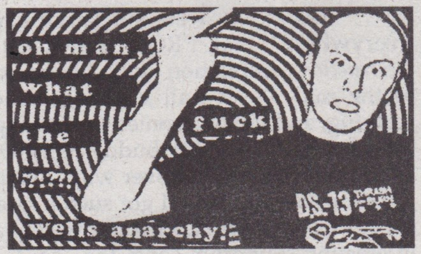
So, the next night, the show is rescheduled for a bigger venue, The Bowery Ballroom, which is another place I never go because even lamer indie rock bands play there. I went and saw DETROIT COBRAS there last year because my bandmates talked me into it and I got very bored. This actually was good because people could actually get in besides the nutty people that bought tickets the first hour they came on sale. Anyhow, I know you people think I'm going to conclude that THOR is better than TURBONEGRO, but you're wrong...so keep reading the last paragraph, asshole.

At this show I saw their whole set and while their schtick is pretty good, they're not half as rockin as the DICTATORS; even the pushing-fifty DICTATORS. I have a feeling they won't be better than the pushing-sixty DICTATORS. I mean, all metal bands in the early history of metal wanted to be beefy Norsemen who chanted with the audience with homoerotic overtones. Just because these guys actually fulfill this dream of every long-haired guitar player in 1982 doesn't make it 1982. If it was 1982 I would be going to see BLACK FLAG or the RAMONES or DEVO—I mean the DICTATORS washed themselves out as a 70s metal band before the decade was even over, and most of their songs are catchier than TURBONEGRO. While the onstage shtick was amusing, I'd much rather see GWAR if I wanted to see costumes with beer bellies hanging out. I'm just making my observation about what my peers see as really great and I just wonder why this happens. I think one problem is a lot of people are pretentious record collector types. This would explain why a lot of people showed up to see the DONNAS the first few times they played here in NY. I mean, the DONNAS' schtick is almost genius: train teenage girls to play good punk rock and set them out on the road. The problem is, *they picked the wrong teenage girls!* They're boring and predictable on stage, and as far as I've seen, they're pretty much drippy people for the music that they're doing.

Get to a point, Bill, damn you. Here's my point: I hate reviews, I hate hearing people rant and rave about bands they've never seen. Anyone in these days of modern technology can put out a great sounding record and write catchy sing-along songs if enough effort and time and money are thrown at them. Getting on stage and making people remember who the fuck you are takes a lot more than that. Unfortunately people seem to read into a lot of hype more than going out and seeing new bands. I saw some really good live bands in the past six months, namely the ORPHANS, the FLESHIES, the EPOXIES, the TIEREDS, and the SPITOONS. Most of these bands would not wow me on a recording. Records are only something to take home to keep the memory. It's just gonna sit there in your collection taking up its eight-inch of shelf space till you play it, and when you play it you should be doing it because you had such a great time seeing the people on that record play live—not because it's a hand-numbered collector's item, not because you like Rev Nørb's column about how he whacks off at work and misses the tissue, not because John Floyd said it made him do a dance while he ate a bag of Reeses Pieces—you like the music because you are a part of it. It's people you saw and people you hung out with, and it really doesn't matter if 20 people showed up that day of the Nor'easter and Matt Braun got drunk and kicked in the door when he got home, there is something there to separate it from being your copy of *Who's Next*.

Write me at bill@candids.com. Thanks for all the cool emails I got last month! Seeya at the show.

Mix Tape



The fucking mix tape. Fuckin' A. I have weird 90-minute Maxell tapes from the late 80s that go from bands like THE OUTFIELD to DEAD KENNEDYS to LED ZEPPELIN back to INXS. I was 11 in 1987. Most of my mix tapes back then were dubbed from deck B to deck A on my old one-piece stereo system. It had the crumbiest turntable, fake wood grain, totally unnecessary blinking lights, and a wobbly sounding high speed dub mechanism. It was sweet.

Anyway, any time I delve into making a mix tape I totally convince myself that it will be the fucking end-all of all mixes. It will destroy the legion of mix tapes that came before it. Obviously, it usually doesn't happen. I actually achieved it only once. The *Wells Anarchy* tape of late summer 2000. It was when I first started making the pitch to my friends that I wanted a punk name. We used to know a guy called Johnny Gyration. I wanted one like that; a fucking stupid one. So, I made the *Wells Anarchy* tape. It was a cheap bid. The name didn't stick till someone dared me to make it my name in *MaximumRocknRoll.* Fuck, this isn't the point.

I had just started dating Kristy Zadrozny. I was coming off a year-long string of aborted mix tapes that got a few songs deep before hitting a wall of BLACK SABBATH. I'd put "Fairies Wear Boots" or something on at about the 15-minute mark, and then I'd just wind up with about 45 more minutes of BLACK SABBATH songs. It was stupid. I just couldn't justify some FYP song after "Sweet Leaf."

Anyway, when I got to the point with Kristy where I felt like making her a mix tape, I decided to leave BLACK SABBATH out of it and drop a sick 60 minutes.

And what followed, with Kristy as some sort of muse or some shit, was a fucking mint mix tape. Anarchy. I was out of my mix tape funk. After some making out in the parking lot behind the carwash, I handed Kristy the tape. We headed to another parking lot over on Sand Street to meet up with our pals. I was fucking psyched.

Side Anarchy

"This next one is the first song on our new album!" My car shook as the sound of cheering Budokanians ushered in CHEAP TRICK's "Surrender." I was rolling around on my Powell blank looking at my buddies to see their reaction to the fucking crucial first song on my mix. Fuckin A. People were into it.

After the fucking triumphant "we're all alright" chant at the end of "Surrender," there was the perfect pause before the break into the 30-second DR. OCTAGON intro where he says his phone number is "p-p-5-1-doo-doo." The fadeout broke right into chimes at the beginning of 7 SECONDS' version of "99 Red Balloons." People sort of looked around. They were pumped. By the time the drums kicked in, everyone was back to their conversations or taking pulls off their 40's. The couple of minutes passed before the music dropped back out and Kevin Seconds was alone chanting about the 99 dreams he had had. It was almost like the music got louder for that part. People noticed. People were pumped. This mix tape was killing.

SCREECHING WEASEL. It was a totally risky choice, not only for the mix tape but for my life too. "Like a Parasite" was the song. It's the one off *Wiggle* where he tells the girl that he's like a parasite that wants to crawl all over her. First, it's not the best SCREECHING WEASEL song. I mean it's good, but it's not like it's one of the *best*. And second, the only reason it was on the mix was because I really wanted to crawl all over Kristy. That's some risky shit to be giving a girl. People read into mix tapes. A girl once stopped talking to my buddy Jon Ellis after he gave her a really sappy mix tape with some creepy HAYDEN song on it.

Next up was the fucking great version of "Oka Everywhere" that PROPAGANDHI did on the *Systematic Destruction* compilation on Bad Food For Thought Records back in the mid-90s. It's all unplugged-sounding, but still totally scathing, and the harmonies are fucking brutal. It's great, and it sounds totally cool. My buddy Steve-O was hooked on the mix at this point. He came over with a couple of our pals and had questions about where I got such a rare and cool version of the song. I have to admit, I felt pretty cool at this point. It's such an interesting-sounding song too, so I think the non-PROPAGANDHI fans were impressed too. I felt like a fucking king presiding over mix tape court. I was fucking deluded.

Here's where the shit just went off the fucking hook. MANOWAR. Fucking MANOWAR. Shithouse, man. The epic battle hymns of the kings of metal blasted forth from my mighty maroon Toyota Celica. "Carry On" was the song. It starts off with some fucking beautiful soft guitar work with Eric Adams belting out in his uplifting melodies. "The North Star always guides me when winter skies are gray. And I wait for the sun, when all are one, I shall not betray. Crawling at me, I'm waiting, when all are led astray." The word "astray" sort of rings out as the rest of MANOWAR belts out the powerful chant of "Carry On!" The drums come in; the dirge of power-metal royalty. They preside over their metal-ballad as I preside over my parking lot. People are sort of noticing how fucking different and great MANOWAR are as the band fucking launches into a quicker pace, chanting their message of metal unity. "Be my brother, fight to stay alive, all the world can't change us, with all their burned out jive." Fuckin' A. "Forever Carry On!"

People are left reeling. For most, this was their first taste of the blood that is the mighty warriors of the world, MANOWAR. That's a big deal. Some were laughing to play off the stress. Others were nodding their heads in satisfaction. I imagine most were thinking the same thing I was when I was making the tape. How the fuck do you follow up MANOWAR's epic "Carry On?" That shit's a finale. But there's about 12 or so minutes left on the side. Fuck.

It was tentative. It was sketchy. But as the opening symbol count of NOTHING TO LOSE's "Never Losing Hope" rang out, at least I knew shit was going to be okay. The song was a fucking gem. It was the track right before the FUCKBOYZ song on the *Farmhouse '94* LP compilation. It's fucking epic and uplifting, and pulls off a ska part at the end better than MANOWAR ever could.

Next up, E-150 proved I wasn't going soft. After that was the first song off the 7" DILLINGER FOUR did on Mutant Pop, "Fuck you, Ms. Rochelle." That's the only 7" that wasn't on that retrospective that THD did. I wonder if Mutant Pop wouldn't let them do it. I think about that sometimes. Anyway, the side of that record is just so fucking good that I had to let it play into the second song, "An American Banned." I know two songs in a row off the same record is taboo, but fuck you, okay? That is such a killer side of a record.

Fucking people are starting to acknowledge what a great fucking mix this is by nodding their heads in my direction with looks of approval. Just as that is starting to happen, a faint sound erupts after DILLINGER FOUR ends. "March 23rd, 1775," is eked out by what sounds like a creepy Englishman. McPheeters. Fuck. This is what's going to separate my mix tape from the masses. The next six minutes are going to be a mess. The *Wells Anarchy* mix is either headed for either infamy or defeat. "Presenting Mr. George Washington from Fairfax." The Sam McPheeters as Patrick Henry split 5" with THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. The first side of my mix tape accomplishment finishes out with former BORN AGAINST frontman belting out Patrick Henry's "Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death" speech of 1775. "The gentleman from Hanover has the floor." There's about 15 punk rockers in varying states of inebriation in a parking lot listening to Sam McPheeters scream in an old timey English accent. It was weird.

Side Equality

"The war is inevitable!" If the first side wasn't bad enough the second side starts off with Patrick Henry finishing up his manic ramblings about going to war with the English. I didn't leave enough room at the end of the last side. "I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death!"

As the applause fades out, N.W.A. blasts in with "Express Yourself." Dr. Dre gets straight and meditates like a Buddhist. "I still express, yo I don't smoke weed or cess, 'cause it's known to give a brother brain damage. And brain damage on the mic don't manage." The James Brown loop is fucking mint, and it gets the parking lot by the water fucking bumpin'. Whoever I may have lost with Patrick Henry is fucking back shakin' ass.

GOATBOY. I'm fucking baffled why this band wasn't everybody's favorite band when they were around in the late 90s. They were fucking brutal, fast, catchy commie-punk. They followed up N.W.A. and fucking sounded like they blew it up. The song, called "Crossing the Border," was a short narrative about a woman crossing the border from Mexico to the United States. It ends with the second and final ska part of the mix. I don't know how I did it, but I found two fucking amazing songs that end with the dreaded but somehow mint ska part. People were making fun of me.

"Butterflies." CRIMPSHRINE. Everybody's impressed with whistling.

Now nobody get mad, but next on the mix was that song where JAWBREAKER sings about going to a party and mentions LED ZEPPELIN. It's on that record that came out on DGC. The major label one that nobody bought when it came out, but now everybody thinks is awesome. For better or worse, I think I should go on record as saying I heckled JAWBREAKER when I saw them on the *Dear You* tour.

Now I'm coming off two songs that really didn't hit me in the gut too hard. Maybe it was from being overplayed or whatever, or what. But, while dudes are digging it, I'm starting to get worried. I can't quite remember what's next, when all of the sudden it becomes totally fucking apparent.

Fuckin' A. More MANOWAR. It was "The Blood Of My Enemies" from the *Hail To England* album. You could tell people were just fucking itching to know more about MANOWAR. "Three sons have I, and they ride by my side. The Fierce, The Back, and The Wicked are their names!" Darker than "Carry On," this song showed how fucking evil and brutal MANOWAR was. Fucking fuck, man. This shit is awesome.

A little down about the mix tape, I looked around at my friends. This mix tape was good, but I felt maybe side two could have been going a bit better. That's when Civ's positive message started blaring from the speakers. "And if you've been let down, and it is not the first time, I'm sorry, and I know how it feels." GORILLA BISCUITS. Yes. "Sure I fucked up, but I got back up, that loser shit's out the window." The fucking mix tape's back. People are bumping; I'm fucking skating around. Shit's good. The posi-hardcore kids raise their approving fists. "It means brush the dirt off, get up and try again."

Four chords and a drum roll usher in one of the best fucking punk songs I've ever heard in my life. THE KIDS' "I Wish" from the *Viva La Vinyl* compilation on Campground Records and Deadbeat Records. It's fucking snotty and sloppy and totally fucking sappy and positive. It's so fucking good. Aside from FUCKBOYZ' "Rock N' Roll Problem," I don't think I can think of a better fucking punk song. I don't do drugs, but if I did I'd want one that made me feel psyched and want to skateboard all day and jump around and get punched in the face by my friends for fun. This song is the closest thing to that drug that I ever found. Oh, people I play it for usually don't think it's that great. But it's a fucking parking lot anthem, and it went over well that night.

Just about everybody knew the next song. It was one of those weird DIY punk anomalies. M-BLANKET. There are probably about 20 copies of the M-BLANKET 7"es on Long Island. Fifteen or so of them came from my old distro. Yet there are probably about 50 dubbed M-BLANKET tapes being passed around the island. I'm sure half of the world's M-BLANKET fans live here. There's probably a greater concentration of M-BLANKET fanatics on Long Island than there are in their native Victoria, BC, Canada. I don't know, man. It was "Coater Breaks" off the *Safety* 7". SPLURGE had covered the song at their homecoming show a couple of summers before. People smiled like an old friend had showed up.

FUCK ON THE BEACH. I'm not soft.

"Sixty watts: brighter than my future. An empty 40: fuller than my life." I HATE MYSELF was another Long Island favorite back in the year 2000. People could relate to that shit. There used to be a picture stuck to Lubrano's fridge of an empty 40 and a 60-watt light bulb. Fuckin Lubrano. The reality of how fucking great and classic this mix was turning out to be was settling in with everyone. There was salt in the air.

There was a pause, longer than usual; everyone was kind of waiting to see what was next. Some people looked over at me. The people who knew me well were wondering when the big KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ finale was coming. But there wasn't one. There was about two minutes of silence, before the taped flipped and we all heard the roar of *Live at Budokan*. "This next one is the first song on our new album!"

Fuckin' mix tapes. I love mix tapes.

Explanation

Fuck. People were not nearly as impressed with me as I was with myself. That was for effect. That is a literary device called lying. Steve-O did ask me about that PROPAGANDHI song, though. Sorry for being so fucking long-winded and indulgent. I'll punish myself by not having endnotes.

***

The Punk Rocker Mental Illness Pen Pal Network is up and running. If you are looking to connect with someone to write back and forth with about mental illness, send over your info, and I'll hook you up with a pen pal. The contact information is below.

***

Curses too much? Wells Tipley, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA.

Now it's official: most Americans are idiots.

Decades of budget cuts in education are finally yielding results, a fact confirmed by CNN's poll of March 16, which shows that an astonishing 51 percent of the public believe that Iraqi President Saddam Hussein was responsible for the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

There is no reason to think that. None. True, George W. Bush has asserted the existence of *indirect links* between low-level Al Qaeda operatives and Iraqi intelligence officials—a lame lie repeatedly denied by the CIA—but even our professional prevaricator has never gone so far as to accuse Saddam of direct involvement in 9-11. Despite their increasingly tenuous grasp on reality, not even the Bush Administration's most fervent hawks deny that the secular dictator of Iraq is a mortal enemy of the Islamist extremists of Al Qaeda. No mainstream media outlet has ever reported otherwise.

So why do these pinheads think such a thing?

Simple: the official Bushie pretexts given for launching a unilateral invasion of Iraq don't stick. If Saddam were going to launch nukes or anthrax missiles in our direction, he would have done so during the last dozen years, while American warplanes were pulverizing his military installations with weekly bombing raids. He'd certainly let us have it the week when Bush has revved up the war he wanted all along—but he didn't, because he couldn't.

Furthermore, no one really believes that the GOP is interested in liberating the oppressed people of Iraq. America's role in the world, after all, typically involves funding dictators—as Bush is currently doing in Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, and Tajikistan—not democrats.

Like a befuddled chemistry lab student who works backwards from the answer in order to ensure the correct results, the Moron Majority have talked themselves into an excuse they can live with for a war they can't otherwise morally justify. Denial, after all, isn't just a river in Egypt.

By a two-to-one margin, Americans think that their country should adhere to its tradition of attacking other countries in self-defense only, never preemptively. Thirty-seven percent say that they support an invasion of Iraq only with UN approval. This war against Iraq fulfills neither of these conditions, so Americans have managed to morph Bush's insinuations about a Saddam-Al Qaeda link into full-on blame.

Sure, we killed countless innocent men, women, and children over in Iraq. It's not self-defense, so let's just call it "vengeance for 9-11." Does that work for you? Great. Osama's gotta be laughing like a hyena now that the heat's off.

There is some good news in all this. I know, "good" is a relative term if you're reading this in a bomb shelter under Baghdad or trapped at your work station under the rubble of an office building some Islamist wired and brought down on your head. But the war on Iraq is likely to lead to the political demise of the man whose evil and illegitimate rule currently represents the greatest threat to stability and peace in the world: George W. Bush.

Win or lose, Iraq will probably be Bush's Waterloo. Victory over Saddam's armed forces is a given; just as a company's announcement of previously-anticipated profits fails to deliver an uptick in stock price, military success is already assumed by the market of public opinion. That's why, even after it became evident that he'd be fighting this war alone (plus Tony Blair, minus the British public), Bush had to go ahead. His right-wing base, the part of the electorate that craves a belligerent president to protect it from future 9-11s, would have otherwise deserted him.

Even if Bush delivers a best-case scenario—quick defeat, minimal US military and Iraqi civilian casualties—it won't do him any good. His supporters already expect that.

Things are most likely to go wrong when Bush can least afford it, during next year's campaign. Don't believe Kurdish promises to rejoin a federalized Iraq—they've had de facto independence for 12 years and they're not coming back. Turkey is already threatening to invade Iraqi Kurdistan, and they're leaning on their own Kurds. Hoping to neutralize its unruly neighbor, Iran is arming the Shiite majority. Civil war is more than likely, possibly leading to the disintegration of Turkey and an American excuse for an attack on Iran.

It's impossible to predict the effects of prolonged American occupation of an Arab country; increased terrorism, regional instability, and even greater Muslim hostility to the US and its allies seem likely. But a failure to establish a long-term US military presence throughout the country could prove even more damaging than a quick pull-out. If Iraq follows Afghanistan into neglect, political disintegration, and anarchy, we'll be able to count our resentful new enemies by the tens of millions.

American alliances and relations with the UN and NATO have been stretched to the breaking point. By launching an illegal, unsanctioned invasion of a sovereign nation, the US has abandoned its moral standing. We are, by definition, a rogue state. More frightening than that, foreign leaders from Paris to Berlin to Beijing to Moscow are starting to count more on one another than on us. This means trouble for us, sure, but also for Bush as we notice our nation's loss of prestige.

As always, however, the fools will save us from themselves. The 51 percent who currently believe what is patently false will ultimately conclude that they were duped by Bush (though it's not really true). Like stupid Americans before them (those who bought into the Domino Theory, Joe McCarthy, and the necessity of interning Japanese-Americans in concentration camps), they'll wonder what the hell they were thinking. And they'll have lots of time to think about it, what with not having a job and all.

Then, with luck, they'll vote for an Unnamed Democrat, currently leading Bush 48 to 44 percent in the Quinnipiac poll released March 6.

P.S. New book: ***Gas War: The Truth Behind the American Occupation of Afghanistan*** is out. It's my comprehensive, painstakingly researched look at the real reason Bush ordered the invasion of Afghanistan: to run a gas pipeline from the world's biggest oil reserves (in Kazakhstan) to the sea for transportation by tankers. *Gas War* relies on mainstream sources to piece together the biggest scandal of the century so far—how the world's richest nation bombed its poorest for the sake of corporate gain. *Gas War* is available through my website www.RALL.com or Amazon, but not through most bookstores because none of my regular publishers dared touch this controversial topic. Alternatively, you can mail $15 (includes Priority Mail shipping within the US) to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.

P.P.S. Free Generalissimo El Busho propaganda posters are now available on my website, www.rall.com. Check 'em out!

RaNSoM
NoTE$
by Erika Ransom

DIY Television

As the corporate controlled "news" presents no dissent to the war in Iraq, now is the time to create our own media. America might be addicted to empty television, but cable access rocks.

Fuck this US war of aggression, and the media machine it rode in on. I am sick of the lies. I am sick of the manipulation and redirection and propaganda that fills the air every hour on the hour. Iraq is talked about as only a battlefield, a place where "sharp" fighting was seen in the north, and US missiles "softened up" Basra. The deaths of hundreds of Iraqi civilians are glossed over, erased, made nothing but ghosts, a necessary part of war. The term "collateral damage" was invented by the Pentagon.

When asked about the extent of Iraqi casualties toward the end of the Gulf War, then-military Chief of Staff Colin Powell blandly remarked: "That is really not a matter I am terribly interested in." The death train rattles by and the acrid smoke of burning skin fills the air as we all feel, if not see, the bombs falling in "our name" thousands of miles away, and realize that young American men and women are being sent to die for oil and power and emperor's folly.

On the evening "news" there is no discussion of repercussions, of broken towns, of the terms of occupation, or even the international meaning of pre-emptive *invasion*. Simply put, in our media, US acts of aggression have been sanctioned.

Aaron Brown, lead anchor of CNN's coverage of the war (he's the man at the desk, laughing with Vietnam-era generals, taking us out to commercial) was recently a guest on *Democracy Now!* with Amy Goodman. When challenged about CNN's lack of coverage of the anti-war movement and dissenting points of view, Brown replied, "perhaps your listeners expect a kind of 50/50 balance at this stage about whether there should or shouldn't be a war or not—in my view, it's just not a relevant question."

"Why?"

"Because it's over, it's on, it's being done."

(Now stand behind the president and shut the fuck up.)

I know that there are millions of pissed-off people in this country, and around the world, who call this war illegitimate, illegal, immoral, and a crime against humanity. Where are our voices in the televised media?

Static.

By sheer luck, the same night George W. Bush gave his State of the Union address last January, I was on live television denouncing the upcoming war. At the same time Bush was claiming "We seek peace" on the major networks, and trying to convince an unwilling public to pay for war in blood and dollars, I was calling Bush a liar and a thief on Channel 9 in Cambridge.

Besides going head-to-head with the State of the Union, that particular episode was the first-year anniversary of *Roach Motel*, a cable access show that I have been producing for the last year. Right after my guests and I talked about the war, and the imagined "threats of mass destruction," we cut to local Boston anarcho-punk band Leon Czolgosz playing live in the studio, shot in front of a blue screen filled with images of devastation from the Gulf War. Later on in the show, I played video footage of Aus Rotten live at ABC No Rio, and clips from the "best of" *Roach Motel*, including the "War and Media and Air Guitar" episode, one of my favorites. During that episode, in between serious discussions of the media's current role in promoting war and manufacturing consent, we held an air guitar contest. Contestants had 30 seconds to play air guitar to the song of their choice, against a backdrop of war movies and the corporate news. The winner received a prize air guitar that was once played by Elvis.

A week later that same (previously recorded) show was distributed to BNN in Boston, and *Roach Motel* was reaching a possible 100,000 homes and playing a total of five times a week, every week. Granted, one of those times is at 5 am, but I've run into people who have seen it even then. Hey, insominacs deserve good television too.

Welcome to DIY television. It rocks, and this little known movement is growing every day. Cable access has been around since the late 70s, when the FCC ruled that the top 100 cable markets in the country were required to give a certain amount of their profits (around two percent) to cities to create cable access centers and channels. The noble idea was to offset the exclusive control corporations have on the television medium by providing residents with the tools, training, and channel time to produce their own shows.

Since then, media activists across the country have lobbied for and defended cable access, and fought to create new centers. There is no national standard, and each city has to negotiate the best deal it can with the cable company. The logic for funding, besides noble ideas of freedom of expression, is that cable companies are using the public domain, laying cable under sidewalks and streets, and the city deserves a portion of the profits. That money goes to pay for equipment like cameras, tape decks, and edit suites, and a staff to run the center and teach classes.

So it's thanks to cable access activists that I'm on television. For the past year I've produced *Roach Motel* from CCTV, the cable access center of Cambridge, MA. It's funny that only today, I found out that George Tabb had a band also called Roach Motel. It's a good name. It makes me think of dirty Motel 8s and the butts of good joints sitting in an ashtray. Maybe George could donate a decent theme song.

This month, the theme of *Roach Motel* was "Fuck the War." I showed video footage from the March anti-war protests in Boston and New York City, and talked to members of the M.I.T. Anti-War Coalition about local university ties to US military spending and technology. Street performance artists from Class Acts and poets from the local group Dagger also performed live on-air against the war. It felt amazing (and honestly, a little scary) to be on the air and yelling "Fuck this War!" only six days after the US invasion began, when all the major networks and Boston newspapers were so united and silent in their support for the war. I felt like a tiny crack in a wall of media blackout.

And, just to top it off, and give punks a little respite from the massive depression and anxiety of war, during that episode of *Roach Motel* I showed footage from the second day of the New York City Punk Olympics, held at CBGBs last December. Highlights included THE UNSEEN, BLIND SOCIETY, SANGRE DE LOS PUERCOS, and MDC doing a great Johnny Cash cover. Oh yeah, and my band, the PROFITS, played "Fight War, Not Wars." I would have shown footage of MOLOTOV COCKTAIL, but at the show I was too busy having a good time during their set to focus on holding a camera straight.

Cable access, for lack of a better adjective, rocks.

The point of this column isn't to promote my show, but to let punks know how easy getting a television show of your own can be. It's much like making a zine or getting a band together—the more work you put into it, the better it is. You get better at it the more you practice, and you don't need previous experience.

All cable access centers are set up differently, but there are a few basics that most centers share. First, look in your local phone book or get on the internet to find out if there is a local cable access near you. If so, you are in luck. Call them up and tell them you are interested in producing a show, and ask what you need to do. Most cable access centers require producers to live in the town they serve, so look for an access center in your town, or have some ID in mind. You will probably need to become a member, and pay a yearly due that helps toward supporting the center. For example, at CCTV the yearly fee is $55. However, there are usually options for volunteering a few hours of your time instead of paying dues.

Next, you need to take a few classes to learn how video cameras and edit suites work. These classes are often at night, since most people work during the day, and are pretty short and to the point. For instance, at CCTV I teach a basic camcorder class. After two and a half hours, people who have never used a video camera before are ready for their first shoot in the field. Or the punk rock show! Learning to edit takes more time and practice, but most people get the hang of iMovie, Apple's digital editing software, within a couple of hours. How you will edit also really depends on what kind of system the cable access station has set up and what type of show you are putting together.

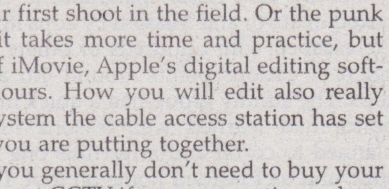
The good news is that you generally don't need to buy your own equipment. For instance, at CCTV if you are creating a show to be cablecast on the station, you can check out a $1,000 camera for free. Pretty fucking cool.

More on cable access, punk rock, and reclaiming the media next month. Right now I've got to jump in the Profits van for a show in Baltimore, and I've already exceeded my word count as it is. Cable access punks please get in touch. Reclaim the media, fuck this war, and up the punx.

—Erika ransom@theprofits.org (Also next month, a PO Box.) In Boston, check out channel 23, midnight on Wednesdays, for more *Roach Motel.*

P.S. I just realized that by the time you read this, the Profits will be on US tour as we're going in May and June. Dates are posted at www.theprofits.org and elsewhere in this mag. See ya on the road, punks! Hell ya.

What's Left?



"Lefty" Hooligan

http://www.huahuacoyotl.com

"The aggressors want to tell us we are welcome to the feast of vultures. Are we not in a position to answer this?"
—Arjun Singh, Indian Congress Party MP, quoted in "No Iraq Carrot Dangled: US," *Times of India*, 3/13/03
(*comment made to rumors that India's support for the US war on Iraq was being bought by promises to India of a major role in Iraq's reconstruction*)

I never had any illusions we were going to stop America's imperial juggernaut. All the talk leading up to March 15 about this being the last chance to stop the war; I guess some people did believe that, given a broad enough anti-war opposition around the world, US military aggression could be halted. I never did.

Despite the murderous US war against Iraq, though, I can die happy. What I witnessed and participated in on March 20 just a few blocks away from where I now live was everything I'd dreamed of seeing in the resurrected anti-war movement. Direct action shut down the city of San Francisco on that day, with protests continuing through the weekend. I write these words then from the anti-war movement's Seattle.

I do not make the analogy lightly. I lived through the Vietnam War and was an active participant in that anti-war movement. Commentators have noted that the anti-war sentiment at the beginning of this war was as widespread as the discontent at the end of the Vietnam War, but they cannot adequately account for what happened in San Francisco the day after the war on Iraq started. Not even the May Day Tribe's attempt to shut down Washington DC on May 3-5, 1971 compares, if for no other reason than that action failed, whereas San Francisco was a glorious liberated zone for most of March 20. Much as Seattle was on November 30, 1999.

Several factors account for the differences between then and now. The Pentagon has learned from Vietnam to avoid fighting a protracted war with lots of American casualties. Long lines of body bags with no end in sight only fuels protest in the streets. Current US military strategy calls for lightning wars that can be won quickly, with few American troops killed. [*The initial combat phase in Afghanistan followed the blitzkrieg format, although the subsequent occupation is taking on the characteristics of a prolonged Vietnam-style quagmire. Iraq, also intended to be a lightning war, bogged down from the start, with the US government yet to declare victory and the war over as of April 13 and certain military experts claiming the light at the end of the tunnel to be months off. This may yet be Junior Bush's downfall, in particular because his administration bungled the diplomatic lead-up to the war so badly, and so badly underestimated the situation in Iraq. Continued Ba'athist resistance, longstanding ethnic and religious hostilities, tribal blood feuds, widespread looting and social chaos, a humanitarian crisis of countrywide proportions; as one archaic expression goes, the US is hoist with its own petard. Just a fancy way of saying we're screwed.*] The anti-war movement had to develop lightning protest in response to the Pentagon's strategy, mobilizing and deploying as many demonstrators as possible before any war starts or soon thereafter for maximum impact and opposition. With the Iraq war now a month old and Iraq in complete chaos, the anti-war movement has had to switch gears and work on longer-term resistance strategies that include opposition to the shaky occupation and educating the American public on the costs of this war.

Western European autonomous movements have developed a wealth of experience in street politics. The black bloc street tactic, now a mainstay of anarchist protest in this country, is the most obvious Euro contribution. Clearly though, the largest, most immediate influence comes from the now dormant anti-globalization movement in general and Seattle '99 in particular. Again, we return to the Seattle analogy. Alexander Cockburn remarked that once every two or three decades the capitalist ruling class slips up and lets a Seattle break out, after which the *bourgeoisie* figures out how to keep future Seattles from happening. To have two Seattles explode in this country in not even four years is unprecedented. For like Seattle '99 with respect to the anti-globalization movement, San Francisco '03 marked when the anti-war movement reached a breadth and diversity that not only made it ungovernable by any one organization or coalition, but that also indicated the birth of a rudimentary social power. Put these events in the context of worldwide anti-globalization and anti-war activities in turn, and we have a situation comparable to the 1960s around the globe.

I'm using a looser definition of social power here than I usually do. Social power, strictly speaking, is the self-activity, self-organization and self-governance of a social class, with working class social power being the goal. To use the term social power to refer to the anti-globalization or anti-war movements—even though the vast majority of folks in society and arguably even in these movements are workers in the broadest Marxist sense—makes it a populist social power, based on popular self-activity, self-organization, and self-governance. Either way, social power is not easily maintained, let alone extended, so it should be celebrated whenever and wherever it emerges.

For me, then, participating in the fierce day after events was about exercising and extending social power in the streets in opposition to the power of state and capital. The basic, atomic unit of social power, at least as I see it, is the affinity group, so I got myself one shortly after February 18-19. My girlfriend, a leftie as well and willing to attend the legal march-and-rally for any number of causes, doesn't share my enthusiasm for the direct action dimension to current protest politics. Instead I contacted two longtime comrades and city residents, an activist couple who, to protect the guilty, I will henceforth refer to as Mike and Jane. We met over hot caffeinated drinks and pastries in one of the ubiquitous coffee houses on Valencia in early March to map out our range of action against the looming war. Our first order of business was to decide on the play of calls and countercalls leading up to March 15.

"Here's how I break it down." Mike said. As if to illustrate his analysis, he split his double rocket by first pouring half into an empty cup, then filling both cups using half-and-half. Mike was part Sicilian and swarthy, a landscaper by day, forty-five and graying in a scruffy sort of way. He always drank high-octane coffee diluted with rich dairy, the first for the caffeine, the second for his acid stomach. "ANSWER did their usual 5 pm downtown Powell and Market gathering the day the bombing starts call. The nonviolent direct action types, they then claimed 7 am of the first business day after the bombing for their no-business-as-usual, shutdown-capitalism-and-transform-the-city actions, which I guess anarcho types sort of echo with a call for everybody to call in sick the first business day after. There's the call recently for a 9 pm regroupment the day of for unspecified night actions. Now ANSWER's comeback with a call to walk out the morning after, followed by a noon rally."

"Sounds like a radical dead pool game." I laughed. "Everybody's staking out their political reaction times."

Mind you, these words were uttered before Bush's 48-hour deadline, and ANSWER's predictable call for walkouts and rallies the day of the deadline, plus a demo the Saturday following. Talk about scumfuck opportunists. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

"Then there's all the calls for contingents on March 15," Jane said. She was 47 with medium-length silver hair and the complexion of someone who has spent a lot of time outdoors hiking and camping. She did ceramics, and made a living off the regional crafts/street fair circuit. "There's the ever-present call for a black bloc of course. Can't have a demo these days without a black bloc. It's the tactic du jour. There's the No War But Class War contingent, endorsed by a mixed bag of ultra-leftists, including your friend, Nestor Makhno. You worked with Mr. Mission Yuppie Eradication, didn't you?"

I merely nod. That was in another lifetime. And another galaxy.

"Anyway, all the usual suspects are down for a breakaway, plus you've got the Sparts calling for a revolutionary internationalist contingent, and some yahoos calling for an anti-Freeper contingent." Then Jane smiles. "There's even a call for a rocker contingent, dude."

We make short work of these details. We decide to participate in the No War But Class War contingent on March 15 and go on whatever breakaway might happen on that and future protests, but to avoid getting arrested at all costs. None of us are into nonviolent civil disobedience or pacifist martyrdom, believing as we do that the whole point of direct action should be to *not* get caught. We're leery of doing illegal activity in broad daylight, but we're not into the black bloc fashion statement. Plus, we agree on criticisms of breakaway marches that I voice.

"The breakaways don't have a brain, because we're not practiced in street tactics like European autonomen. So the breakaways tend to be too reactive, potentially manipulatable, and just not very creative anymore. A cop to an anarchist is like waving a red flag in front of a bull. Set up a juicy confrontation with the police and the whole breakaway grinds to a halt. The essence of any breakaway should be mobility and hit-and-run tactics, not getting bogged down every time the cops form a line."

We devise a small illegal action we intend to carry out as an affinity group the night the US starts the war, then make plans to meet up at 4 pm the day after to participate in the direct action to shut down San Francisco. Needless to say, the best-laid plans had to be changed due to circumstances. But now, a footnote.

Literally.

I've been having foot problems for the last three or so months. A pair of Chinese-made Converse walking shoes started giving me severe cramps in my right foot, and my regular Indonesian-made black high-top Converse all-stars had been pinching me ever since I bought them. I hate to sound like a jingoistic ugly American, but Converse sure went down the toilet when they outsourced their production to the Third World. I badly bruised up the big toe on my left foot a month ago warding off a drunk bicyclist intent on running me over. I'll try the next size up on the high-tops, but in the meantime I purchased an expensive pair of running shoes and went into training for the day of/day after anti-war actions by taking long walks almost every day.

I still had foot issues by March 15, but the march from the downtown Civic Center to Jefferson Square Park with the Class War contingent wasn't a problem. Neither was walking on the breakaway, really, except that it predictably homed in on a route downtown. I remember telling Mike and Jane at the time, wouldn't it be grand if, say, the breakaway headed up to the Haight to demonstrate? It would have immediately doubled in size with all the street folk, and would then have been in a position to attack the local symbols of globalizing corporate capitalism in the form of the Gap, McDonalds, and the Bank of America.

Sadly, that never materialized. Instead, the breakaway got boxed in at 9th and Mission by cops itching to make a mass arrest. We escaped with hundreds of others, only to get boxed in once again at various points around 4th and Market by more rabid cops. The affinity group had a quick meeting. We decided that the police had learned well lessons from past breakaways and planned to corral and arrest this one with relative impunity. We split, and as I headed home on foot, I noticed familiar aches and pains still lingering.

I checked out the ANSWER march at 5 pm on March 19, the date and time Bush's 48-hour ultimatum expired, because it too was an unpermitted event. ANSWER's peace police often put the real cops to shame, however, and this event was no exception, with lime green-vested ANSWER monitors forming a flying wedge at the head of their march. The march was completely unspontaneous as a consequence, and party-line linear, heading straight up Market and then Mission until it was stopped by the police at 24th. I got bored halfway along and left, walking home and noticing how much better my feet felt. The war started while I was in transit.

I immediately turned on pirate Liberation Radio, dialed up an internet connection to access sf-indymedia, and called my affinity group. It quickly became apparent that nothing substantial was going to happen the night the war started thanks to Bush's timing, so we decided to implement our own action the night after, confirming our plan to meet as well at 4 pm the next day to take part in the civil disobedience to shut down San Francisco.

Of course I couldn't wait. Even though the events planned by Direct Action to Stop the War weren't scheduled to begin until 7 am on March 20, I got down to Justin Herman Plaza at quarter past 6, on a hunch. Folks were already gathering. It was a crisp, sunny morning. I witnessed the Agape affinity group cluster begin locking down all entrances to the Bechtel Corporation near Beal and Market around 6:30, then participated in a half dozen intersection occupations all around Market. Over thirty intersections were shut down that morning. Commuter traffic was completely paralyzed. The cops were absolutely helpless. Groups of twenty, fifty, a hundred people and up were taking off down side streets, or arriving back on Market from separate actions in other parts of the financial district. Word spread that protesters had locked down the pyramid-like TransAmerica Building, home to the Carlyle Group. I was exhilarated, giddy at being in a liberated zone, swept to the dizzying crest of the historical wave rising all around me. A couple ate breakfast at a café table in the middle of the street. I ran back to Beal, my feet feeling good, to witness the first wave of CD protesters arrested at Bechtel. I know I said above I'm not into nonviolent civil disobedience or pacifist martyrdom, but when the second string of Agape cluster protesters took the place of those arrested, I swear my throat tightened up a little. The cops were not having a good time, but I had to leave for work, so I didn't witness their mounting frustration with the success people were having at shutting down the city.

No, I didn't call in sick. My boss was setting up an FTP server, and I wanted to learn what I could. So call me a computer geek. I set my workstation to the Enemy Combatant Radio stream off sf-indymedia and followed the battle for San Francisco from my Berkeley workplace. I wasn't there for the joy and elation when the demonstrators won and Bechtel sent its employees home after lunch, finally conceding to the blockade. Nor was I there for the outrage and defeat when a black bloc march of 500 got tricked, entrapped and boxed in at 7th and Mission around 1:30, with almost 200 people eventually arrested. I anxiously watched the clock, counting the seconds until I could return to the front lines.

I arrived in downtown San Francisco at 3:30, and it was like coming home after a long exile. I rendezvoused with Mike, who informed me Jane was still assembling what we needed for our night action and that we would hook up with her around 8. So we walked from one street action to the next; from a sit-in at Post and Market to an aggro confrontation between protesters and police at 6th and Market to the angry crowd outside police lines at 7th and Market protesting the ongoing black bloc arrests a block away. I noticed my right foot ache a little as we walked up Kearny, behind a small mob pulling trashcans and newspaper racks into the streets to keep traffic blocked. Yet I ran with Mike and about 6,000 others down 2nd Street to Folsom around 6, headed for the Bay Bridge. We didn't outrun the cops and make it onto the bridge at Howard or Fremont, but Critical Mass bicyclists did manage to ride onto Highway 80 somewhere else and temporarily shut down traffic.

It's hard to adequately describe how I felt as we strolled amid the beautiful chaos. Overjoyed, overwhelmed, moved to tears and laughter simultaneously, electric from being in history's crucible, exalted from experiencing another rare revolutionary moment. I got a sense as a teenager during the 60s what it felt like to participate in actions on history's leading edge, late as I was to those events. To experience a resurgence, even an expansion of social activism now that I'm comfortably middle-aged, to first voyeuristically take in the exciting anti-globalization movement from Seattle on, and then to participate in the anti-war movement's Seattle in San Francisco, March 20, 2003; well that's as close to heaven as this grouchy Marxist ever expects to get.

We met up with Jane at 8, but our affinity group's action never really happened. We'd purchased 40 2-gram squeeze tubes of superglue, and we intended to seal up every ATM in the financial district and then some. Remember, an ATM takes your picture only when you do a transaction. Stickering, spray-painting or super-gluing an ATM does not constitute a transaction. Because we delayed our action from the night of to the night after the war started, most of the ATMs Mike had painstakingly researched were so thoroughly trashed by the day's protest that for the most part our superglue was superfluous. After some success a little further afield, but with me now limping along, we called it quits. I hobbled home, still happily drunk from the day's triumphs.

That had been the extent of our affinity group's plans. I took a couple of aspirin for my foot before collapsing into bed, oblivious to the sounds of helicopters and police sirens, blissfully exhausted and almost instantly asleep. At work the next day, I listened to Enemy Combatant Radio tally the arrest figures to 1,400 for March 20 and give up-to-the-minute reports on running street actions for March 21. After work, I participated in prisoner solidarity actions a couple of blocks from my apartment for those protesters locked down at 850 Bryant, no foot problems to speak of. But mostly I wrote the beginning of this column in my room while listening to pirate radio detail the day's battles ominously mixed with the noise of cop choppers outside my windows. It brought to mind my dad telling me about being an adolescent in occupied Poland during the early part of the second World War and how he'd plotted the early battles and campaigns on a map of Europe by listening to the radio. I didn't attend ANSWER's emergency noon rally on Saturday, March 22, nor did I join in the numerous breakaways on San Francisco's third day of rage in the streets, even though my feet were fine. Instead, I started work on my garden.

The garden thing has got nothing to do with *Candide*, but everything to do with balancing things out for the long haul. Planting a garden is like writing, a creative counterpoint to street action and radical politics. I take to the streets to help shut down the city one day, then plant a garden in my backyard the next. Creative counterpoint is one of the reasons why, at 50, I'm still a radical willing to take to the streets.

No space to explain why, despite my seeming adulation for the affinity group, I don't actually see it as a be-all, end-all form of organization. I'm way over the new word limit. The coordinators will not be pleased. Here's to fellow San Franciscan Peter Plate, one lucky guy. [*Final: 04-13-03*]

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

ANONYMOUS BOY

Shortly after the start of the war, people from every nation in the world came out to protest it.

I'd like to imagine that as punk rockers, we have a better appreciation for the opinions of the world than most Americans do. After all, if you listen to the *MRR* Radio show, (and you should) you'd notice whole blocks of music dedicated to punk bands from Brazil, Japan, Germany, and other far-flung corners of the planet. What movement but ours would be so interested in the voices of the world? (In languages we don't even understand, no less.) Fans of Justin Timberlake aren't busy searching for recordings by Justin's Venezuelan, Italian, and Japanese equivalents.

It makes sense that the world should protest the war, but Bush has too much "courage" to be swayed by what the world has to say. Yeah, according to the mainstream media, he is a man of "common sense" and "courage." Oh, *really?* By logical standards Bush's war only *proves* what a *coward* he is! Apparently, he's so terrified, he had to attack Iraq before it had the chance to strike first. Courage? If I walked over to you and punched you in the face with the excuse "I hit you first before you had a chance to hit me," would that be a symbol of bravery? Nope. That's a sign of the most *extreme cowardice*.

There's no common sense in "pre-emptive" strikes. Common sense says that if I took a stroll over to your home to wail my fists on your face, you'd have me arrested for assault.

If I explained to the judge that I struck you because I was afraid that you'd try to hit me first, he'd find me utterly guilty of an unprovoked attack.

Even if I explained to the judge that in the past, *someone else* had taken me by surprise and attacked me, he wouldn't agree that's a justification for me to smash you! I just can't go around hitting people first on the mere suspicion of plots against me. That's the logic of a paranoid kook, not the common sense of a member of society. And like many other reasonable members of society, I'm sick of this war.

No one argues that Saddam Hussein hasn't tortured people to death. But, I'm sick of the English claiming that this war is about preventing human rights violations. No one argues that Saddam may have weapons that he's not supposed to have. But I'm sick of the Americans claiming this war is about protecting the USA from terrorism. Face it! This war isn't about Bush's courage or cowardice. It's about oil. We have to ask ourselves: Is it *right* for the USA to declare war in order to obtain control of oil?

How do we know this war is about oil?

We know that both Russia and France signed contracts with Iraq to pump and distribute Iraqi oil. The question Mr. Bush asks himself is how can he nullify those contracts with the Iraqi government. One way is to nullify the Iraqi government. Bush can't get Exxon in there, and Blair can't get BP (British Petroleum) in there if Russia and France are legally there. So Bush declared the Iraqi government to be illegal, and the US/British Coalition for war was born. What does that have to do with protecting us from terrorism? What does that have to do with stopping acts of torture in Iraq? Zilch.

As reported here in *MRR* and elsewhere, Donald Rumsfeld met with Saddam Hussein in 1983, *after* he used poison gas in attacks against 6,800 Kurdish Iraqis at Halabja. The US State Department was more concerned with Iran than Iraq at that time, so they claimed that Iran had gassed the Kurds in order to shield Saddam Hussein, as part of the US National Security Decision Directive 114. Hussein saw the US as an ally. He was under the impression that the US was going to support, rather than oppose, his 1991 invasion of Kuwait, and that US aid would be forthcoming if he did so. Saddam felt that the US was on Iraq's side of an oil dispute with Kuwait. Given the US history of supporting Mr. Hussein, even after he had committed flagrant human rights violations, it must have come as quite a surprise to the Iraqi dictator that the invasion of Kuwait instead resulted in war with America. He believed at the time that the US was his most powerful friend. Someone must have convinced Saddam that the US would support, or at least not oppose his invasion of Kuwait. If Mr. Hussein had not believed this, the Kuwait invasion might never have happened in the first place. This is the only logical explanation. How else could he expect to invade Kuwait and get away with it? Think about it! Although Saddam Hussein would never publicly admit to being played for a fool, the implication is left that the senior President Bush's administration manipulated Mr. Hussein into an "entrapment." A sneaky trick perhaps, but one that certainly could be expected of a President whose previous job was head of the CIA. The motive would be a long-term plan to secure Iraq oil production for the United States. This is what I believe.

The long term plan was further revealed in a 1998, letter from Donald Rumsfeld, Dick Cheney, and other Republicans with ties to the oil industry which was sent to Newt Gingrich. They insisted that "we should establish and maintain a strong US military presence in the region, and be prepared to use that force to protect our vital interests in the Gulf, and if necessary, to help remove Saddam from power." Today, Rumsfeld, Cheney, and Bush disingenuously promote the concept that the war is to protect America from terrorism rather than to protect financial interests. Hmm. Why is it that in '98, removing Saddam was about financial interests, but now, it's only about terrorism?

How do we know that the Iraq war in *not* about terrorism?

In a letter to Bush, Congressman Henry Waxman wrote; "The most persuasive justification for this war is that we must act to prevent Iraq from developing nuclear weapons."

This justification proved to be an empty one because, as Mr. Waxman pointed out, "it has become incontrovertibly clear that a key piece of evidence you and other Administration officials have cited regarding Iraq's efforts to obtain nuclear weapons is a hoax." The forgeries, which in Mr. Waxman's words, led him to vote for "authorizing the use of force," are just another in a series of opportunistic manipulations Bush used to plunge our nation into war.

I use the word "opportunistic" because Bush has taken the opportunity to use 9/11 to push his own personal goals, which are financial and oil-related. What do you call a man who twists and manipulates the horror of 9/11 for personal gain?

George W. made his fortune from the oil and energy industry. His energy company, Arbusto, received capital from questionable Saudi investors such as Sheik Salam Bin Laden. (Bin Laden? Gee, where have we heard that name before?) Bush's Saudi connections have led to critical lapses in presidential judgment. He cannot bring himself to admit it, because he's unable to truly convince himself to accept that the Saudis who make him a wealthy man may possibly also be the cash flow behind terrorists.

Before 9/11, Bush called off CIA and FBI investigations of Osama's bothers, Abdullah and Omar Bin Laden, and a questionable organization that they were involved with called World Assembly of Muslim Youth. Bush's command was at the request of the Saudi royal family, who assured him that the Bin Ladens were a "good family" who did not associate with the black sheep, Osama. So the Saudis said jump and Bush asked, "how high?" Coincidentally (?) Abdullah and Omar left our land before 9/11, and other Bin Laden relatives skipped out shortly after the attacks. I vividly remember this being mentioned on the news. "Osama Bin Laden's relatives are leaving the country?" I cried! "Why is *that* allowed?" Did any one *except* me think this was the slightest bit odd, considering that every other man or woman with a Middle Eastern name, whether here legally or not, was being hauled into custody for questioning? Some of these people were held for weeks, even months, before being released. Why were the Bin Ladens free to leave immediately without being questioned? The only possible answer is that the family has money and Bush connections.

Bush has always had financial ties to the Saudis, to the energy industry (Enron) and to the war industry, like the defense contractors Carlyle. Bush's personal family business and public war policy are, in fact one and thesame. Do Americans care? No. When anti-war protesters in other countries of the world came out against the war, Americans didn't bat an eye.

Obviously, we can't win by whining that the world is against Bush's aggression. Americans don't care what other countries say. Nor can we win by calling this an "oil war." Most Americans like the idea of dominating an oil-producing nation. So to win the debate against war, we have to point out that Bush isn't fighting terrorism. It's a conflict of his personal business interests to go after the source of terrorism…which if you have eyes, you can see is mostly connected to Bush's "friends," Saudi Arabia, not Iraq. Notice that the latest man on the FBI want list is Adnan G. El Shukrijumah, a 27-year-old Saudi believed to be plotting somewhere in the US. Hmm, another Saudi, just like Osama, just like the majority of the 9/11 hijackers. How does it happen that most of these Al Queda terrorists seem to be Saudi, yet we declare war on Iraq? Bush won't investigate corruption in Saudi government and oil. He shields them. He has investments tied up with them. The wealthy Saudis play both sides, and the war enriches both the Bush and Saudi fortunes. Bush's opportunistic conflict-of-interest war diverts attention *away* from terrorism. He doesn't know how to investigate terror without investigating the very people who made him a very rich man. Meanwhile, the diversionary war drags on.

At the laughably named "Unity Conference," George got all huffy and irritated when reporters pestered him with questions about how long the war would last. "However long it takes. That's the answer to your question, and that's what you got to know." "This isn't a matter of timetable, it's a matter of victory. And the Iraqi people have got to know that, see?"

Whatever happened to "the Iraqis will not fight hard for Saddam Hussein?" Was it a phony sales pitch? Ask Mr. Joe

America if he feels safer with Pres. Bush "protecting" him by attacking Iraq. If he can be shown that the war is not about terrorism, will he look in the mirror and honestly say "yes?"

It's no surprise that the documents that implicated Iraq in purchasing uranium from Niger are a fraudulent hoax. It's a hoax presidency. If Bush were truly interested in the dangers of nuclear terrorism, he would not have sent 10,000 tons of our radioactive uranium waste to Russia, along with 15 billion dollars to Mr. Putin as part of the Non-Proliferation Trust, (NPT). Bush claims that Russia should watch over our atomic waste for however long it takes for this dangerous material to become inactive (because it's cheaper to let them do it than for us to do it ourselves.) Yet, for years we have been told that Russia has little control over its *own* nuclear waste, let alone ours. Suppose this material gets into the hands of a Nuke-Terrorist? Can Bush assure us that our nuclear material, which he has shipped over there, will not wind up within a dirty bomb on a boat in New York Harbor? Yet Americans think the war will protect them from terrorism and bring democracy to Iraq.

Bush, Cheney, and Rumsfeld are talking about Food For Oil programs (oops! I thought the war was about terrorism) and bringing back exiled Iraqi "leaders" to control divided up Iraqi sectors. Does that sound like "democracy" to you? It sounds like a puppet government to me. Bush once claimed that war would bring democracy to Afghanistan, but warlord opium drug dealers now control it. Mr. Bush's father claimed that the US would "restore" democracy to Kuwait, but a dictatorship known as The Kuwaiti Royal Family runs the country. Our record in the Middle East does not reflect bringing democracy.

Try to imagine Rumsfeld—who knowingly shook Saddam's bloody hand in 1983—in charge of making sure that Iraq's future leaders won't have their own torture chambers.

DANCING WITH
TEARS IN MY
EYES
KAT CASE

There's a war that's going on, they say it's a brand-new Vietnam. Don't you feel proud being American now?
—This Bike is a Pipe Bomb, "Johnny"

It's Wednesday night, and George Bush is ready to give the speech that will echo the world over. He is ready to indulge in the bloodthirsty reemergence of Amerika's imperialism. Yahoo, we're bringing back the old-style. This "cowboy" is nothing like the time-weathered men who taught me how to ride horses as a kid in Arizona. Their skin was calloused and sun-darkened. They ate pancakes cooked on an outdoor grill and they drank whiskey. They didn't have pedicures and a stairmaster. This man is an impersonator, stealing an identity to justify his exuberant, affected machismo and studied ignorance. And Amerika has bought it. If a message is repeated over and over again, does it become true? *They may have weapons of mass destruction.* But we definitely do. *George Bush is a cowboy.* No, he is an arrogant little shit with a sprawling ranch that other people maintain for him, educated (if you can call it that) at an elite East Coast prep school and then an Ivy League college. Just because he was a bad student doesn't mean he wasn't of that environment.

I am driving in the rain, it is night and I am almost done with my day, delivering packages. I am coming back from the southern peninsula when the speech begins, alone, driving my truck through the deep navy of this night, drinking coffee and blurring between stars and headlights. I'm alone, but there are people together on the streets in my city, frantically pacing their neighborhoods with candles and signs, and their fear and anticipation is sent to me all the way out here, on the freeway built for convenient commuting for commerce. Airplanes circle above me, I'm right by the airport, and their existence carries an additional weight.

I stop by a friend's house on the way home and I watch the bombs begin to drop on TV. We are sitting together, feeling the fear in our own ways, and there is a stagnant screen. A still shot of Iraq at night, and then an explosion, and it doesn't seem real. What I remember best from watching the beginning of the first Gulf War on television with my big brother was a CNN report saying, "It looks like the fourth of July." So crass, and yet, of course, that's what fireworks are for. They are *supposed* to look like the "rockets' red glare" and "the bombs bursting in air." Those bombs looked colorful and incomprehensible to my eighth-grade eyes. These look ugly and the fancy cameras still only make everything look brown. I need to get home, suddenly and so physically, I almost run out of the apartment, hungry for that reassurance.

The streets are still trying to wash it all away. I get home and not everyone's there, but it's good to be with some of my housemates and Ruby, our pit puppy, and Patsy, our cat. Televisions are blaring in two different bedrooms, casually and uncritically covering an impeding disaster. My housemate's boss told her that she would be immediately fired if she participated in the mass walkouts planned for tomorrow. I guess you get to choose the ideology when yr. the boss.

We're waking up at six tomorrow, so we can meet up with the Gay Shame contingent, who've been planning a strategy of glamorous rebellion, a riot of smeared pink kids. The next morning, I manage to be the one that forces everyone in my house out of bed. We block intersection after intersection. There are dumpsters left in our wake. Nobody gets beat up and there is very little police presence. I am enamored with the fluidity with which we move from intersection to intersection, directed not by some self-righteous white activist dude, but by a dead-serious, badass girl with a megaphone that probably had glitter on it, I don't know. I have to call in to my work on a borrowed cellphone and drink free coffee. There're pink bandanas that said "fierce" right over where your mouth would hide and fuck yeah, I'm so proud of these kids.

Later on, I run into some of my friends on bikes, they are taking over intersections by riding in circles as a big mass. They are with the Bikes not Bombs contingent, and I ride with them for a second, get a quick explanation of their morning. It is probably 9:30 and we've all been out for hours. I ride away, back to the promise of dumpsters and sugar highs, and there are a bunch of cops blocking off an intersection, ready to surround us. We know their tactics and slip away.

Sometimes you can get out, sometimes you have no choice. We have a pretty successful and safe morning. Brontez and I break away and share some Thai noodles with tofu from the cheap place on Powell Street, which, for those of you who don't know San Francisco so hot, is the same as Fifth Street, pretty much, but above Market Street. We go down to the Civic Center area, meet up with some friends, get updates. Our friends had come back from tour because their RV was busted and the guitarist was lounging on the grass, like he'd never left town. Duh, like he'd miss the street war. Everyone's stretching out, taking a break from the drama, and the Black Bloc march rolls up Market, with all-black flags, red-and-black banners, and more pissed-off punx than you've seen in a long time. Or maybe just since you last made it to Gilman Street, which, for me at least, is a pretty long time.

We run out after them, exuberant and inebriated from the power and beauty of the day, enacting the hope we feel in the face of mass killings that we are paying for, and the loss of any illusion of respect the world had left for the United States, us included. We run around like convinced but untrained soldiers ready to fight for feeling even if it ends up ruining everything in the long run.

Of course, some shit goes down, and the cops lose it immediately. Somebody ups the stakes, breaks a window of one of the cop cars that we own as much as they do anyways, and they arrest all of us. I'm now with a sixteen-year-old badass punk rock girl, Chloe; the same girl who cut off half of my hair to Black Flag's *Damaged* in January. Her friend offers us beer, but we aren't interested.

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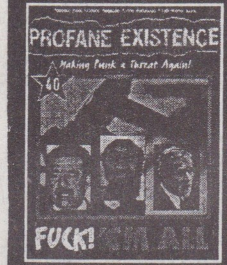

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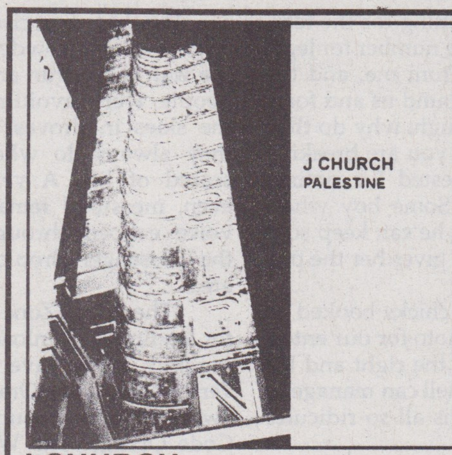

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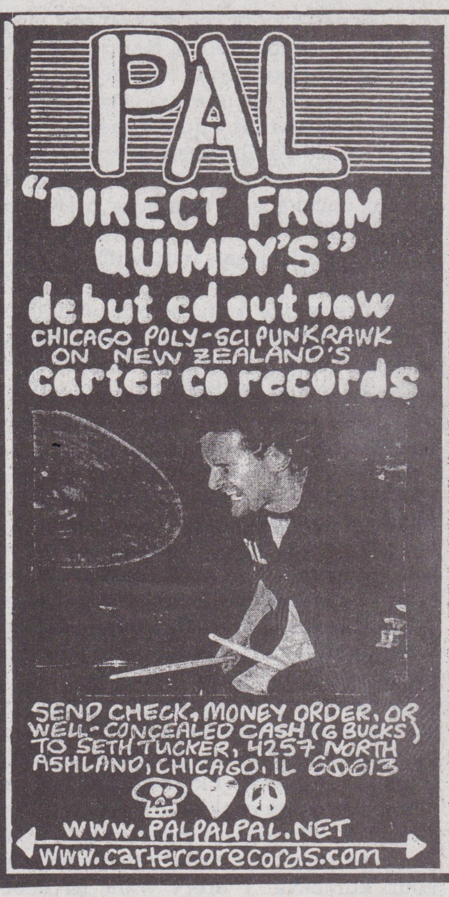

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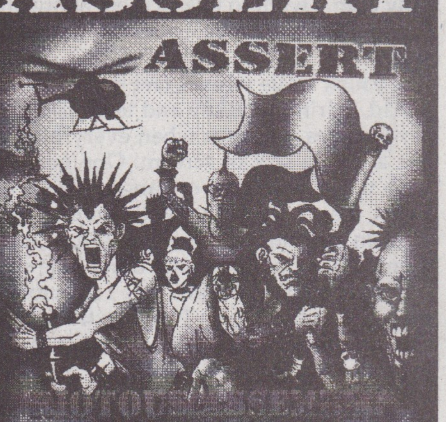

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There's a lot of commotion and we're waiting for the teargas. People brace us for it. Begin yelling out the number for legal support. My borrowed bike gets separated from me, and the cops don't care about my concerns. They surround us and force us off the sidewalk. I dunno the law well enough; why do they always force you off the sidewalk? Cuz then you are breaking the law? They inform us that we're all arrested for rioting, which, you have to admit, is pretty punk. Some boy who's friends with Chloe eats his driver's license so he can keep solidarity. I mean he tears it up with his teeth and gives her the picture.

Later on we're in the cell with 48 other chicks booked as Jane Doe, and she takes out the chewed-up photo for our entertainment. I mean, the guy's head's cocked to the right and his hair's all spiked like Sid Vicious and who the hell can manage to look punk in their driver's license photo? It is all so ridicules that it cracks us up over and over.

The other women in our cell, for the most part, seem annoyed with us. I feel really different from them. Questions of ideology and gender arise and it seems like this is the time to have the important conversations, but we don't know how to hear each other. You have all these personalities coming together in a small cell designed to be a holding tank. People start to get sick of each other after awhile. I'm restless, listening to lectures about femininity and the ways that women are essentially peaceful and gentle unlike the men who make war. Since when are we back in the 70s, when nothing but gender mattered? This is a war about white supremacy, but that is not touched on by as many people as is the question of masculinity and violence. I think about the men I know, ecologists and queers and sculptors who bake vegan cookies. I don't want to meditate, I want these women to fill me in on the ways they fight to live in a world that wants to transform them into complacent passive ladies. Fuck your kumbaya. I don't want to debate whether property destruction is violence or not—it isn't, and it's nothing like bombing a building full of people, or hitting a person with a billy club. I want to talk to them about all the years they've been existing in this world, believing in themselves despite the bullshit.

I kick walls when I feel desperate and angry as hell in the world, I drink whiskey and tear down lame political signs with my buddies. I scream when everything is falling apart and it is not a gentle sort of scream. One girl I've been talking to says yeah this is why I never hang out with women. I say no, I don't mean that, I hang out with women all the time, tuff badass women who stick up for themselves and make lots of mistakes, women like me. Girls who don't take shit.

I get out and it's 4:00 a.m. I start to walk home, and I remind myself that the reason I have extra cash on me is so if I got into this situation I could take a cab home. It feels chickenshit but I get in.

My cabbie asks me how I'm doing, and I tell him why I was arrested. The streets are utterly deserted, lit by a theatrical combination of streetlights, stars, and emptiness, and I realize the odd state my body is in from exhaustion and adrenaline. He tells me he's a veteran. He fought in Vietnam because he was drafted. "Those boys won't come back the same," he tells me at least three times, and each time the statement is punctuated with different anecdotes about losing his wife, going to therapy twice daily. The ways he's still living out that war, the ways he forever will be. He says he's glad we're out there. He says the children of Congress members are not going to be sent to Iraq to fight this war, and neither are the children of George Bush. It will be fought with the blood of the poor on both sides. And what are the sides? War is not simple. "When you are there, you watch yourself doing things you would never do. Horrible things to other people." I literally start crying in the cab, as I'm crying now, because I can't comprehend how many people this war will hurt.

Kat Case, PO Box 401160, San Francisco, CA 94140

No.

The San Francisco airport was uncrowded; the war had begun and people were avoiding the skies in droves as they always do when scared of life. A very even, measured female voice echoed through the passenger drop-off area:

"The White Zone is for loading and unloading only. if you have to load or unload, go to the White Zone. Terror alert, Code Orange. Terror alert, Code Orange. Please be aware of your surroundings and those around you. Terror alert, Code Orange. The White Zone is for loading and unloading only."

Noam Chomsky told me recently that the state of political humor (in this case, with regards to the April "No" column) "Reminds me of Tom Lehrer 30 years ago, when he gave up his satirical songs. He said things had reached the point where it was impossible to satirize them."

I am grateful to (temporarily) escape to a continent so recently derided by our beloved Dubya (though it is important to remember that many of those countries who have been courageous of late in opposing expansionist US policies have their own recent, nasty, colonial skeletons, i.e. France, who largely allowed and even encouraged the hutu genocide of the Tutsis in Rwanda in the 1990s (see the book *We Wish To Inform You That Tommorow We Will Be Killed With Our Families* (1998) for further details), but one can only absorb so much from a two-month, ten-country-plus European tour, especially when one is playing in a band-type thing and spends all of six hours (awake) in most cities. As a result, I tend to analyze small, apparently commonplace things in lieu of any detailed overview of a given culture that I do not feel qualified to discuss in depth. So, with that little disclaimer out of the way, here are a few things I have noted thus far:

The Dutch have a great sense of humor, permeating various levels of society, and leaning towards the ridiculous, artsy, and brutally honest. Example one: life-sized, realistically-rendered flies painted on various spots at the bottom of urinals—in the airport! The toilets also use much less water and smell worse accordingly, but at least people are not in denial about their waste. Example two: Extremely honest advertising—boutiques labelling themselves as "TRENDY!" shoes rated "Obviously Cheaper!" high-profile anti-advertising campaigns carried out by activists with almost adbusters-style slogans, but essentially legal. Also, food is very cheap, but you must pay a small amount for plastic utensils and carrying bags—an excellent way to keep people conscious of their excess consumption and encourage reuse of common items. Example three: A poster, in the Club Confusion in Den Haag, with a picture of a six-foot transvestite sporting dangling pubic hair down to her knees beneath her evening dress and a very masculine face, with a caption stating something about a true Bush, no war, and being beautifully absurd and absurdly beautiful.

*The English seem to have a burgeoning and well-organized squat scene (much as the Dutch do), but very little protection from the law, as much of Europe does when it comes to squatters' rights—though apparently they used to. The Old Bacon Factory squat was shut down the second day we were there—R.I.P. The squatters also seem to be largely anti-junkie, which is definitely good for activism and sustainability. The anti-war sentiment is very strong, as it is across Europe. I suspect that one of the reasons that more people are anti-war in England than in the US, despite the complicity of their government and media in glorifying the war (sample headline: "BASRA—BRIT BOYS GIVE THEM A GOOD THRASHING!") is that there are a *lot* of openly practicing Muslims around the country—enough that the average English citizen comes to see them as neighbors and community members rather than a vague, foreign menace. This gives the government a difficult task in convincing the average person to "just wanna bomb all them towelheads outta existence," as it were. Besides the fact that they use too much fucking mayonnaise on everything and London costs as much as New York, there are some great, motivated people in the UK.

The following really grabbed me (probably in part because it was the only thing written in English in a Dutch zine, and thus the only thing my ignorant American ass could read), a strong voice from within a largely democratic socialist country (an alien concept to me, being an American with no access to affordable health care, cheap housing, food, and general social security). It is a reprint from the Dutch zine *Woningnjet* (www.squat.net/woningnjet), written by Random Subliminals (decoy@lo-res.com), called "The Great Lie."

"If you live anywhere in the so-called Western World, then there probably was or still is some sort of social subsidy or provision system for schools, health care, care for the disabled and elderly, unemployment grants, and social security payments...But in the course of the last two decades at least, these systems have constantly been reduced in effectiveness and their budgets have been cut. Why? Because there isn't enough money left we are told."

"If you happen to have lived or spent some time in a country where the problems lie much more with the level of subsistence and survival, then you probably have seen the constant disenfranchisedness of your fellow human beings in that society. Why, you ask, do these people have to live in poverty? There are not enough resources left for them and not enough means of production for them to produce the goods they would need and not enough investment that can go there, you might get as an answer."

"You do not believe the politicians of your European home because they only withhold the money for social security to reap the benefits for themselves, right? You do not believe the World Bank technocrats who just help international corporations exploiting third world countries either, do you?"

"No, you are probably one of those who want to do it differently, who want to change things. But your friends on the organic farm tell you that we should not be using so much electricity because it is made from burning coal and through atomic fission. If all people would use as much energy as people in Europe or the US, the world would be a global ecological disaster within months. There just isn't enough for everyone, and we just have to be more modest and humbly live with less. Your revolutionary comrades will nod knowingly (after saying something bad about hippies) and will lecture you on the simple fact that in a socialist world some people will just have to live with less, because everyone gets an equal share. There just ain't enough resources to hold such a luxurious standard of living as the top ten richest nations' citizens now enjoy for six billion people on this world."

"So they all more or less agree, right? There just isn't enough for some reason or another. They are wrong."

"Goes a long way to show that consensus doesn't automatically mean you're doing the right thing, but that's a story for another time. So, before I tell you how they are wrong, there's a little to say about the history of that whole idea."

"It began in the British Empire at the turn of the 19th century. Back then a man named Reverend Thomas R. Malthus was contracted by The Crown to conduct a study on the inventory of the British Empire following the 1801 census and the 1804 inventorization of the British East India Company. The man did not get this job in a lottery. He had become known for writing his "Essay on the Principle of Population" in 1798. That nice little piece of doomsday prophecy basically predicts that humans will multiply faster than they can harvest even renewable food and energy sources to sustain their growth. Later, when he had become professor at the East India Company College and had finished his work, he felt his ideas were confirmed. The population in the Empire had skyrocketed, but the increase in production, the amount of newly gained resources and the harvests from the lands of the empire, had grown at a much slower rate, albeit steadily. The British Empire was the first global power-structure at the time, and so Malthus felt himself justified to state that this is a thing which applies to the whole world."

"Well, almost one hundred years later some other guy named Karl Marx had come to some major conclusions in his work, and guess what? He also implied that there was not enough, and because there isn't we have a constant struggle going on over those scarce resources. From then on the course was set. Most people who dealt with such things have started from the point where they decided to concentrate on the harvesting, exploiting, using, producing from, allocating and distributing of scarce resources. World Bank Capitalists and radical left wing political groups have one basic agreement: We need to deal with scarcity."

"So preoccupied are they with the scarcity, they completely lose focus of what we have in abundance."

"You probably have heard at least once in your life some outrageous figure on how much an average US or European Union citizen consumes in terms of energy every day. Well, I have some of those, too. For example, in 1980 another guy who liked to inventorize stuff—R. Buckminster Fuller—counted all the statistically recorded energy consumption and then he calculated how much energy we have coming into this planetary system on the basis of all available research on those things. 'Coming Into' means energy that is directed from the outside towards the inside of the system. That includes gravity and all known forms of energy waves and radiation...Sunlight and radiowaves, for example."

"So it turns out that all of the statistically recorded energy consumption of just this energy 'income'—not the oil, not the coal, not the uranium, not the minerals, generally not anything that is depleted by its use—amounts only to one four millionth of a percent of all the then identified forms and amounts of energy income. [in other words, The renewable energy is there, and waiting—This also goes for largely unexploited renewable food sounces and other needs]. The doomsday prophets from Malthus to the Club Of Rome are discredited by that, but still everyone seems to believe their prophecy."

"For centuries—maybe even for milennia—those who wish to rule you have denied you both access to this knowledge and access to the means by which you might put it to use. Your priests, your political leaders, your scientists, your bosses, and even your revolutionary comrades have lied to you to make you a submissive pawn in their agendas. Because you see no other choice than to accept the truth they manufactured as a means to subjugate you, you follow them."

"Stop believing and start to find out things for yourself."

An idealist is a cynic waiting to happen, and a cynic is an idealist just waiting for an excuse.

—Johnnz Euro Boy, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609
johngeek@hotmail.com

P.S. what the fuck is up with all of these US bands cancelling their international tours because of this stupid war? Give me a break! It's more important now than ever to demonstrate international solidarity with the other intelligentsia of this community. Get a clue, dipshits. No one is waiting to beat you up, they just want to talk.
P.P.S. Some good bands thus far: Armageddon Clock, Iowaska, Tiny Elvis, the Splitters, Abdukito, Harnleita, Belial...
P.P.P.S. Something that a lot of Americans do not know is that Den Haag (The Hague) in Holland is the seat of the international criminal court (Slodoban Milosevic was tried there), and that the American government has refused to allow Americans to ever be tried there—to the point that they have a contingency plan to *invade Holland* if they ever extradite American war criminals to the court. In response to this, the Dutch have started a website where people can sign up to man their own bunker on the beach for when the Americans invade, with a picture of each

person in their own bunker. Hell yeah! I do not have the website info right now, next month...But for now, read more about the issue here at http://www.usaforicc.org/facts_ASPA_archive.html

P.P.P.P.S. Next month: Rocking all night, then dancing in the basement of Kopi Squat in Berlin to crazed German 70s new wave till 6 am, plus much more!

MIKE TAYLOR WRITES PROPAGANDA SONGS!

I don't know what to say. We're fighting numerous wars at once, all the time. It's April and there's snow on the ground; the fire inspectors are coming to inspect our space; our government is illegally installed and murderous. If anyone reading this could do something about any one of these things, it would be greatly appreciated.

I think I got photographed the other day. Not by paparazzi, like many *MRR* columnists are used to by now, but by an agent of some sort. I was on a fire escape hanging a banner with a slogan written on it. Like many punks and people in romantic relationships, I use slogans to communicate my points. As I was doing this, one of those black sedans with tinted windows and conspicuous antennae drove slowly by, pausing just long enough, I assume, take a snapshot of my nefarious, unpatriotic act. I told a friend about this the next day, as she called me from a telephone which she informed me was tapped. "Look at it this way," said my sunny Californian friend," years from now, when we all write our memoirs, we'll be able to file for papers under the Freedom of Information Act which could illuminate many of our activities which we've forgotten about, full names of old friends and all!"

"Yes," I replied, "but that's little consolation considering that I don't know the real names of many of the friends with whom I do Freedom of Information Act type stuff—like Garlic, Windsong, Monkeybucket, and Piggyback."

"Good point."

The first time I went to Spain I was totally floored by the anti-terrorist police in full body armor, toting what I presume to be M-60s around in public squares. I wondered how people could just go about their business with such heavily armed thugs looming over them. This past weekend I rode the bus into New York, and when I got off at the Port Authority, I was greeted by numerous marshals toting around the same fucked up toys. And you know what I did? I went about my business. And when I rode the train, there were armed police everywhere. I went about my business.

I went about my business in the city that is so broke that the mayor is considering selling *New York City* as a brand name. But for the police and the police state, the money is there.

Cut scenes, and the fine young goys of Williamsburg go about their business of rocking and rolling, dressing to impress, drinking to excess, fucking each other. The money is there.

Cut scenes to the "Nation at War" section of the *New York Times.* Man, I don't even *read* that fucking shit anymore. The whole goddamn paper, not just that section. Since the invasion of Iraq began in earnest, the entire rag seems to be a textbook supplement for military history sophomores. The editorial policy seems to be that it is *unhelpful to protest*, which goes right along with the apologist/liberal mode of protest: Support Our Troops/ Bring Them Home. I'm sorry, but fuck that. I can't support the bullets and disdain the gun. I know that not every single soldier over there expected to go to war, and I feel bad for the families of some of the ex-humans on their way home in bags and boxes. That's as far as it goes.

ENDNOTES:

The war won't end with Iraq and the world doesn't end with this war. Check out what's going on in Zimbabwe, for instance, for a glimpse at the mercenary future that seems more and more like a real possibility for us all the time.

If you're in New York before the end of June, drop by the Guggenheim, which is a *museum*, y'all, to see Agnostic Front and Murphy's Law in Matthew Barney's "Cremaster Cycle" show. If you're in the eastern Untied States at the end of June, come say hi if True North and Halo Perfecto play nearby.

If you like music, check out the new David Grubbs record "Caxcomb," and know that if it weren't for his old band, Bastro, Drive Like Jehu wouldn't have existed, and by the transitive property, there would have been no tight pants kids to pretend they never liked pop punk, and by extension, no online indie rock journals. If you *don't* like music, skip to the directly aforementioned journals.

Go Team.

Write to PO Box 28226, Providence, RI 02908 if you want.

Correct Me If I'm Wrong

1,800,000 and counting

A column by Prisoners.

OK, prison isn't supposed to be nice. It was invented as a punishment, developed as a crime "deterrent," and cultivated as a last resort. When all else failed, we'd send our criminals to prison, teach them a lesson. Hence the term "correction."

This, however, is getting a bit ridiculous. I am currently a six-digit number in the Raymond Corrigan Correctional Institution, one of CT's finer maximum security establishments. RCCI, a smaller prison, fairly new, is built to house about 840 inmates, but currently holds close to 1000. The gymnasium, a virtual modern day concentration camp, is home to 70-odd inmates, mostly fresh from the street and detoxing on the floor.

The D.O.C. does appear to be operating under some kind of guidelines: inmates will not spend more than 30 days in "overflow" area of the facility, (the gym and every single square foot of office space in every single cellblock) and offenders 16 and 17 years of age are first in line for cells. I'm not entirely sure, however, who is making these rules, considering state and federal law strictly permits overflow.

Governor John Rowland, for the past year or more, has been promising all types of government-funded substance abuse and psychiatric rehabilitation programs, to reduce the number of nonviolent offenders in the correctional system, but we have yet to see any action, and the prisons are more crowded than ever.

There are enough violent criminals in CT to fill every cell in every CT prison, and still I am currently serving 23 months for burglary and larceny. I've seen people get less for sexual assault, (in my opinion a far more despicable crime than murder, robbery, bomb manufacturing, etc.). The state judicial system needs to pull its head out of its ass and get it's priorities straight. Do we want to save the world from vagrants, drunks, junkies, crankheads, and petty thieves or do we want to protect our children from sex offenders and elderly women from being beaten during a purse-snatching gone sick?

If I was the type to fit the mold, I could be a student, getting his two-year degree from the school of hard knocks, and get out to start my career. This is what happens. Most who come and go, end up coming back. Is this the lesson that society wants to teach us?

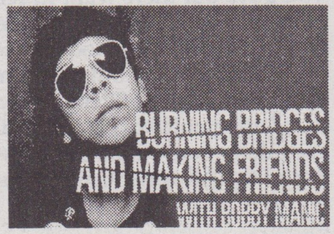
I am 21 years old, and in prison for the third time. My motivation for committing crimes is heroin. It's an expensive hobby and there is no legitimate job, for a guy with a GED that earns over $300 a day. I was born in Hartford, CT, but was living in

New Britain, CT up until my most recent incarceration. I've been drinking and doing drugs for as long as I can remember. Alcohol was my first love, but heroin is the love of my life. I have a sister that I turned on to dope, friends that I blow off for dope, a girlfriend whom I ignore whenever I'm not in jail, and now a cellmate who used to sell my sister and me dope. Welcome to my world—my nightmare. You wouldn't like it here.

When I first arrived, one corrections cop asked me if I've ever sought help. I said, "Yes, I tried." He replied, "You failed." "No! You did!" I bellowed, before walking away to avoid catching five years mandatory for biting his fucking lips off. And that's the truth. The department of correction failed to correct me. It only made me sicker, and when I got out, Montega was calling me, and I had learned nothing of how to tell her "No." So here I am.

Upon my arrival to this house of pain, I spent a week or so sweating, shitting, vomiting, and doing everything but sleeping. I too, was in "overflow," and was not medicated in the least. Had I started seizing, they would've watched me, and said, "Yep, that's a seizure, alright."

I'm writing mainly in hopes that someone reading this will learn the lesson that I'm supposed to be learning, and maybe, if exposed, the D.O.C. will be intimidated into doing something about this mess. I also want to write to intelligent people, so if anything I've said makes any sense, write to:
Adam Morse, #288477, Corrigan CI, 986 Norwich, New London, Uncasville, CT 06382



Jesus fuck I gotta do this again? Didn't I just do my column like...two months ago? You kids want more of my picks and pulls from the pop underground? You like that shit? You love that shit? Yeah, I thought so. You're a bunch of candy-lovin', cola-guzzling, too-shy-to-kiss-the-girl motherfuckers aren't you? Call me daddy and then let's get down to it.

All right, first up, I gotta suck Holland's Stardumb Records off yet again. The APERS have released their second full length LP, *Buzz Electric*, and lemme tell you it rocks. It's great. Less QUEERS and SCREECHING WEASEL appreciation than previous outings, but this is defiantly a pop punk record...just a little bit more grown up. They touch on the awesome song writing and youthful sincerity of their first 7", *Love Is a Battle Field and We're the Storm Troopers*, and deliver the buzzsaw guitars, snotty vocals, and hooks you demand. If you know the score with this label you know what to expect, and trust me, these guys deliver. They are touring the States right now with the GROOVIE GHOULIES, but by the time this comes out they will be back home in Holland. I hung out with them the night after they got into the States (with Stardumb CEO Stefan Tijs in tow) and it was a party. These guys are funny as hell. If you see them, ask them if they have sleeping bags, then punch them in the nuts and say "Allow me to wake them up." They will get it. Trust me.

The *European Pop Punk Virus Vol. 2* comp has hit the streets and it's a who's who of the Euro pop punk scene. You'll dig it. That's not the story though; little known fact, I write for the Stardumb zine. I do a lengthy column about my misadventures in drunkland, girls, and whatever else is on my mind, and I do some reviews. I do it because I love the label and it's a neat way to scam free stuff and dazzle the Euros (since I'm such a cunning linguist and all). It comes out every other month (which works well since my column here comes out every other month) and makes for a nice short and sweet read while you're on the crapper. We were going to have a *Euro Pop Punk Virus* special edition issue, and sent questions to every band on the comp and poked fun at each and every one of them. We harassed and heckled as well as asked a few real questions. It was supposed to accompany the comp....unfortunately, due to some computer failures and Stef-diddy's 80-hour work weeks getting ready for the Apers tour, it hasn't come out. This is pissing me off since 1) I'm an egomaniac, and 2) I really wanna read it. Hopefully, once the Dutch bastard gets back home, we will be back on track and possibly even have a double sized issue to make up for it. Until then, buy the comp and then imagine witty hijinx.

Stardumb just released Dan Vapid's post-Ben Weasel band, the METHADONES' second album, *Career Objective*. It blows their first album out of the water. They remind me of Vapid's other post-Weasel band, the MOPES', more rocking and melodic side, and maybe even BAD RELIGION. It's the deep vocals, the melodic-mid-tempo hard core/ pop punk medley, and all the auto tune... I dunno. I'm peculiar.

Speaking of Danny Vapid, it seams he's quite the busybody, doing time in the QUEERS once again, and reforming the RIVERDALES with Ben "You'll-buy-my-records-no-matter-what" Weasel. I'm kinda weary—the Riverdales were one of my favorite bands when I was in high school, but I'm not sure if their "Attack of the Ramones Clone" tactics will work on me now. They will be recording a brand new record to be released on 1-4-5 Records (don't ask me, I haven't heard of them either), and their first show is apparently in Chicago on April 12. My honest opinion is this reformation will be a lot like this war; it won't be that big of a deal in ten years, it's not so secretly about the money, and it will be over before anyone can really get into it. Props for nixing Dan Panic, he would have only quit the band anyway. Dan Lumly is his replacement and fits quite well into the band's formula; they have to have two Dans and one of them has to be an overrated drummer. Ah, why do I bother, anyone who's reading this is going to buy it anyway... hell, I'll probably even try to scam a copy.

MANPLANET is no longer just the name of a gay porno zine and a classy gay bar. If the EPOXIES and Teletubbies mated, these guys would be their offspring. Color-coated, new wavey radio pop punk, complete with robot gimmicks and stage pyro. This band is destined for success. If my predictions are true and 2003 is the summer of 80s retro, then expect to see them on *TRL* and *Late Night with Conan O'Brien* very soon. They swung by the Bay Area while on tour with the Groovie Ghoulies (the band who never stays home) and comped me their two CDEPs, normally I hate CDEPs, but these guys are so outstanding I will turn the blind eye. I can't wait until they put out a full length and come back to visit.

I made friends with this dude Mike a while ago, and when he heard I booked a show for the Apers and Ghoulies, he convinced me to put this band he was playing drums in on the bill. Normally, I'd tell anyone to get lost or at the very least demand cash up front, but I gave Mikey a break and put his band the MINDS on the show. I hadn't even heard the band, but he assured me I'd be impressed. They finally recorded a demo and boy, does it fucking rock. Oh my lord, how it rocks. Mikey kinda forgot to mention that the singer and guitarist for the Minds are the same singer and guitarist for the FLIP-TOPS who, quite simply, rock my cock hard. The Minds are Joel Flip-Top's excuse to tone down the snot, turn up the hooks, have a girl on keyboards, and use slightly better production. Fan-fucking-tastic. I cannot begin to explain how great this band is. Punk with keyboards, why hasn't anyone thought to do that...

The BRIEFS...Did anyone really think they'd last on a major? Yeah, that's right, the Briefs got dropped by Interscope. Who didn't see that coming? Honestly, a major label dicking around a band and then throwing them away like a used condom before their mom gets home? Gasp! Whatever; Interscope needed to make funds to drop Gwen Stefani's hip hop album and the Briefs were the guys with their dicks on the cutting block. Let that be a lesson to any good band who wants to flirt with the Man; the Man don't care about you. He's going to use you then, then when he's done building you up, he's going to knock you down. Fuck the Man. Anyway, the Briefs and Dirtnap got tired of the Man dicking them around and not releasing what was intended to be their second album (which has been in the can for over a year now), and since the Briefs' contract allowed them to release singles and EPs on independent labels, Dirtnap put out an 11-song CDEP/12" EP of new material called (ironically enough) *Off the Charts*. The best part is that it's only about one minute shorter than their debut album, *Hit After Hit*. Great job, guys. That's outsmarting the Man. The "EP" is outstanding, with great pacing and definite maturation in the songwriting department. *Hit After Hit* was an in-your-face snot rocket o' punk—this one is a lot more thought out and well planned. The lyrics vary from suicidal girlfriends, a tongue-in-cheek comment on American pride, and well, taking a crap in the Safeway parking lot. OK, so it's not that much of a stretch from *Hit After Hit* after all, but it's a bit darker and you probably won't be able to enjoy it as much the first few listens, but give it a chance and once you realize and accept that it's not *Hit After Hit*, you'll be OK, trust me. Would I lie?

Dirtnap just put out a great comp last month, *Dirtnap Across the North West* (I still think Ken should have called it *Dirtstains Across the North West*, but when does anyone ever listen to me?) 32 songs by 32 bands, all previously unreleased. As usual with comps, there is some good stuff, some great stuff, and a whole lotta suck, but you get healthy doses of garage, power pop, retro 77, new wave, now wave, and good old-fashioned punk rock (remember what that sounded like?). Stand-out songs by the FLIP-TOPS, GLORY HOLES, EXPLODING HEARTS, EPOXIES, HUNCHES, CRIPPLES, ROTTEN APPLES, and a funny as hell rap diddy by the SPITS (they tear apart the Dirtnap crew; the Briefs, Epoxies, Ken, etc... and offer the classic line, "Roxy Epoxie needs a bitch slap." Ho ho ho! What fun!) Pretty much any band you can think of from Portland/ Seattle is on this; the BRIEFS, the DISKORDS, the NEW TOWN ANIMALS, and whole lot of other bands. Pick this up; it's totally worth a spin.

All right, my obligatory Exploding Hearts comments. Pelado has finally released what was supposed to be the Hearts debut single, *Modern Kicks b/w Busy Signals*. This is becoming a collector's item already. Originally intended to be a limited pressing of 100 copies, it sold out immediately and was repressed...and then repressed again on color vinyl. I don't even think the Exploding Hearts know for sure how many copies there are in total, but from what I've pieced together, it's under 500 and the color vinyl are the ones to grab. This would really have been a great debut platter; the songs have more a of a demo feel to them after listening to the *Guitar Romantic* LP for so long. Hell, *Busy Signals* is even slower than the LP version. But it's still nice to have for collector reasons and to see how much the band has grown into their sound...plus they just look really fucking cool. Hearts' frontman and vertically challenged rock & roll bad ass, Adam, also hooked me up with an unmixed version of their upcoming Dirtnap single, *(You Left Me) Shattered*, which will probably be out by the time you read this. Wow, as if these guys could get any wussier. Power pop with heavy pop doses. If they keep it up like this they will be women soon. Seriously though, it's awesome. Those guys know how to write perfect pop songs and that's all there is to it. The only thing that bothers me is that I heard these songs were going to be their side of a split with the New Town Animals that was supposed to be release on Dirtnap; unfortunately NTA broke up and now it's just a single for the Hearts. But can you imagine; New Town Animals side—bad ass rock & roll, buzzsaw guitars and 'tude oozing out of their jeans... Exploding Hearts side—loud-ass cowbell and whining about a girl in a fake English accent. You guys do the math...

Good grief, there hasn't been anything good coming out lately. I get nothing good for review these days, but I get a whole lot of crap that I can't stomach. Take for instance the PANIC ATTACKS and their *Watch the Skies"* 7". What the fuck were you guys thinking? Honestly? There already is a band that sounds just like this— they are called Screeching Weasel, I'm damn sure you are familiar with them. Who in their right minds would want to sound this close to an already established and successful band? Lookout and Panic Button won't sign you guys, they had the real deal. They don't need any third rate copycats. Listen, all of you bands who think, "hey, let's just sound like ******" and bring no originality, freshness, or at least something redeeming, should break up and reevaluate your existence (and I'm not talking about as a band, I'm talking as human beings). There is influence and then there is plagiarism. Some bands can walk that fine line and do well for themselves even if they can't claim to have an original bone in their body—cough! the HUNTINGTONS! cough!—but do you really wanna be one of those bands? Huh? Do ya? Does anyone say "Hey, the Huntingtons, now there is an influential band!" No, they skip them and go to their influence; the Ramones. It's just not worth it, kids. Don't settle for being a knockoff. Be something fresh, something exciting, something that hasn't been stale for seven years, for chrissake! Here's what I want—all you young bands who sound like third-rate Queers, Screeching Weasel, Ramones, and Riverdales copycats, lock those records up for one year. Find new bands to listen to (my suggestion of the month is the VAPORS and the INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND) and then try to write songs. You need to draw influences from bands that don't release the same album over and over again. It's either that or keep getting verbally abused by me. It's your choice. I hope you make the right decision.

The Bottom Line:

* What have we learned today folks? Never do a split with a band tougher than you, don't trust the Dutch when it comes to on-time desktop publishing, and stop ripping off bands that are just ripping off themselves at this point.

* I want you to send me free records. Rapid Pulse, Vinyl Warning, Alien Snatch, Screaming Apple, I'm looking your way. You guys put out great records and I want them. And if any of you guys out there want to send me something send it to *MRR* in care of Bobby Manic. If I likes it I will write about it, if I hates it, I will probably be too lazy to make fun of it in print.

* Someone should send me a copy of the Incredible Kidda Band and Pointed Sticks records (CDRs are welcome too).

* revmanic@cs.com if you want more info on any of these records or just wanna ask me what I'm wearing or which member of the All American Rejects I think is dreamy.

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Hey friends! Welcome to another recipe for anticapitalist action, courtesy of the CrimethInc. Ex-Workers' Collective. Hopefully you can use this to set off a couple unexpected demonstrations against the ongoing terror war in your local community. We had quite a bit of luck here recently doing just that at a Godspeed, You Black Emperor! show—a couple hundred people took over the main street for two hours, something we never could have pulled off in this small college town just by putting up fliers. Anyway, here it is:

Diverting

The whole of the entertainment industry, including the DIY punk and hip hop scenes, is basically a distraction, or at best a pressure valve: whether we're staving off our cravings for pleasure and togetherness until Thursday night at the bar, or channeling our rage and ingenuity into folk songs instead of frontal attacks on the police state, these little opportunities for amusement and outlets for creativity keep us satisfied enough that we don't do anything crazy—like demand such excitement and self-determination in every moment of our lives.

At least that's one account. The other runs something more like this: coming together to be creative and celebrate life, we can develop a sense of what we're capable of, which we can draw on in broader struggles to take back more of our lives. Regardless of which account you're partial to, it's clear that it's not enough for subversive ideas and dance moves to remain in the clubs and basements forever. "Diverting" is a way to liberate them from those confines, to hijack the brief moments of authentic living we're permitted and turn them on the status quo that circumscribes them.

Quite a lot of energy and expectation is invested in these moments; people who find their daily lives boring and meaningless look forward to concerts and parties for weeks in advance, approaching them with all the reverence, the awareness of possibility that pagan religious festivals once occasioned. To the hardened revolutionary, this can seem pathetic; but the excitement itself is authentic enough, and all that remains is for it to be re-directed back to a subversive, liberating engagement with the total social environment.

What does this mean in practice? Inciting a crowd exiting a concert to a reclaim-the-streets action, setting up an open mic circle around a campfire outside a predictably alienating music festival, turning a post-playoff victory celebration into a street riot in which rival sports fans unite to fight the police. Rather than struggle to create a radical situation from scratch, the diverter takes advantage of existing opportunities, adding whatever elements are missing to set off the bombs everyday events conceal. Rebellious tendencies diverted from revolutionary possibilities into institutionalized rituals are diverted back to them; the "real meaning" that punk rock, dance parties, picket lines, action movies have had all along suddenly becomes clear to those who have enjoyed them, and the desires they inhibited through programs of carefully controlled indulgence are realized as these forms are superceded. The implicit becomes explicit, the impossible possible, the bottled-up explodes.

Diverting is particularly anarchist in character, for the diverter is not offering leadership, but rather opportunities, tools, and no more. The anarchists at a demonstration that turns into a street confrontation do not give orders to the mass, or attempt to control the developments from a vanguard position; instead, they take the actions they consider necessary themselves, share whatever skills and resources they can, and demonstrate tactics that can be apprehended and applied by anyone interested in doing what they are doing. They will be seen showing teenagers how to make t-shirts into masks, giving out spraypaint to incensed neighbors of the man the police killed, or offering medical attention to those affected by tear gas—not manning the megaphone.

There are many pitfalls to be avoided by the diverter; a diverting gone astray can end catastrophically. The diverter must not trick the crowd, or seek to pilot it; her role is only to open a door to another situation. The diverting must ultimately transpire as an informed, collective choice on the part of those involved; anything less is simply demagoguery, manipulation. It is critical that the diverter not endanger anyone in the process—there can be risks involved, but they must be easy to recognize for what they are, and it must be up to each individual to choose whether to take them or not. It is also crucial that the diverter not make enemies, nor disrespect or derail projects into which others have poured well-intentioned efforts. If people do notice the role a person plays in a diverting, they should feel only gratitude, not fear or resentment—or, for that matter, inordinate admiration. The most accomplished diverters act without attracting any attention to themselves or assuming any control over the situation.

Account

The preceding day, the pigs had killed a man they were arresting on shoplifting charges, and that night a radical environmentalist band from a few years back was playing a reunion show. That meant there would be a lot of young people with anarchist leanings in one place; and, as the show was scheduled to end early, there would be a lot of undischarged energy. We decided to take advantage of the opportunity to put the heat on the police, to remind them that there was a whole city of people who were not going to sit idly by while they marauded and murdered with impunity.

Some people worked on a statement to the public, and mass-produced it as a flier. Others collected buckets and sticks. Still others went out to an abandoned house, which still had a pile of firewood under it, and collected the firewood; later that day, that firewood would turn up, wrapped in plastic to keep it dry, secreted in an unused, inconspicuous downtown doorway.

The show was inordinately expensive, and only two bands were playing; the second was a marching band that most of us were familiar with from their performances at various demonstrations. As people began to arrive at the show (a steady stream of them making their way in the back door, as they felt the door price to be insufferable), we passed out our fliers describing the police killing and outlining our stance on the issue. A couple of us spoke with members of the marching band, telling them about the preceding day's events and asking if they would lead the audience out of the theater and into the street during their last song. They had done the very same thing at earlier shows, and readily agreed, making it clear however that they wanted to be leaving shortly thereafter.

The headlining band played their reunion set; they were as talented as ever, but somehow it felt like there was something missing, and the particularly macho energy in the boy singer's stage presence made some of us uncomfortable. No matter, we figured—it's not the responsibility of others to do things the way we would if we were them, it's our own responsibility to do those things ourselves. So as they played, buckets and drumsticks were stacked up outside, and wheatpaste brewed over camping stoves in the bathrooms. They finished, and the marching band appeared; to those of us who had already had our lives changed by songs about revolution and now were ready to live a little taste of it, it seemed like they would never begin their last number. Finally, they did, and when they passed through the doors of the venue with the audience hesitantly behind them, we were already in the street, banging our improvised plastic drums and heading off down a route that had been hastily charted a couple hours in advance.

At first the concertgoers dallied around the front of the club—years of concertgoing had taught that the excitement ends when the show is over—but when a few of the rowdier ones joined us, the others followed, and a mass of hundreds swept into the street. In front walked a few of us, doing our amateur best to beat our makeshift drums in the time with the marching band behind; around them paraded the greater part of the former audience. The tentative remainder, not sure yet how to feel about what was happening, brought up the rear; they were soon joined by small groups of people who came out of the bars to investigate. We hadn't thought much in advance about scouts, an oversight we couldn't have gotten away with in a larger city, but all the same a few of us were on bicycles. It definitely helped that many of the fans of this band already had years of experience in street demonstrations and similar environments; for them, this was perhaps a welcome relief after a night in a club: the adrenaline of being out in the city, making things happen, reclaiming space with only bravado for a permit. As we proceeded, a couple little elves ran around the periphery wheatpasting posters about the events of the previous day on walls, telephone booths, and electrical boxes, so there would be a clear explanation of this event the next morning.

Soon, we reached a central intersection downtown; suddenly, there was a big heap of firewood in the middle of the street, and then—flames. From out of nowhere, street signs—"road closed," "under construction"—appeared, barricading the street. Masked figures with chains were spinning fire, people were clapping their hands and dancing, and the bars were emptying as others came out to see what was going on. Everyone who approached got a flier. The police had, finally, started to show up—perhaps twelve cars in total, in two of the four streets; but there was open field on two sides that they lacked the numbers to block, and they had no busses for mass arrests, since this was an unexpected event. Besides, the last thing they needed in the midst of their current public relations debacle was a lot of news about an anti-police demonstration turning into a riot—they were at a serious disadvantage here. Some of the people had never been in such a situation, and were understandably nervous; but others had more experience than any of the police officers present. It seemed, were we possessed of the desire to do so, that we could hold this intersection to dance and sing around the fire for a good part of the night—and there was in fact a precedent for this possibility in this town: such things had happened before.

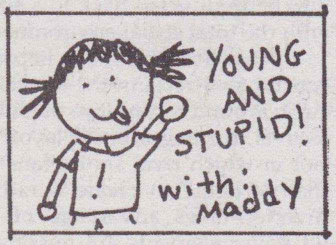
But then, suddenly, the atmosphere changed. Someone grabbed a megaphone, and shouted "Scatter! Disperse! Disappear on the four winds like the anarchists you are!" It was—did you see it coming?—the boy singer from the band playing the reunion, taking charge. Many of us looked up in surprise—our sixth senses, developed through years of gauging situations like this one, told us that there was nothing to fear yet, that this was not the time to retreat. But when a crowd takes over a street or carries off some similarly "impossible" action, all their strength comes from the sense that they can count on each other, all their confidence depends on the confidence of their companions. What a group, acting together, believes to be possible, becomes possible; what some believe impossible, becomes impossible, and thus no one can believe in it to make it so. And so, hearing one prominent personality loudly doubting the possibility of holding the intersection any longer, many suddenly doubted it themselves, and made ready to leave, as if taking orders.

Those of us who had more experience rebelled at this—it was ridiculous for us to leave now, when we sensed no great threat and had barely begun to make our point! This guy wasn't even from here, he had no local perspective, nor any right to make decisions for everyone—and to make things worse, his motives were really questionable: "Stop drumming! Do *not* take this back to the venue!" he added, still shouting into the megaphone. Still, the damage was done, and there was nothing to do but make our way out of the intersection with the others—though one last group did pull a dumpster into the middle of intersection and set it on fire as a parting gift. That was lovely to see!

All in all, the night was a success—though, sadly, too late to do any good for the man the police had murdered—and also an important lesson: we must be ever-vigilant, so self-appointed leaders cannot set the limits of our activities for us. Perhaps the bands themselves needed to leave at that point, but for that guy to assume that, as the patriarch in presence, that meant the event was officially over, or that in their absence the rest of us lacked the sense to keep ourselves out of jail, was really presumptious. It may seem ironic that we, having deployed a secret plan of our own that was not exactly "voted for" by all present at the concert, would be frustrated with him for taking it upon himself to seize the reigns; but the critical difference is that we never gave any orders—we simply opened a window of possibility, leading with our own bodies and carrying out activities that left room for others to join in in whatever ways they felt comfortable. For a total, self-managed revolution to be possible, every individual must be versed enough in self-determination, and every group experienced enough in quick collective decision-making, that no one can usurp control. In the meantime, those of us who want to see things happen need to be ready to counter self-appointed leaders and "peace police" by presenting other options and maintaining their visibility and viability at all times. Had we immediately counteracted his instructions by loudly emphasizing that we could all remain in the intersection if we so chose, it would have been more likely that whatever happened next would have been the result of reasoned individual decisions rather than mob psychology.

Speaking of the tensions and sometime contradictions between individual decisions and group decisions—there was a little controversy over the dumpster, which, it turned out, had been the dumpster used by a fair-trade coffee house that hosted liberal and sometimes radical meetings and performances. To my knowledge, no one ever found out if the coffee house was actually inconvenienced by the fire; the dumpster itself was seen in use on another street shortly thereafter, so I seriously doubt there were any consequences for the cafe. Such minor mishaps are inevitable, but it was humorous what an obvious excuse we'd provided liberals to concentrate their criticisms on our tactics rather than the offenses of the powers that be. Maybe next time someone should apply for a grant with which we can rent a dumpster of our own to set afire?

For more recipes for disaster, contact CrimethInc. Wreakers of Havoc, PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402 USA, www.crimethinc.com



So it's a Saturday night in New York City and I'm, like, totally goin' *wild*(!) at a incredibly cool bar, payin' six bucks for a drink and talking shit! Uh, wait. Nope, it's a Saturday night, and I'm livin' it up—singing along to Against Me, eating popcorn, and trying to figure out a way I can give *you*, the reader, the goods!

No, I have not run out of stupid stories! I assure you, I am stupid enough that the chances of me *not* doing something dumb in a two-month period are roughly equivalent to the possibility of me going six months without eating a single cheese doodle!

The trouble all started when I began working on a freelance article (yep, I am also a "real" journalist, uh, sort of) on Ray Rogers—a controversial labor activist who is most well known for his role in a strike in Minnesota in the mid 1980s. Hormel workers went out on strike, and their parent union screwed them over and hung them out to dry. Everyone lost their jobs. Ray went bankrupt. The local union president ended up getting a divorce and moving to New York. (Hmmm…I don't know which is worse!)

Anyway, I'm interviewing all these people for the article, and listening to them talk about how hard they struggled and how much they lost, and at the same time, I discover BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN's *Nebraska* album. Bad coincidence. If you've ever reached the peak of human achievement (roughly defined as: having just found the perfect pair of tight pants, working at a candy store, and spending your free time in your very own Chuckie Cheese-style plastic ball room), and you just so happen to listen to this album—well, even the best gummi frog in the world won't save you! You will sink into deep and irrevocable depression and start crying right in the middle of your state-of-the-art Chuckie Cheese-themed ball room for no apparent reason! Unpunk!

So, at the same time, I'm interning at a union and learning that the labor movement is more conservative than even my labor-history-IWW-worshipping self had ever imagined. And then there's a war going on, making all of these stupid complaints even more stupid than usual. Man.

In the midst of all this, my spring break came along. Time to par-tee? Time to go to some tropical island, spread mud all over my naked body, and be featured in Girls Gone Wild Part 45? Uh, no. I was going to Kentucky! All right!

My boyfriend and I drove from New York City to Louisville to hang out with a bunch of his friends there. I had driven through the city before—the only real time I had spent in Kentucky involved small towns, coal mines, and a THIS BIKE IS A PIPE BOMB tape, but that's another story. So, we get to Louisville and it's so amazing! I almost forget about the Springsteen lines, "Now our luck may have died and our love may be cold/but with you forever I'll stay/We're goin' out where the sands turnin' to gold/So put on your stockin's cause the nights gettin' cold/And maybe everything dies/Baby that's a fact/But maybe everything that dies someday comes back." Argh! Must stop with the Bruce! Must stop with the Bruce!

We were staying in "Old Louisville" or "Historic Louisville"—also known as "Where the Rich Slave-Owners Used to Live" (WRSUL). Anyway, over in WRSUL, there are quite possibly the biggest houses I've ever seen. And the important thing here is *seen*. When I was little, my parents used to take us on drives after dinner to look at all the rich people's houses. (Insert mixed feelings of class rage and confused awe here.) But the biggest houses were the ones we could never see—the ones that had forests and a mile of gravel road leading up to them, forcing us to imagine what those houses could possibly look like. Not in Louisville. Here in urban Kentucky, the slave owners were clearly into displaying their wealth up front. Big time. So, the houses are huge, but they are also close together, on a wide street (still lit up by gas lamps in some places!) with an only slightly-bigger-than-normal front yard. Strange.

Most of the houses no longer hold genteel Southerners, sipping lemonade served to them by their "help." Nope. The houses have been carved up into tons of apartments, and when we were there, the neighborhood seemed mostly poor and working class, with a mix of African Americans, Hispanics, and whites. At first I was thinking, "Wow! We showed them! Now the black people and the poor people get to live in their former master's houses!" Except then I remembered that the rich people now all live in the suburbs in huge condominiums with private swimming pools. Fuckers.

Anyway, we were staying with Aaron's friend Pete, and Pete told us that when he first moved in, he wanted to store some stuff in the basement. So he went down there, and saw all these compartments that looked like horse stables. He asked the building manager what they were. "Oh those?" she said. "That's where we used to keep the slaves."

Uh, moving on, while we were there, we met so many cool people! We saw *Reanimator* for free at the local university, scammed free Indian food, and had lots of decent conversations with decent people. But no journey to Louisville would be complete with a visit to the single-most important building in town—the international headquarters of Kentucky Fried Chicken! Home of the secret recipe! All right! Chicken is go!

KFC is a subsidiary a huge corporation called Yum! Foods (also the owners of Pizza Hut, Long John Silver's, A&W, and Taco Bell). We heard that there was a replica of the Colonel's kitchen and birthplace inside the offices. Of course, we had to see it! As we approached the huge, white building, all of a sudden we knew we were there. Why? The smell. Yes, this corporate office building definitely contained the Colonel's wares. Either that or they have perfected the smell in parking-lot-air-freshener form. Yikes. Upon entering the building (going past signs that said, "Taste Testers This Way"), we asked the secretary where the kitchen was. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "It's not here anymore. We had to move it 45 miles away." "Really?" we said, looking dejected. "I'm sorry," she said. "But we had to do it after 9/11. We're an international location, and we couldn't have something like that here anymore." "Oh," we sighed. "There's some signs and awards in the cases over there that you could look at," she offered, pointing to one of the most ridiculous displays of human relations handiwork I have yet seen. "OK," we said. And, after a brief visit to the KFC gift shop (sadly lacking in any KFC-related items—everything just said "Yum!" on it), we left.

Uh. Wait just one a minute! An "international location"? Would the replica of the Colonel's home be the next target for Al Quada? We all know that McDonald's is a much better target! Perhaps KFC is just delusional, wanting desperately to believe that Osama cares! Oh, the pain of rejection! Not even good enough to be a terrorist target!

So we couldn't see the Colonel's house; but that's OK, 'cause the poor Colonel never made much money from KFC. He sold it before it got huge. So instead, we visited his grave and paid our respects to the man who created the one food item that my sister has said will be the downfall of her vegetarianism—fried chicken. Amen.

In the "Hey Can I Have Endnotes, Too?" Department:

1. There are two new issues of my zine, *Tight Pants,* out. #9.99 is a split with the hilarious Ben Snakepit (all comic strips!) #10 is a regular issue (i.e. dumb). Get 'em both through Microcosm Distro, www.microcosmpublishing.com.
2. In New York City? Find out about the anti-war movement and get involved at: www.unitedforpeace.org.
3. Yum! Food's has been the target of some big protests recently. Find out all about how they pay migrant farmers slave wages for their Taco Bell tomatoes at http://www.ciw-online.org
4. I'm goin' to Europe this summer, so if you write to me and I don't reply for months, that's why! If you wanna get in touch, email me: cerealcore@hotmail.com.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIECLE ANGST

A few months ago, I wrote about the issue of bands using samples on their records. Mike of Kill the Man Who Questions had written about it previously. I now have some first-hand experience with this and want to shed some more light into this area.

First off, most all pressing plants and CD plants now require some paperwork before they can press your record. These documents establish who the Intellectual Property Rights Owners for the music are. This would be the band, their publishing company, or the label. Another document is a copyright release form, which releases the pressing plant from liability of copyright infringement. Another document is an anti-piracy form which establishes the artist and title of each track. Each replicator uses variants of these forms. Usually they will provide them for you to fill out and return or let you download PDFs from their site to fill in.

This paperwork is meant to prevent record piracy and bootlegging. It also attempts to release the manufacturer from liability through the copyright release form, so that if there is a copyright issue, the buck is passed to the label and band. Some pressing plants still don't require such documentation, but given today's litigious environment, expect all of them to adopt some variant soon. There are more lawyers in America than in the whole rest of the world combined, and more are being produced every day. The possibility of a band, even a fairly small time band, being sued over the unlicensed use of a copyrighted sample grows every day. To legally obtain license to sample recorded works, you can often obtain license through the Harry Fox Agency (http://www.harryfox.com). Most of the samples I hear on punk records come from cult films. In theory, it would be possible to license such samples by contacting the owner of the material and getting permission or paying a license fee. If you don't do this and you get busted, and the owner of the copyright sues you and finds you guilty of knowingly using copyrighted material, the fine is $150,000. Plus all the merchandise has to be destroyed. The RIAA has an explanation of copyright law on their websites with links to the actual government law sites http://www.riaa.org/Copyright-Laws-1.cfm.

OK, I know half of you are saying, "who gives a fuck?" and will go on to put out a record with a sample from *Cheech and Chong's Up In Smoke* regardless. However, consider that the pressing plant is going to listen to your test press and then want you to provide some proof of license for this material. If you can't provide that, you are going to have to remaster the recording without it. You might say, fine, we'll press this at a different pressing plant. But I would say that any pressing plant that doesn't require this sort of documentation and audio tests of records now, will be doing so soon. So when you go to repress, you might be back at the same dilemma.

I was recently in such a position. I had to pay a license fee and remaster one of my releases without some samples or face a potential lawsuit. I can't go into specifics on this, but suffice it to say it cost me about as much as it would to press up a few thousand copies of a new 7" release.

So here is my advice. Just drop the samples. They get old anyway; the music is what matters. Original music and artwork is always better than using someone else's stuff. Or if you are going to record material with a sample, record that sample yourself. There is nothing to prohibit you from recording yourself parodying a movie actor or cartoon character. For instance, my band has a song which is inspired by the film *Death Race 2000*. Instead of sampling said movie, I'm going to just record myself saying, "That's what we love in America, Violence! Violence! Violence!" or something like that. I mean, if you use your head, you can probably produce something better than Hollywood anyway.

I, for one, will probably have to make the call as I repress my releases, to remaster them without samples or just let them go out of print. It kind of sucks that it's come to this, but what punk label can risk a $150,000 fine plus legal fees? It's just the way the "industry" is heading, and I think it's time to think ahead and cover our own asses before the lawsuits start to fly. I know some will disagree with me; I'm not here to defend copyright law, the RIAA, or anything like that. I'm just saying this is the way things are going and it's easier to adjust to the reality than to get burned by the system.

OK, now onto another thing. I wrote in this column a few months ago about how I thought the argument against sanctions on Iraq was overly simplistic and that I supported the sanctions as opposed to war. Now I want to revisit this because some people have misinterpreted my position to mean that I support the current war. I'm totally opposed to this war. I think it's stupid, hasty, and a tragic mistake. I merely felt that the sanctions and containment were a better option for dealing with the Hussein regime than an invasion. Sanctions and containment coupled with inspections could have kept Hussein from any acts of aggression against his neighbors until another solution was found. I think Hussein is an oppressive despot and should be overthrown. However, I think this is a job best left to the people of Iraq. Exporting democracy with bombings and invasion is dicey business indeed. It's clear to me that the foreign policy of the USA has been hijacked by an aggressive neo-conservative cabal headed by Paul Wolfowitz. Their plan for a "New American Century" outlines the remaking of the world primarily in the interest of providing a stable business climate that will be dominated by US armed force and corporate interests. If you ask me, these are 19th century rules for 21st century game. Using second generation warfare tactics to fight a fourth generation conflict is bound to fail. Look forward to continued recession, more terrorist attacks, hatred of America around the world, and the use of the war as a distraction to push a right wing extremist agenda at home. We need some regime change around here.

LET'S GET HURT
MITCH CARDWELL

What's more important and "newsworthy": the latest CRAMPS bootlegs or thousands of people dying? I'm not gonna get all CRASS-preachy about this war, but I gotta say that "it be fucked and they be lame" (to borrow a phrase from *Ugly Things*). It definitely doesn't seem like I'm the only person who thinks this way…people are fucking pissed! "Those opposed" seem to be collectively combining their voices to express their disgust over this whole thing, and it's certainly disrupted the everyday haze most folks drive through in the Bay Area. How's your morning commute been lately? I hear that there's gonna be an effort by protestors to block military freight from entering terminals at various ports. There ya go: nothing like a logistical clusterfuck to get bigwig panties in a bunch. Just watch out for cops with chainsaws…

Speaking of UN inspectors, the DEADLY WEAPONS have finally released a single! Here's the scoop: the Deadly Weapons are new combo featuring Tina from the BOBBYTEENS and TRASHWOMEN! Their sound is much rougher than anything you'd expect from Tina (probably due to the fact that Larry RICKETS is on board as well). There's no trace of power pop or garage here: the sound is full-on punk rock! Tina's more likely to beat your ass in the Deadly Weapons than to profess her love to you. Don't be expecting any of that trashcan production either, this one's cranked up really high! The *Backstabber* 7"EP is available on Tina's very own Lipstick Records!

Another great female-fronted combo, the TRIGGERS, have just released their debut LP, *Shoot Your Mouth Off*. If you enjoyed their Vinyl Warning and Johnny Cat singles (I'm sure you did), you'll be all over this puppy. The LP, released on Dirtnap, is just an extension of the loud'n'rude guitar screech you've become accustomed to, complete with gallons of spilled beer and some *really* bad mustaches. That's a recipe for success, if you ask me.

Please allow me to sing the praises of the LEG HOUNDS!!! Holy shit, these guys sound more like the DEVIL DOGS than the Devil Dogs do! In 2002, they released two full length CDs on Rev. Nørb's Bulge label, both of which have just gotten their proper release on wax. Their *S/T* debut LP is available on Demolition Derby and their second album, *Date Your Daughters*, is available on Screaming Apple. I've already got the fucking CDs, but I simply *gotta* get the wax! The third album is already in the can…hurry up Nørb!

I'd be cheating myself (and many readers) by neglecting to mention In The Red's latest assault on the wallets of punk/garage fans. I'm sure you ran right out and got the CLONE DEFECTS new LP. This month, In The Red brings back two of my favorites: the DEADLY SNAKES and the HORRORS! The Deadly Snakes have never failed me, and their new *Ode To Joy* LP doesn't disappoint. Mr. Cartwright has taken a break from the combo, but they seem to be doing just fine without him. They've gotten a little arty this time around, but their stomp and groove is still very much in tact. Also, after a far-too-long hiatus, Iowa's Horrors are back at it with their second album, *Vent*. I had the pleasure of seeing this band in Las Vegas four years ago (!) and I'm still recovering…what a truly exceptional band. They branch out a little on this one, due in part to two different recording sessions produced by Greg (OBLIVIAN) Cartwright. Regardless, this has to be one of the most underrated combos around right now. If these two aren't enough for you, In The Red also just released *Enemy*, a 2x7" by the MODEY LEMON. These three releases should be more than enough for any punk/blues/noise disciple to chew on.

One of my current faves from the Rip Off Records roster, the FLIP-TOPS, have just released a new 7"EP on Vinyl Warning entitled *Secrets & Lies*. Since their LP, they've undergone a line-up change (Sarah, their former bass player, opted to do the HUNCHES full time), so we'll see how this latest incarnation holds up. As with all Vinyl Warning releases, there's a limited amount of colored vinyl, so act quick. Also of note: Flip-Tops singer Joel Jett is currently fronting a new Portland band, the MINDS. Apparently, it's quite a departure: keyboard/synth new wave punk, which is all the rage these days. Keep an eye out for them.

Alien Snatch Records has just released two high-profile debut LPs: the KIDNAPPERS' *Ransom Notes And Telephone Calls* and the LOCOMOTIONS *S/T* LP. The Kidnappers LP has just about everyone in the '77 punk sewing circle going apeshit. Not surprising, considering it's ex-HIGH SCHOOL ROCKERS. I'm leaning toward the Locomotions LP, though, as it's the new project from Martin Savage, who did time in the BLACKS, TOKYO KNIVES, DIXIE BUZZARDS, and a few more. Regardless, both LPs are sure to generate excitement and Alien Snatch's track record speaks for itself.

I got two fantastic singles in the mail from France's SDZ Records. See? They really *do* love us yanks! The first is the debut 45 by ANTEENAGERS M.C. This band features 3 ex-members of STEVE AND THE JERKS! "(The) Future ('s Coming Tomorrow)" b/w "Down In Amsterdam" is totally great! The a-side features a razor-sharp guitar attack and a definite BUZ-

ZCOCKS feel, while the flip is a PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS cover. A fantastic debut, with an LP soon to follow! Secondly, SDZ brings us a split 7"EP LES VIPERES and LES DERAILLEURS, two bands from Quebec. Language barrier aside, both bands deliver here! Les Viperes come out on top with their TEENGENERATE-inspired bouncers, while Les Derailleurs offer up some spastic garage punk. I imagine that these singles might be a little difficult to come by here, but if they pop up at any of the usual mail-order sources, make it a point to check 'em out (especially Anteenages M.C.).

The EASYS have finally released their second 45 on Just Add Water. "I Want You Back" b/w "Baby Don't You Do It" picks up right where their debut blazer left off: two tunes of amp-up 60's mod garage. The addition of Rob Alper (ex- FELLS and currently of THE SERMON) on second guitar totally beefs up the sound. As their recent live show suggests, there has already been another line-up change, so we'll see who sticks around for the next record. Wasn't the original plan to have "A Quick One..." as the b-side of this single? Whatever the case, this new one has me anxiously awaiting a full length...c'mon boys!

San Francisco's F-HOLE has won many hearts over here at *MRR*. They dropped off a batch of their new *Gives A Fuck* 7"EP and I was lucky enough to score one. If you missed their previous EP (limited to 300 copies, each with a different sleeve!), then do not pass this one up. If you're after 5 boozehound punk tunes, look no further!

The BLACK LIPS *S/T* album kicks total fucking ass! I enjoyed both of their singles, but I honestly was not prepared for this CD. Imagine budget-rock trash mixed with the finest *Nuggets* tunes. Yeah, it's that good! It's so incredibly sad that one of the members died prior to the release of this album, but they are apparently plugging along without him. This has to be the best record Bomp! has put out in years. Do not skip this!

Unlike many, I enjoy the occasional compilation. Granted, it takes a lot of effort to produce a quality comp (a rarity, to be sure), but good comps always make for an extremely satisfying listen. This month there are two *huge* comps well worth investigating. The first is *No Hold Back...All Attack,* a 3xLP (!!!) documenting the current Twin Cities scene. There's all kindsa shit on here, something for everyone. Heavy-hitters like SWEET J.A.P., MISERY and DILLINGER FOUR are present, along with about a billion other bands. Try contacting Havoc Records to score a copy.

This next comp should be an absolute no-brainer purchase: Very Small Records' *Drinking About Songs* 2xLP! Yes, the newest installment in the series has arrived and you're probably wasted already. Seriously, if David Hayes releases a comp, I'm gonna fucking buy it. That's simply all there is to it. 33 bands, all of 'em singing odes to the sweetest sauce of all: booze! I miss seeing bands like NAR, LOS HUEVOS and 23 MORE MINUTES on these comps, but DING DANG, FOUR EYES, and YOUR MOTHER will get me drunk just as fast. 804 (???) copies total, all on colored wax. Seriously, no one can do this as good as David Hayes!

Proud To Be Idiot Records has just started a limited edition singles series. Promises of sleeve and colored vinyl variations have already peaked my interest, but I'm a sucker for that shit. For those unfamiliar with this label's output, expect only the rudest, lame-brained and cruddy sounding punk garbage. The first two installments are EPs by the GRABBIES and STREET TRASH, both of which meet the above-mentioned criteria. The Grabbies' *I Wanna Be Blind* EP wins out so far, but the mind-numbing stupidity might turn off some.

I'm about to tread dangerously into Bruce Roehrs territory by bringing up the *Red, White and Boots* 7"EP by OIL! For those unaware, OIL! is a new band featuring folks from RADIO REELERS and the BODIES. Yup, you guessed it: more Sonoma thuggery, courtesy of Noma Beach Records. This release is stereotypically over-the-top in every way, from the stars'n'bars sleeve to the names of the band members ("Bovver Bob"). The piss-take vibe is overwhelming here, but who knows? They could be serious, which is entirely possible and a *very* scary thought! Between these guys and JEWDRIVER (best band ever?), this shit is getting too...funny...

It's "return of the dinosaurs" time: the SKULLS have another new single. You might remember the amazingly-packaged 7"EP released on Head Line last year. Since then, they've had an actual album come out on Dr. Strange (still around??? Jeez...) that I skipped. However, the new *Babies* 7"EP, on Blazing Guns Records, ain't half bad. Aside from the (new) title track, it includes a revamped version of their lone classic "Victims" (see below for more on this) and a surprisingly good cover of the SAINTS' "Erotic Neurotic". Might be some life here after all...

I think it's time I check in with my monthly hardcore blurb. First off, a few of the AMDI PETERSEN'S ARMÉ kids have formed the YOUNG WASTENERS, whose *We Got Ways* LP has just been released. I haven't scored one yet, but I've heard nothing but good things from rock'n'rollers *and* hardcore folks. I finally nabbed a copy of the VIOLENT RAMP *S/T* 7"EP that came out months ago. Who would've thought those WOLF EYES folks could make this skaterock hc/thrash gem? There's even a tune called "Grind The Pigs"! Also, I'm a total SNOBS enthusiast! Having only heard the *Control* 7"EP, I'm in dire need of a copy of their first EP...HELP! WOLFBRIGADE is fucking great, try www.havocrex.com for their stuff. Lastly, everyone should own the CHARLES BRONSON 2xCD discography. There's my whirlwind trip through the hardcore section...we now return you to your originally scheduled programming.

It took me long enough, but here comes the "Old Shit" section. I don't really have much to report this month, but what I do have is killer! I'm gonna start with a record that is absolutely mandatory *and,* unlike many of these boots/reissues, readily available. Bacchus Archives has reissued the *What Records?* 7"EP! You get the EYES' amazing "Don't Talk To Me," the CONTROLLERS "(The Original) Neutron Bomb" and the SKULLS' "Victims"!!! I'd say if you had to buy one record mentioned in this column, it would have to be this EP. There is "collector stuff" and then there is "classic stuff"...all this falls into the "classic" category. Use your head.

Morphius has reissued the Australian X's second LP, *At Home With You*, a couple months back. I had seen the CD floating around for months, but I knew the vinyl would pop up sooner or later. It finally did (in my case, at least) and I have not been able to take it off my turntable (much like the last wave of X reissues brought us by Rock'N'Roll Blitzkrieg and Dropkick). Anyway, *At Home With You* features a definite post-punk sound (the upfront bass and horns totally add to this), but I must admit that I'm just as blown away by this record as I was by their earlier, raw stuff. It makes sense that Morphius reissued this, as you can see a link between what X was doing here and what bands like THE UNIFORM and the FUSES are doing now. If you haven't scored one of these already, please do so. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Last Year's Youth Records has finally impressed me with their latest release, the KILLJOYS' *Studio Demos 18/10/1977* 7"EP. Yeah, you heard right: the fucking Killjoys! All four tunes (including a different version of "Naïve") have great sound and stack up to "Johnny Won't Go To Heaven". These takes aren't nearly as savage as their original Raw Records 45 (which has to be one of the most aggressive singles from that period), but it certainly doesn't disappoint.

THhe RUBBER CITY REBELS are fucking back! They've got a new album ready to roll on Smog Veil Records! In the meantime, they did us a favor and reissued their amazing "Young And Dumb" b/w "Paper Dolls" 45! This is seriously one of the premiere Midwestern power pop/punk singles of the late 70s, and since I never actually owned a copy, this reissue is more than welcome! Only 500 copies...

Finally, I got what appears to be a mish-mash bootleg 7"EP. It contains previously comp'ed tunes and sleeve reproductions by much famed *KBD* bands the SILLY KILLERS ("Social Bitch" is their only tune featured here) and the VAINS ("The Loser" and "The Fake"). There's also a FASTBACKS tune on here.

What's the common thread? That's right: GUNS'N'ROSES' Duff McKagan was in all of these bands. You gotta love bootleggers…

I'd like to end this month with yet another congratulatory remark. Please forgive the sappiness. Anyway, here's to Barry Red Devil for keeping his store, Red Devil Records, up and running for 5 years! It's seriously the finest "Mom & Pop" record shop in Northern California! Barry's a punker-friendly guy, more than willing to lend an ear to the dorks that bum around his store looking for a FREESTONE single (fat chance, assholes!) and to folks who want to special order all the variations of the latest STITCHES platter. Enough with the shout-outs! Last week, I saw this Norwegian band made up entirely of fascist homosexual sailors play live. Oh, and I didn't even know what "Electroclash" was until Mike Thorn mentioned it in his column last month. Anyway, please continue your trend of not emailing me and not sending me records…I really get off on that…

<<Mitch Cardwell>> <<letsgethurt@yahoo.com>>

GUEST COLUMN
Sarah Derelict

I was thinking of *Robocop* when those army officers pulled into my mom's driveway to pick up my brother, like some sort of *1984* science fiction drama. You could almost hear the chains clanking.

They had been doing this for years, circling our lives like these fucked up vultures, making friendly guest appearances in our classes as these fun-loving, lighthearted do-gooders. "Hey kids, look at me. I grew up in the middle of Kentucky where my only hope was to work in a sweaty factory for the rest of my life. Now, thanks to the military, I've been to Korea, Italy, and Germany!" They started showing up on our doorstep with these exotic pamphlets trying to sell us on giving up on our lives. "This is your future we're talking about. Do you have any goals?" In those days you could just slam the door in their faces and you didn't have to think about them until their next visit.

My parents back then were pushing us to think about our options, to think about the Marines, or the Army, or the Navy, or even just the Air Force. My parents were pushing us to make a plan, and to them the military was the most realistic, tangible opportunity. When I announced that I wanted to go to art school, my mother said, "Join the military. They'll teach you how to take pictures and even give you a camera." I wouldn't hear it. I started feeling trapped with no money and bad grades, so I refused to discuss this college thing, this military thing. In fact, I didn't even want to think about it.

Instead, my brother and I sat in the backyard smoking pot, staring into the sky that loomed over the military base down the street from our house. I should tell you that back then, my brother had no respect for authority. I like to tell this story about how when he was 16 he got fired from his job for being a total rebel. We worked at a fast food chain with a huge American flag spotlighted on the front lawn—like you could have seen it from the moon or something. For months, he stood over a grill with tiny droplets of hot grease flying up to meet his face and his arms flipping and flipping. One night, the boss had been breathing down his neck all day—"faster, faster!"—and it caused him to hit his cracking point. That night after work he and I were sitting on the curb, winding down, staring at the spotlighted atrocity. I remember he was fed up. I remember his face was flustered. I remember him saying something like, "What are we doing to ourselves?" I remember we were greasy and in our uniforms. I remember there was this bright yellow lottery billboard in my vision frame with the restaurant and the flag. I remember being disgusted that the lottery was a big hope, a saving grace for my family. I remember we made plans to quit the $4.75 hourly hell hole.

He had flag duty the next morning and in a moment of triumph, raised the flag, that must have been larger than my mom's house, upside down. The thing that I forgot to mention is that we grew up in a military town, and the restaurant sat on the corner of an intersection just before the entrance of the most significant Navy base in the south. My brother got fired after complaint calls started ringing the phone off the hook. He took it in stride and we laughed the whole walk home.

I like to think about how trouble just loves some people, about how those people are unstoppable, because their energy is too large and too strong to contain. They're crazy and wild and can't hide it. My brother was always in trouble, but in the grand scheme of things, none of it mattered. It didn't matter when we broke into the golf course and drove the golf carts into a pond. It didn't matter much when he shot out the windows of a local yuppie's home with a BB gun. It didn't matter when he refused to sign the draft. What mattered was the trouble that he got himself into when his girlfriend became pregnant. He was scared and I knew it. The trouble was that he didn't have the time, like I did, to figure out his anger and frustration. He didn't have the time to repair himself from growing up in such an oppressive world. He didn't have the time, like I did, to leave Pensacola behind to explore other places. The baby came before he figured out how he wanted to live his life, so he went from being mad to being a father, without a plan.

The weight came rushing down and everybody was pushing and pushing for him to join the military. They were saying these things; "You don't have time for college, and lord knows we don't have the money. The Army will take you right now." And, "I don't care if you don't believe in the military! You have a child now!" After a year and a half and a dozen emotional breakdowns, he gave in. I had just moved back home when the officers came to take him to boot camp, and my mom's words were, "Sarah, you better keep your trap shut."

I have this problem with class structure. I have a hard time swallowing that three-quarters of soldiers on the battleground come from working class backgrounds. I have this problem with sitting at food not bombs and hearing a boy yell, "Get the fuck out of my town! Murderers! You're going to be dead in a few months anyway!" to a group of sailors walking by. I have a big problem with everybody laughing and patting the boy on the back, like what a good punk you are. Congratulations on that 24-hour direct action plan you got going. There were no trust funds in my family.

Sarah Derelict, 806 East Belmont, Pensacola, FL 32501

George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

"Colonoscopy," Dr. Hurle writes on his little doctor's pad, as I finish wiping the lube off my asshole with tissue paper, and pull up my boxers with little fish all over them, followed quickly by my women's black stretch jeans.

"Colon-oslo-wha?" I say, trying to sound out the word like I learned from that ghetto show on PBS.

"Colonoscopy," Dr. Hurle explains, as I feel my rectum burn from his previously searching finger.

"Don't only *old* people get those?" I ask my family doctor.

Dr. Hurle just looks at me.

"Oh yeah," I mutter, "I forgot...I'm loud, fast, and aging rapidly."

Dr. Hurle smiles that doctorly smile he always does, then reminds me to either have sex or masturbate more often, "because your prostate is swollen, as usual."

I promise him I'll try, not revealing that the chronic video game-playing has really taken it's toll on my right hand.

He nods his head and tells me the guy to see is Dr. Schwimmer, and that I should give him a call.

I do, the next day.

"Hi," I say to the not-so-friendly woman who answers the phone at the colon doctor's office, "my name is George Tabb and I'm a patient of Dr. Hurle's..."

"And?" she asks after an overly long and scary few moments.

"And, um," I stammer, "well, Dr. Hurle says I need a colonoscarthing because of my hemorrhoids that hurt and bleed and..."

"Give me your name and address and we'll send you an instruction sheet on how to prepare yourself," the woman explains to me, "and, it's *colonoscopy*."

"OK," I tell her, then give her my twenty. That's CB talk for "location." I guess I am old.

I wait a couple of days for Dr. Schwimmer's directions to arrive, and while I do, I think back about what got me in this situation to begin with.

And for once, it wasn't my prostate, penis, or Prozac.

It was those damn hemorrhoids.

***

I guess they started a couple of years ago. At first, I wasn't sure *what* they were. Little bumps around my butthole. I figured they were just zits, like I get everywhere else on my body. Except on my dick, of course, *that's* herpes.

At least that's what my doctor once thought. But he was wrong. Turned out I should have been using baby oil.

Anyway, the so-called zits started growing. Like the ones that sometimes show up on my face. The "underground" ones. That you feel for a long time before they appear. Only these kept growing and growing...

So I call my stepfather, Nick, on the phone.

His line is busy. As usual.

So I sign on to AOL to do a search about the mysterious case of ass-mumps I've developed. Only I can't because Nick's online on my account.

Fucker.

Finally he signs off and I do what any other adult would do. Call my stepfather.

"Those are hemorrhoids," explains Nick after I describe how these zits keep popping when I use toilet paper to wipe myself.

"Hemorrhoids? I yell in astonishment, "Don't only cab drivers and construction workers get those?"

"You watch too much television," says Nick, "plus, you're getting old."

"But the kids love Furious George," I tell him, describing the feeling the world's youth have about my punk rock band.

"They also love Christina Spears," he replies.

"It's Brittany," I tell him.

"Okay, Christina Brittany," he says, "anyway, you're at that age. How's your heart?"

I tell him it's fine when I'm not doing grams of cocaine, or cooking up crystal meth and shooting it in my nonexistent basement.

"That's nice," he replies.

Dads.

"So what should I do about them?" I ask Nick, reminding him of my ass-acne gone awry.

"Preperation-H," he tells me.

I take his advice and run down to Duane-Reade to buy some. I get it home, try it, then call my stepfather.

"This stuff taste awful," I yell at him.

He laughs, then tells me where to put it.

***

Needless to say, the cream, even with it's "cooling action," is not doing the job. I'm bleeding more and more, and am convinced I've got cancer and only have six months to live. I start to seriously think about getting life insurance. Then stop myself when I realize I won't be around for the pay-out.

So I go see Dr. Hurle and he refers me to Dr. Schwimmer.

***

"According to Dr. Schwimmer's directions, I'm supposed to drink two bottles of this sodium phosphate stuff tonight," I explain to Wendy, as I unpack the big Duane-Reade shopping bag full of diet soda, Pringles, and prune juice. I am old.

"Why?" she asks me as P.J., my Yorkshire Terrier, wags his tail with excitement as he stares at me, then the Pringles, then me again, then the Pringles, then me.

"It says on the bottle it's a laxative," I explain.

"Don't you already take those?" she asks.

I tell her I guess the fiber pills, metamucil, and cocaine don't count.

Nor does the prune juice.

She just nods her head.

A few hours later I find myself drinking the first bottle. It's not bad, I think to myself, as I down the carbonated colon-cleaner. In fact, it's pretty darn good. Almost like my favorite drink. Zima.

A few hours later I drink the second bottle.

Then...

Nothing.

I didn't have to go to the bathroom, and only felt a tinge of gas. So I reread Dr. Schwimmer's instructions. It seems like I did everything right, but there was no relief in sight.

The next morning, the day of my "surgery," I awoke to a really loud thud.

"What the hell was that?" I asked Wendy, as she slowly opened her eyes. P.J., on the other hand, was fast asleep between us on his back, paws in the air.

Then I heard it again. Thud!

"Did you hear that?" I asked Wendy. Before she could answer, P.J. was up and sniffing my butt.

Then another thud.

Now P.J. is going in circles, nose to the bed.

"I think I'm gonna erupt," I yell to Wendy as I quickly stand up and run toward the bathroom. I almost made it, too.

***

Later that afternoon, at least ten pounds lighter, I find myself on an operating table. There are about six or seven nurses standing over me, all female, and one doctor. Male.

"Dr. Schwimmer?" I ask as a nurse injects some liquid morphine into my I.V.

"Hi George," he says, "how are you feeling?"

"Pretty darn good," I say to the nice man who I thought wasn't so nice until about three seconds ago, "I'm naked under this robe."

"I know," laughs Dr. Schwimmer, then points out a large television screen across the room.

"See that TV?" asks the Good Humor man.

I tell him I do.

"We are going to be inserting a long cable into your rectum. Inside that long cable is..."

"I know, I know," I yelled as I raised my hand, "inside is a video camera, right?"

"Yes," the doctor replies, "and while we thread the cable through your intestines, you can watch the whole operation if you want."

"Cool!" I yelled. Morphine makes me happy.

"So are you ready?" he asks me as he slowly turns me over on my left side.

"You must do this a lot," I say, trying to make small talk to the nice man in the white jacket.

"Oh, I do this about twenty times a day," he tells me as he slowly inserts something stiff and hard into my ass.

"Ouch," I scream, "Ow! That really hurts!"

"It's painful?" he asks.

"Yes," I say, teeth clenched.

"Nurse," says Dr. Schwimmer, "give him another shot of morphine."

She does.

My trick worked.

As Dr. Schwimmer continues to feed my anus the television cable, much like Tramp fed Lady that long piece of spaghetti. I get to watch the whole thing on TV.

The first thing I notice is that everything is pink. And wet.

"It's pink and wet," I say.

"Yes," replies the doctor, "we are using water to help lubricate you."

"I get it," I say, "You're Dr. Schwimmer, and you're schwimming around!"

He jams the cable in slightly harder.

I continue to watch the TV, trying to stay awake despite all the morphine. As I do, I see more and more of my pink wet interior, and think this is just about the coolest thing I've ever seen on TV. Besides Oz, that is.

It was like *Fantastic Voyage.* I could just imagine Donald Pleasance and Raquel Welch inside that tiny video camera, looking at the wall of my intestines. Seeing what I saw.

"It's so pink and wet," Donald would tell Raquel.

"And so big," she would reply.

Then they would venture out of the camera, in their teeny-tiny space suits, looking for any sign of cancer. But first they'd have to climb over those huge hemorrhoids. They'd bounce up and down on them like those balloon rides at county fairs where they make you take off your shoes.

"We're all done," I hear Donald tell Raquel as they climbed back into the camera.

"All done?" I ask.

"All done," said Dr. Schwimmer, as I felt him or one of the nurses wiping up around the point of impact. Damn. I fell asleep.

"I fell asleep," I say, "what did I miss?

With my luck Jennifer Anniston, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Nicole Kidman all made cameos, and I was zonked out on drugs.

"You're fine," replied Dr. Schwimmer.

"What about the cancer?" I ask, saying the "c" word out loud.

"Don't have any," he answered, "and your hemorrhoids aren't bad enough to operate on. Yet."

"I'm fine?" I ask in astonishment.

"You do have diverticulitus," he explains, "a condition where your intestines form small pockets. So stay away from peanuts."

"OK," I say, not knowing what the fuck he was talking about, but glad I wasn't going to die. Tomorrow.

"Well," said Dr. Schwimmer as he shook my limp hand, "It was nice meeting you, Mr. Tabb. I'll see you in about five years or so for a checkup. In the meantime, one of the nurses will wheel you into a recovery room where you are to lay on your right side."

"What for?" I asked.

"You may experience a little gas," he explained, then said good-bye.

*

A week later I was still bloated and it still felt like The Hindenburg was crashing over and over in my intestines. When I explained that to my stepfather, Nick, he told me that he wasn't surprised, that all that probing *inside* my body was bound to cause a reaction.

I also told him I still had large hemorrhoids.

"Are they the size of raisins? he asked.

"Much bigger," I told him.

"Can you still force them back inside your asshole when you're in the shower?" he asked.

I told him I could.

"Sorry about Steinbeck's book," he said.

"What book?" I asked.

"The one you should have written about your situation," he replied, "The Grapes Of Wrath."

***

Endnotes:
1. www.georgetabb.com
2. Dean Dean & The Sex Machines new 7" rules. Mines bigger!
3. Anyone know anything about Phoenix?

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

Time, she flexes like a whore, falls wanking to the floor, her trick is you and me, boys. --David Bowie

Start figuring out what steps you can realistically take to create a simple haven... Formulate these steps in terms of the time, money, and energy you have to spend... With your resources, personal style, and goals firmly in mind, take a look at the dream list you made.... —Patrick Fanning, *50 Best Ways to Simplify Your Life*

I'll talk a little about the war this month. Everyone else is doing it. I can't get away from it. Neither can the Iraqis. Yeah, it's interesting that the pro-war demos of 200 are getting as much coverage as the anti-war demos of 200,000, but are you surprised? It's interesting that protesters block city streets all over the country. Thousands have been jailed. News "surveys" say 72% of America *supports* the war. Are you shocked at the lie?

Funny thing about all of this is that no one talks about Israel. It's not only oil that propels the US to test weapons on Iraqi heads. It's Israel. We're doing their dirty work. They've pushed this for a long time. Israel's greatest supporter, Joseph Lieberman, has been calling for this attack for ages. So I don't wanna hear that it'd be any different if I voted for Gore instead of Nader. Who was Gore's VP?

Lefties don't mention Israel, because they're afraid of the anti-Jew tag. (Actually, the tag is *anti-Semite*, for some ironic reason. How can an Iraqi supporter be an anti-Semite?) North Korea is a bigger threat to the world, but they have no oil, and they have no Israel. We're not bothering with them.

The old right would be saying, *this is a war to save the Jews.* They did that 60 years ago. But the new right loves Israel and loves the Jews. The new left has to watch its mouth.

I'll come back to the war later. Anyway, it'll probably be over by the time you read this. Right now, I want to talk about time. I'm in the middle of a book called *Faster*, by James Gleick. It's about how everything in the world is speeding up. Not only reality, but our expectations of reality.

When we wrote letters, for example, we expected the receiver to think about it for a while, write a thoughtful response, and mail it back to us. In the meantime, we thought about that person, what he might say, how we might respond. If a week or two passed between sending and receiving a letter, that was OK. It gave you time to think. You were annoyed if your correspondent answered too quickly.

Today, if you send email before you go to bed, you expect an answer by the time you wake up. Thought shmought. Speed is what's important. You can think *after* you write. Worse than stupidity is sloth.

People have noticed this before. For ages. Don't complicate things! Simplify your life! 10 ways. 30 ways. 50 ways. What you have to do to make your life simple, to slow things down, is so complicated, there just isn't time to do it.

In his book, Gleick talks about a survey of email users, taken late last century. The survey was supposed to find out how many emails average users got, and what they did with them. It found something else.

No matter how many emails people received, they complained. Ten emails a day. Fifty. A hundred. It didn't matter. It was always too many.

The authors of the report figured this was because people look at email differently. If you get ten emails a day, you read and answer each one. You see it as personal correspondence. If someone makes the effort to write to you, it's your duty to answer.

If you get more, you feel email is more like a phone call than a letter. You can deal with some calls very quickly. With a polite "no thanks, I'm not interested," rather than careful consideration.

If you get tons of email, you feel email is like snailmail, the fax, and the phone all at once. There's too much to deal with individually. You delete messages without reading them, sometimes automatically. Most of the others, you either don't answer, or answer cursorily. Fuck the niceties of manners, spelling, or grammar.

I get about 150 emails a day. Before I download them, they go through Earthlink's spaminator, then through a program called MailWasher, then to my inbox, where they're sorted into IMPORTANT, BUSINESS, IN, and various discussion groups. Even after this sorting, I don't read most of them.

Yeah, email is fast, but where does this speed get us? Does doing things quicker mean we have more time to do what we want? Or to do nothing at all? Nope. Speed creates the need to do more. Who needed all-night supermarkets in a slower time? If you couldn't buy a slice of salami at 10 pm, you'd eat something else. But speed demands *now*. No waiting. 7-11 entered the language. Then 24/7.

It's 2 am, Saturday night/Sunday morning. I'm back from seeing TELEVISION at Irving Plaza. Great show, even if it did cost $26 and Richard Lloyd has lost enough hair to lower my peter meter 10 degrees. I get back home about 12:30 am on Saturday. Not having had quite enough alcohol to knock me out, I go through the day's mail. A bank statement. Except for masturbation, there are few things more soporific than reconciling a bank statement. What's this? $56.74 "Debit card." I load Quicken into my computer and check.

I'm right. I didn't charge that. I call the bank.

"Welcome to Chase..." comes the recorded voice, "where the right relationship is everything."

"Yeah, right," I think.

"To continue in English, press one. Para continuar en Español, oprima el dos."

I just hold on, not oprimaing anything.

The voice returns, "To continue in English, press 1. Para continuar en Español, oprima el dos."

Steadfastly, I hold on. The recording now says, "To expedite your call, please enter your 17 digit account number."

I do nothing.

The voice returns, "To expedite your call, please enter your 17 digit account number."

I'm getting a headache. My jaw hurts from teeth clenching. There is a clicking sound. If they hang up on me I'm going to smash the phone against the BLIND PIGS poster on the wall. There's another click. Another recorded voice:

"One moment, we are connecting you with a customer assistance agent."

A man's voice comes on the line. It's a deep voice with the Negro-touch of a Southerner moved north. "Good evening," says the voice. "How may I provide you with excellent service?"

"The first thing you can do is not say that!" I yell at him. "Don't you know that people calling have complaints? If there was excellent service, there wouldn't be complaints."

"They tell us to say that," he says. "I think it sounds stupid too. But that's what they make us do."

Whoa! Here's this poor shlub, probably earning less than I do. He acts like an idiot because his boss told him to. Here I come, on the other side, and give him a hard time. It's not his fault.

"OK," I say, a bit more calmly. "Could you pass the word on that I think the *excellent service* shit just makes people mad?"

"I'll do that, sir." he says. "Is there anything else I can help you with?"

Wise guy.

"Yeah," I say, "there's a charge on my latest statement that I don't have a record of. It's for $56.74. Could you check that for me?"

"I'm sorry," he says, "the verification department is closed. They're open Monday through Friday from 8 am to 9 pm."

I'm getting mad again.

"Is this the Chase Manhattan Bank?"

"Yes, sir," says the voice.

"Isn't this the largest bank in America?"

"No, sir," says the voice. "Bank of America is the largest bank in the US. Chase is number two."

"It certainly is number two," I answer. "I expect 24/7 when I bank. I need answers. I don't want to wait two days to get them. There's no excuse for that."

I hang up. Boy, was I a jerk.

This guy was a servant of speed, and I was a victim of it. Why the fuck do I need to check a bank account at 2:00 in the morning on Saturday? For the same reason dogs lick their balls? Because I can't do it, is my life worse? I'd just be doing something else. Something more likely to spill semen as well as put me to sleep.

The need to go faster, to do more, to crunch numbers, to multi-task, leaves no time to spare. Who can go on vacation? How can a store close for the holidays? Think of all the sales lost by not providing it *now*!

German law provides (or used to provide, the world has gotten worse without me noticing it) that most businesses must close for the weekend. Retail businesses can be open half a day on Saturday, but they must close on Sunday. Full time employees are entitled to six weeks of vacation a year. Only one industrialized country has *no* legal vacation requirement. Which one? How'd you guess! We demand 24/7.

Besides creating overwork, the ever-increasing need for speed has another effect. The author of *Faster* quotes a reporter after the Columbine *Trenchcoat Mafia* massacres.

"How would Dostoevski have handled the shootings? He has a similar incident in one of his books. He would have talked about the nature of good and evil. He would have discussed its place in the world and its effect on people. He would have...

But not in the modern world. Not with an editor sitting over him saying, "Now! Fyodor! We need those comments now. Not after ten months of thinking them over."

The need for speed blocks thought. It blocks contemplation. How can you think about anything, if you have to decide *now*? How can you weigh alternatives, consider advantages and disadvantages, do proper research, verify results, if the only time you have is *now*!?

George Bush gives Sadaam 48 hours to leave. The UN inspectors want more time. George says, *now*!

And the response? The anti-war-ites? Out in the street. *Now*! Canned chants, useless protests, shouting to the wind. The same tactics, the same chants, the same clothes, as 1968. Why? No time to think of anything new. We've just got to act *now*!

Al Qaeda. There's a group that can wait. How long did it take to plan and coordinate the World Trade Center bugaboo? How long will they wait until the next one, keeping us nail-biting, under constant surveillance, living in a police state.

True story: I'm in Grand Central Station. It's 4:00 pm. I'm taking my usual trip home for a half-hour nap before I go back to work. Just as I get down the stairs, the train leaves. Typical.

I walk to the end of the platform. When I catch the next train, I'll be closer to the exit. A pair of big guys, a Negro and a blonde, in matching flight jackets and crewcuts, block my path. The blond flashes a badge at me. It's silver and blue, metallic with a blue cone in the center.

"Come with us," says the white guy.

He takes me over by the side, under a staircase.

"We noticed that you let several trains pass," he says. "Can you tell us where you're going?"

"I'm going home," I tell him.

"What are you doing here in Grand Central Station?" he asks.

"I'm going home," I repeat. "I'm taking the subway home."

"Do you have any ID?" he asks.

I pull out my wallet and show him my driver's license.

"Mr. B..." he starts.

"Board," I say. "It's BOARD."

"Where did you say you were going?" he asks.

"Home," I say. "I'm going home."

He hands me back my wallet. Says, "thank you." And, with his partner, walks away.

I'm pissed as hell. Today, I wear an orange button. I made it by pasting over an old Flock of Seagulls one. It says: WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHERE ARE YOU GOING? CAN I SEE SOME ID?

People should know what's going on.

Why is it going on? Because Al Qaeda can wait. They can sit back and let us terrorize ourselves. They aren't constrained by time. They don't need it *now*. They can wait as we build enemies in the Mid-East. They can wait as we begin to turn on one another, creating a new Cold War with "Terrorism" replacing "Communism" as the bogeyman. They've got patience.

And us? I wish I could tell you, but I've got to end this column. The food I just put in the microwave is burning.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

-->*Would it've worked? dept:* It's one thing to ask folks to hold signs and march around. It's another to try something more hardcore. A group in NY was formed to coordinate with others. The idea: get Americans to go to Iraq to form a human shield. They wouldn't dare drop bombs if Americans were there, would they? For some reason the effort failed. Maybe people didn't trust the government. Either government.

Most annoying about the organizers, was that they asked for endorsements. Any endorsements, including FAITH-BASED GROUP ENDORSEMENTS.

Faith-based?????? Jezus fuckin' Christ, they've taken the language of the religious right. Come on, say it: RELIGIOUS RELIGIOUS RELIGIOUS.

Jezus fuckin' Christ. Didn't faith-based get us into this mess in the first place?

-->*Is THAT your fantasy? dept:* My old pal Michelle sent me news of a ROCK N' ROLL FANTASY CAMP. Here's the press release:

ROCK'N'ROLL FANTASY CAMP-- Featuring Roger Daltrey of The Who. Over the course of five days and nights, you will become immersed in the world of Rock n' Roll. Jamming, practicing, learning, playing in a band and hanging out with some of the world's greatest rock legends including Joe Lynn Turner of Deep Purple, Simon Kirke of Bad Company, Markie Ramone of The Ramones, Ace Frehley of KISS, Leslie West of Mountain, Rod Price of Foghat, Bret Michaels of Poison, Jack Blades of Night Ranger, Mark Rivera of Billy Joel, Mark Farner of Grand Funk Railroad, Bobby Mayo of Peter Frampton, Ricky Byrd of Joan Jett & The Blackhearts, Liberty DeVitto of Billy Joel...and more to be announced.

Your special event highlights include full access to celebrity musicians, jam sessions with your assigned band and rock stars, participating in daily instrumental, vocal and recording clinics, as well as hanging out with celebrity musicians who will share their insights on touring, playing and life in rock and roll. Accommodations are available for an additional cost at the Hudson Hotel. Visit www.rocknrollfantasycamp.com to learn more about the 2003 Rock n' Roll Fantasy Camp.

New York City June 18 - 22: $5,995 per person before April 30 or $6,495 after April 30 Tickets on sale now Call for tickets: 800-321-RSVP

**Note: Talent and event details are subject to change*

I was gonna put my own comment here, but I think this says it all.

-->*Did I already write about this?* dept:

This is from back at the turn of the 21st century. I found it stuck in my computer and offer it here.

Free-speech activist Keith Henson was held without bail by Immigration Canada on May 31. Henson will be held for another week in maximum security, although the detention review court determined that he does not pose any threat to the Canadian public.

Henson was convicted earlier this month in California of a "hate crime" through his posts to Usenet, including a joke about "Tom Cruise missiles" and "trained attack eagles" which the Church of Scientology claimed as threats of a nuclear attack.

The Riverside District Attorney together with a team of Scientology lawyers prosecuted Henson successfully on one count of "interfering with a religion" after barring Henson's defense from being presented to the jury.

Formally, Henson was convicted for participating in a joke on Usenet. In reality he was punished for picketing the Scientology compound at Hemet, California. His reasons for picketing included two mysterious deaths in the space of a month at the secretive compound. None of the other participants in the Usenet thread, who were much more "guilty" than Henson in "planning" this "nuclear attack" on Scientology, were ever charged, let alone convicted. But they were not picketing.

Henson, who was in Canada before his sentencing was due, considers that he did not receive a fair trial in a court that is obviously under undue influence from the Church of Scientology. Once in Canada, he decided to request asylum.

On May 28, just days after Henson retained legal counsel in Toronto and announced his intention to apply for asylum, a special high-risk police team with automatic weapons, arrested Henson at gunpoint in Oakville Place, ON.

At the time of Henson's arrest, the police said they were acting on information from "a third party whose identity cannot be disclosed" which implied that he was an armed and dangerous terrorist. Once this issue was cleared, Henson was nevertheless held on suspicion of having entered Canada without informing the authorities that he was a wanted felon. However, Henson's hate crime conviction is for a misdemeanor, and at the time he entered Canada he was not wanted. Once this became apparent too, Henson was held for another week on the formal ground that it is unclear whether he would obey an order to leave the country if and when his application for asylum is rejected.

BRUCE
ROEHRS

Just Plain Pissed

Rodent Popsicle Records has a great new CD available for you this month. TOMMY AND THE TERRORS come steaming out of the gate with the *13 The Hard Way* CD. These Boston punk rock stalwarts come at you hard and heavy with the first track, "All Nite Long", about laughing, drinking, and fucking with the girl of your choice. Song two is "Rip off", about "growing up, growing old—what did you get for what you've sold." This is a good song! Smash through "44" and arrive at "Pull the Plug" about a friend and his songs of brotherhood that have faded away. After a raucous tumble with "Turn the Screen", TOMMY AND THE TERRORS regale you with "Can't Go Home", a great melodic street punk tune. Great shit!!

Plow right into "Looking Glass" and then "We're Alright", about putting up with some idiot at the bar talking about his fake exploits. This *13 The Hard Way* CD cranks up the power with two of the best songs on the CD. "Cracking Up" and "Lost".

"Cracking Up": "More tanks/ No thanks , I think I've seen enough/ A new disease/ Oh please, why don't we just give up."

"Lost": "Set me up for a fall behind my back/ No suspicion, before it was fact/ You held all the cards but now I call/ I'm the big winner you could have had it all/ All you had to give me is blame/ Scarred on the inside, scarred on the out/ Keep movin' on, it's what life's about/ At least I know what the fuck truth is/ At least I know your so fuckin ruthless/ I lost my faith/ In the institution cause/ Lost my faith because of you."

On the heels of those two rockers. TOMMY AND THE TERRORS rip through "Washed Up At 23" and arrive at a fitting conclusion: drinking with the boys down at "Lot Eleven". A strong finale to a very strong CD. Order *13 The Hard Way* by TOMMY AND THE TERRORS from Rodent Popsicle Records, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134, USA, www.rodentpopsicle.com.

Just when you thought it was safe to go out at night in Minnesota, the SUBVERSIVES are back! These nasty punk rockers made a big splash with their Vulture Rock mini LP six years ago called *Tomorrow Belongs To No One*, and their Step-One LP, *Protest and Dance Anthems for the Lost Generation*, also from 1996. The New Charged Records CD is called *From Here...To Nowhere,* and this CD continues the punk rock dance party these guys started nearly a decade ago. The music is fast, high-spirited, street punk in the WORKIN' STIFFS vein. The SUBVERSIVES come out snarling with "From Here to Nowhere", the title track, and then slam into "Elo". Hold onto your jock straps because next up you get "Win or Ruin", right into "Empty Threat". Song number five is "Law and Order". Good shit! Move through "Ignited" and you get "Ugly Ambitions" about how you are merely a pawn under Big Brother's watchful eyes. Push ahead through "Cos of You" and you get "Banned at the Border" and "911". Good punk rock! Song twelve is "No Stopping Us", read this edict: "So you're gonna tell us how/ Exactly we should be/ And you think you got the right/ To indoctrinate our scene? "

The final song is "I'm a Mess: you get the drift! The SUBVERSIVES are back with more rabble-rousing street music for you punks and skins! Write to Charged Records, PO Box 157, High Bridge, NJ 08829; www.chargedrecords.com.

The SKIN FLICKS from Luxembourg have a fine new skinhead CD available for you louts! The new product is called, *Beyond Good and Evil: Luxembourg's Most Hated*. This fucker is packed with melodic skinhead anthems akin to the newest material by EVIL CONDUCT. The SKIN FLICKS cover many subjects in their lyrics. In "Media" the band bemoans "Lack of facts, misinformation, half truths and a good old lie" in the hypocritical media of today. The SKIN FLICKS have a strong showing with the song "City Kid". Read the words to this song: "Born into a concrete mess/ raised between cardboard walls/ Holes in their shoes, empty pockets/ You can't fool a city kid!/ Anywhere they go around/ they can hear your boring sound/ Covered in money you lie and scheme/ Shooting holes into a guttersnipe's dream".

For SKIN FLICKS CDs, contact Blind Beggar Records at: Postfach 1518, 66924, Pirmasens, Germany or contact Longshot Records, or go to www.oirecords.com.

Mike "Subway Thug" Josephson and his Longshot Records have reissued two CDs by Calgary, Alberta, Canada's favorite sons, KNUCKLEHEAD. The first reissue is called *Little Boots*, originally issued in 1998 by Far Out Records from the United States. This lost gem contains good tracks like "Little Boots", "Wise Up Jackie", "Pseudopunks", "House of Campbell", "Shotdown 1989", "Early Grave", "Four Years Down and Life To Go" and a good cover of JOAN JETT's "Bad Reputation". On this KNUCKLEHEAD punk rock CD from five years gone you get good sing-along punk a la DROPKICK MURPHYS.

The second KNUCKLEHEAD reissue CD on Longshot is *Voice Among Us* put out in 2001 on the band's own Whiskey Voice label. Once again, you get high spirited punk rock that will have all the kids singing along down at the pub. On songs like "Fallin' hard" and "Leaving Town" , the KNUCKLEHEAD sound favors BAD RELIGION. To many people that would be high praise, but judging from the lyrics to "Compromise California", perhaps KNUCKLEHEAD would not appreciate any comparison to a legendary California punk band.

The third selection from Longshot Records this month is THE NEW BREED from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, with their new CD, *Port City Rebels*. These eastern Canadian punk/pub rockers start off with a fine melodic number, "Lessons Learned". Give these lyrics a spin: "All the lessons we learned, all the bridges we burned/ The times we had way back then/ The things we did when we were just kids/ And the mistakes you know we'd make again/ We were having fun we were on the run/ We're just stumbling though the days/ All the petty crime all the crazy times/ And all the hell we raised/ Some people say things can't last and true friendship is a thing of the past/ Well I'll tell them to go to hell/ My best friends surround me and all the joy that all of them bring me/ I pray to god these days will never end".

THE NEW BREED sprinkle mandolin and acoustic guitar in their songs to arrive at a very traditional sound that may have been brought to eastern Canada by immigrants from the British Isles. Fans of the POGUES and the NIPPLE ERECTORS would appreciate a song like, "Whiskey".

For KNUCKLEHEAD, THE NEW BREED, and Blind Beggar product, write: Longshot Records, c/o Scratch Records, 726 Richard Street, Vancouver, BC V6B 3A4, Canada; www.scratchrecords.com; www.longshotmusic.com.

Gabe and his Revenge Records from Hollywood, California, have a good seven inch available for you punks right now. The new record is by the BROKEN BOTTLES, and it is called "Bloddy Mary". This band of punks has a really solid sound that will remind you of vintage SOCIAL DISTORTION. The BROKEN BOTTLES surge through the title track "Bloody Mary", and then hit you in the face with a nice rocker "Never Again". After a strong debut seven inch on Hostage Records called "Radioactive San Onofre" this is a suitable follow-up. For BROKEN BOTTLES product and STARVATIONS product, write to Revenge Records, 5835 Harold Way, # 203, Hollywood, California, 90026. Contact the BROKEN BOTTLES at www.brokenbottles.com

William and his Enterruption Records from San Francisco has a plethora of re-releases out right now. This new product originally was put out by Chris on Borderless Countries Tapes (BCT). The fourth CD released in a projected ten CD series is *Hardcore Amerika The Reagan Years - 1st Term*. Read this amazing list of bands: LOVE CANAL, SUBURBAN DECAY, NO RESPONSE, EAT THE RICH , DRILLS , ACCELERATORS , DISORDERLY CONDUCT, PSYCHO, WHITE FLAG, DERANGED DICTION, CORRUPTED SERVICE, and the UNEXPECTED". This CD is jam-packed with punk rock!!

The fifth CD in the series is *First Strike - 10 bands 50 songs - 1983 US Hardcore*. Again, you get an amazing amount of bang for your buck on this BCT/ Enterruption CD. Here's the rundown of the bands: CLITBOYS , FUTURE RUINS, VIOLATION, VATICAN COMMANDOS, SKOUNDRELZ , MR. EPP, POISON CENTER, EAT THE RICH, CULTURAL BREAKTHROUGH, and the legendary ACCUSED.

The newest installment in the BCT/Enterruption series of reissues is: *Senza Tregua, Granducato Hardcore Compilation, Circa MCMLXXXIII* with CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS, STATO DI POLIZIA, WARDOGS, PUTRID FEVER, I REFUSE IT, TRAUMATIC, and JUGGERNAUT. This great compilation is currently available on a limited run of vinyl and will be out on CD in the future. For *Hardcore Amerika, First Strike, Senza Tregua* and *Last White Christmas* (a 74-minute CD containing live recordings of Italian hardcore bands CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS, I REFUSE IT, and TRAUMATIC), write to Enterruption Records, PO Box 884626, San Francisco, CA 94188-4626; www.enterruption.com.

Trek B. from Sacramento, California and Austin, Texas, has been promoting the Confederacy of Scum lifestyle for many a moon with his *Crusher* underground music magazine. Issue 4 from last summer has articles on Phil Irwin of RANCID VAT, COCK NOOSE, Billy Milano of M.O.D., and a review of the Confederacy of Scum Supershow 2001. You also get record reviews of BROTHERS OF CONQUEST, CANDY SNATCHERS, BOOTLEG BILL, CRETIN 66, SILVER TONGUED DEVIL, WHISKEY REBELS and more. Keep an eye peeled for the next update on Trek's rock n' roll publishing empire.

Aaron Kid from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada has been busy spreading the street punk and Oi! word throughout Canada and the US. Aaron has a radio show called, "Generation Annihilation" with a great playlist that includes THE TEMPLARS, THE LOWER CLASS BRATS, THE WHISKEY REBELS, OXBLOOD, THE SUBWAY THUGS, RUNNIN' RIOT, ANTI-HEROS, THE 4-SKINS, THE BUSINESS, POISON IDEA, SKINT, CHAOS UK, ANTIDOTE, MENACE, and much more. The

"Generation Annihilation" show can be heard every Saturday 12 to 1 PM Pacific Standard Time; in Vancouver on CITR 101.9FM, on-line at www.cittl.ca or at www.streetpunkradio.com. Email Aaron at crashnburnradio@yahoo.com or write to "Generation Annihilation" at 48116 595 Burrard Street, Vancouver, BC, Canada V7X 1N8.

Until next month, see you fucks at the bar.

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...
WITH ARWEN CURRY

I got her back in my arms, says the sidewalk in front of the five and dime that also specializes in small, dangerous weapons. *Special today! Mace! Switchblade! Pepper spray!*

Traffic can be heavy on Divisadero, but the side streets are quiet, unless, like me, you read while you walk.

Zima Penis. Yuppies Rule. Jerome sucks dick.

Past the garage down the block, where a diverse group of fraternally cosy dudes lean on cars and shoot the shit. Today my pants are tight and I'm reminded that the least I can do is smile.

And the *most* would be? Give me a fucking break.

"You're from the neighborhood, right, girl?"

"Yeah, but I don't smile on request."

It's all sassy and fine, this game we play. But when a teenage shitworker walked by those dudes with her friend the other week, one of them offered to shove his dick so far down her throat she would choke on it.

I didn't walk down there and give them hell, that day. You think I should have? Should you fight wars you can't win? What does it mean about you if you don't?

More fires, less flags, says the graffiti on the fire station wall, two blocks up, where the street becomes a wind tunnel.

Black people know more about white people than the other way around. Poor people know more about rich people. Women know more about men. It's a survival mechanism. The better you observe, the better able you are to predict violence and protect yourself, and the better able you are to manipulate the dominant mythology to serve your own needs. The world belongs to the powerful, and (especially if you intend to break them) you have to understand their rules. The powerful, on the other hand, don't have to understand anything about you.

Larry 1990. Arwen '00. Punk Rules 2001. Xiomara '03.

On up the block. It's a grey day; sort of soothing. The world belongs to the powerful. What an acrid idea. Could I be this cynical? I guess it's not hard. I guess, if you're strong enough, you just take whatever you want, in the world. And nobody stands up to stop you—if you're strong enough, nobody steps in to defend whoever you're beating up and stealing from. There's no justice, I guess.

Go Indians & Browns. Arwen '02. Nehe -n- Kashaun.

Past the Baptist church, past the meditation center.

I take the Panhandle, the narrow strip of greenery that protrudes off the east end of Golden Gate Park. I walk through here a lot on the way to my mailbox.

Up the Punks! Arwen '03! No War in Iraq! Punk Rock Radio!

You absorb aggression and humiliation, you accumulate grievances. You get used to it, you try to understand it, you swallow but don't forget. You always want more from life.

Up into the fuckin', whatever, *strip*, now: Haight Street.

Smoke more Pot. Eat Organic. Live Free.

No. You can't always stand up to bullies, or always the way you would like. Maybe it doesn't feel triumphant; you never feel close to winning—but you have to do it anyway.

Led Zeppelin, '85. DKs.

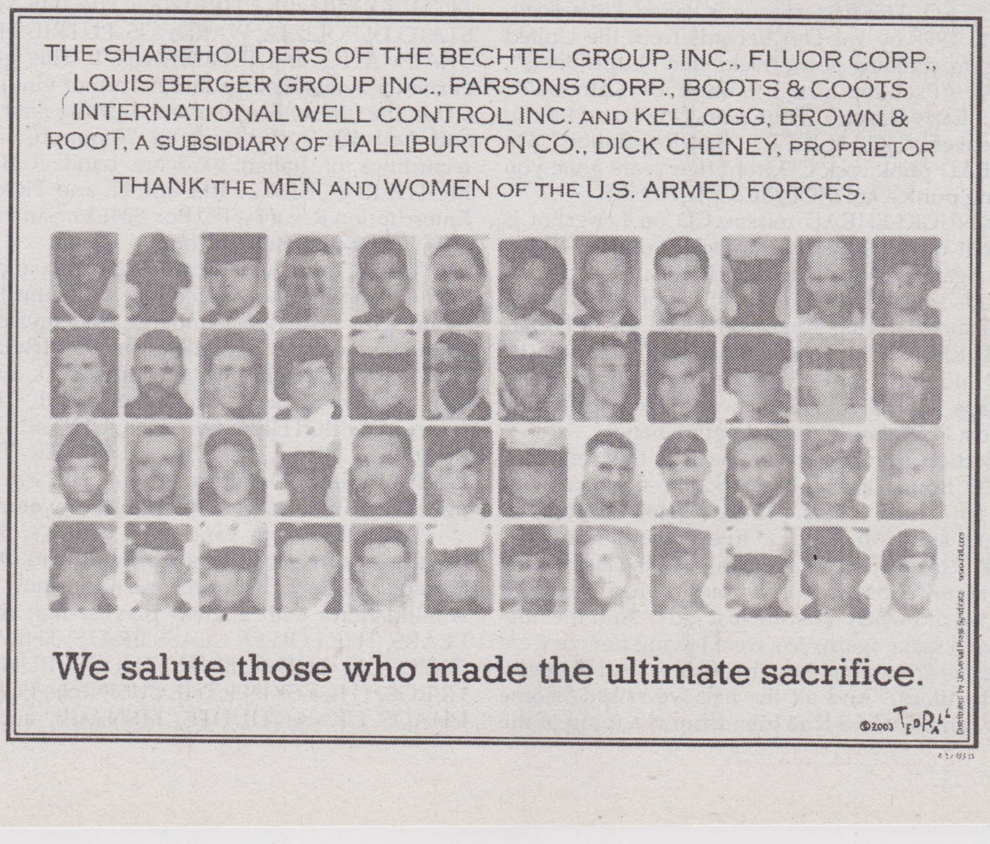
RIP, Joey & Joe, etc.

That's where I put my foot down softly on the *etcetera*, every time I walk by.

The way back home, now; I think I'll walk a different way. Maybe I look at the ground too much. At eye level, there are sometimes ex-boyfriends and things. But today when I look up, there's an older dyke dressed in coveralls, all covered with paint. She smiles a little at me and then looks shyly away. At the corner, I pass a punk boy with thick glasses and a neck tattoo, balancing coffee and a cigarette in one hand. He gives me the same scared half-smile, and walks on. It's Spring.

P.S. Now what? I still want to hear what you're doing in your town or city to protest US aggression/occupation in the Middle east and elsewhere.

contact me: PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94117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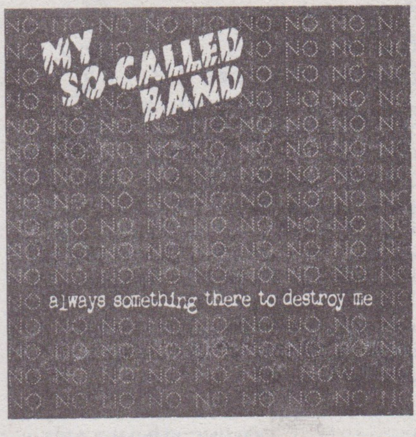
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always something there to destroy me
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-Roger Moser Jr.
UNDER THE VOLCANO

"My So-Called Band is a fresh slap in the face for all the younger kids in the scene with stagnant music dominating 'punk rock' in the past couple of years. Of course I'm talking about the Good Charlotte's and Sugarcults and bullshit like that. It's good to know that we really do have a choice with what we listen to."

-PUNKANDJUNK.com

"The band sounds more raw, pissed and in the groove on this record than all earlier ones combined."

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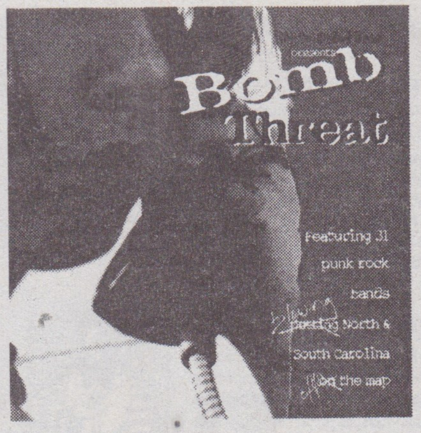

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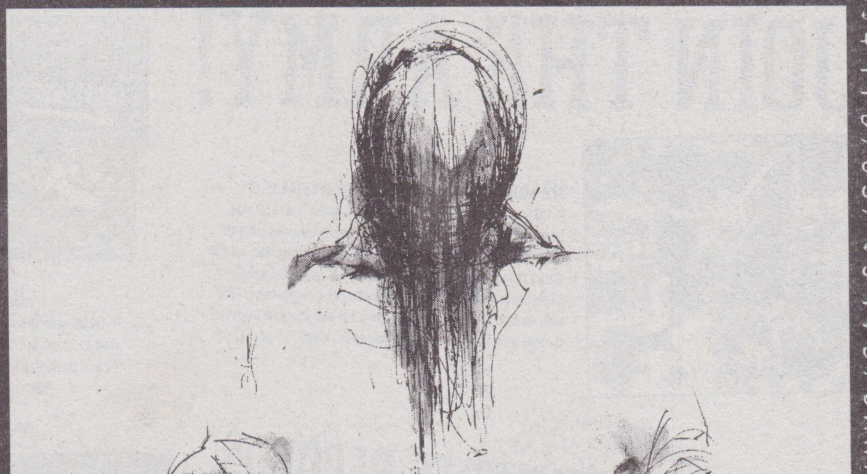

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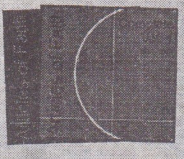

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MRR NEWS
No. 241
June 2003
compiled by:
Arwen Curry

THIS OCCUPATION IS A DISASTER. THE US MUST LEAVE—AND FAST

by Jonathan Steele
Published on Monday, April 21, 2003 by the Guardian/UK

Abdul al-Malaki lives opposite the gatehouse of the extravagant palace that Saddam Hussein built in his home town of Tikrit. Flanked by megalomaniac twin statues of the former Iraqi president riding a horse above four missiles, the palace arch was a daily affront to locals.

"The people of Tikrit are like the rest of Iraq. They hated Saddam Hussein. I want to kill him," the 28-year-old cafe-owner spat out his words. But as lorry-loads of US Marines trundled through the arch, he switched focus: "This is an occupation. Nothing else. We will keep quiet for a year and if they have not gone we will kill them."

The gratitude for removing Saddam Hussein on which Washington mistakenly expected to bank for years is almost exhausted. Those who warned the Bush administration against this war have been proved right. Only in the Kurdish areas of the north is there any satisfaction.

The Tikrit cafe-owner's views are replicated throughout the largely Arab parts of Iraq. In Nassiriya, Shia protesters greeted the US proconsul General Jay Garner with shouts of "No to Saddam, no to occupation" last week. In Baghdad, tens of thousands of Sunni and Shia worshippers came out of Friday prayers and marched through the streets, calling on the US to leave.

In the Iraqi capital, where American troop strength is most visible, it is easy to understand why people complain of feeling humiliated. The soldiers' presence is a reminder that Iraqis failed to topple the dictator themselves. Adding to their long list of complaints against him, Iraqis now blame Saddam Hussein for letting the Americans in.

Hassan Ali Hussein, a graduate of the Oil Institute, says he refused a job at the oil ministry because it meant joining the ruling Ba'ath party. Now this principled anti-Saddam man delights in the dictator's overthrow and accuses him of failing to organize urban guerrilla warfare. "Saddam betrayed us. We think there was an agreement between Bush and Saddam for Baghdad not to resist," he says.

The Pentagon's failure to plan for the "day after" adds to the anger. Making the time-honored mistake of re-fighting the last war, the only preparations they made were for food. Air-dropping humanitarian parcels or delivering food by road provides good propaganda images. In a country that had suffered from three years of drought, like Afghanistan, it also made sense.

Washington did not seem to know Iraq was different. The one thing people are not short of is food, thanks to the monthly rations of basics such as rice, sugar, cooking oil, tea and flour that every Iraqi receives, regardless of income. In a sanctions-damaged economy, 60% rely on the state-run program and on the eve of war Saddam Hussein sensibly issued up to five months rations in one go.

Instead of concentrating on food aid, the US ought to have prepared teams of water and power engineers, as well as flown in extra troops to prevent the postwar looting that breaks out in every country when regimes collapse (there should have been no surprise here).

The immediate priority is to provide security and get the lights and telephones back on. But a far greater problem looms. Ten million Iraqis, who depend on the state sector for jobs, have not been paid for a month. Washington may parrot the mantra about turning Iraq into a free-market economy, but this is for the birds. The poverty that hundreds of millions of Russians and other eastern Europeans faced in the over-hasty dismantling of a state-run economy is as nothing to what is hitting Iraqis. Eastern Europe at least had a "transition". In Iraq the budget and the government that ran it collapsed overnight.

Who is going to pay the doctors, teachers, bus drivers, and other government employees now? Many Iraqis are looking to the UN oil-for-food program, and suggesting additions. The UN should take over paying government salaries to the thousands of people who are currently working for nothing in the mood of postwar solidarity. Looting has had most of the international media attention but the enormous amount of work being done free in the country's hospitals is equally important. When electricity returns and schools resume, no doubt most teachers will work for nothing too.

Another proposal is that every family that benefits from subsidized food rations and is listed at one of the scheme's 45,000 well-run distribution points should be given a monthly cash handout of $10 per person. This would ease the threat of postwar poverty and pump-prime the local market.

Along with humiliation over defeat and anger at the postwar chaos, resentment over colonization is on the rise. People point to the fact that the oil ministry was the only government office in Baghdad that the US did not bomb and protected from looters by planting a ring of troops around it on day one of "liberation". Episodes like the massacre in Mosul, when on two consecutive days last week US troops fired into crowds of protesters, have classic imperial overtones and feel like the foretaste of greater repression to come.

In the vacuum of power, the mosques are emerging as the main source of resistance. The good news is that far from confronting each other, Sunni and Shia clerics and worshippers are uniting behind a common agenda. Many are fundamentalists, but Iraq's progressive secular forces say this is not the primary issue at this stage. "What we're faced with today is not a choice between secularism and religion. We're facing an invasion and foreign rule. We have to work together to end it," says Dr Wamid Omar Nadmi, a leading political scientist at Baghdad University.

Every aspect of today's chaos and the danger of clashes between Iraqis and their occupiers highlight the need to get a UN presence into Iraq fast. The UN should expand the oil-for-food system to head off the poverty crisis. It should appoint a UN administrator to start brokering intra-Iraqi talks and forestall US efforts to create an Iraqi government of US placement.

One of the Pentagon's many failed predictions was that someone, if not Saddam Hussein, would surrender to US forces in the face of overwhelming US military might. Had that happened as in Japan and Nazi Germany, it could have given Washington the right of continuity which its failure to get UN backing before the attack had denied it. Instead, the postwar occupation runs counter to international law as much as the war itself. The UN has a moral obligation to take over and, hard though it will be to get it past Washington's veto, the EU states and Russia should draft a security council resolution to authorize a strong UN role as soon as possible.

NETWORK AND TALK RADIO INSTIGATING PRO-WAR RALLIES

by Paul Krugman *Monday March 24, 2003*

By and large, recent pro-war rallies haven't drawn nearly as many people as antiwar rallies, but they have certainly been vehement. One of the most striking took place after Natalie Maines, lead singer for the Dixie Chicks, criticized President Bush: a crowd gathered in Louisiana to watch a 33,000-pound tractor smash a collection of Dixie Chicks CDs, tapes, and other paraphernalia. To those familiar with 20th-century European history, it seemed eerily reminiscent of…But as Sinclair Lewis said, it can't happen here.

Who has been organizing those pro-war rallies? The answer, it turns out, is that they are being promoted by key players in the radio industry—with close links to the Bush administration.

The CD-smashing rally was organized by KRMD, part of Cumulus Media, a radio chain that has banned the Dixie Chicks from its playlists. Most of the pro-war demonstrations around the country have, however, been organized by stations owned by Clear Channel Communications, a behemoth based in San Antonio that controls more than 1,200 stations and increasingly dominates the airwaves.

The company claims that the demonstrations, which go under the name Rally for America, reflect the initiative of individual stations. But this is unlikely: according to Eric Boehlert, who has written revelatory articles about Clear Channel in Salon, the company is notorious—and widely hated—for its iron-fisted centralized control.

Until now, complaints about Clear Channel have focused on its business practices. Critics say it uses its power to squeeze recording companies and artists and contributes to the growing blandness of broadcast music. But now the company appears to be using its clout to help one side in a political dispute that deeply divides the nation.

Why would a media company insert itself into politics this way? It could, of course, simply be a matter of personal conviction on the part of management. But there are also good reasons for Clear Channel—which became a giant only in the last few years, after the Telecommunications Act of 1996 removed many restrictions on media ownership—to curry favor with the ruling party. On one side, Clear Channel is feeling some heat: it is being sued over allegations that it threatens to curtail the airplay of artists who don't tour with its concert division, and there are even some politicians who want to roll back the deregulation that made the company's growth possible. On the other side, the Federal Communications Commission is considering further deregulation that would allow Clear Channel to expand even further, particularly into television.

Or perhaps the quid pro quo is more narrowly focused. Experienced Bushologists let out a collective "Aha!" when Clear Channel was revealed to be behind the pro-war rallies, because the company's top management has a history with George W. Bush. The vice chairman of Clear Channel is Tom Hicks, whose name may be familiar to readers of this column. When Mr. Bush was governor of Texas, Mr. Hicks was chairman of the University of Texas Investment Management Company, called Utimco, and Clear Channel's chairman, Lowry Mays, was on its board. Under Mr. Hicks, Utimco placed much of the university's endowment under the management of companies with strong Republican Party or Bush family ties. In 1998, Mr. Hicks purchased the Texas Rangers in a deal that made Mr. Bush a multimillionaire.

There's something happening here. What it is ain't exactly clear, but a good guess is that we're now seeing the next stage in the evolution of a new American oligarchy. As Jonathan Chait has written in *The New Republic*, in the Bush administration "government and business have melded into one big 'us.'" On almost every aspect of domestic policy, business interests rule: "Scores of midlevel appointees…now oversee industries for which they once worked." We should have realized that this is a two-way street: if politicians are busy doing favors for businesses that support them, why shouldn't we expect businesses to reciprocate by doing favors for those politicians—by, for example, organizing "grass roots" rallies on their behalf?

What makes it all possible, of course, is the absence of effective watchdogs. In the Clinton years, the merest hint of impropriety quickly blew up into a huge scandal; these days, the scandalmongers are more likely to go after journalists who raise questions. Anyway, don't you know there's a war on?

ARAB WORLD NOW FACES INVASION BY AMERICAN TV

by Oliver Burkeman in Washington
Published by the Guardian/UK

Washington's battle to win public support in the Arab world has begun in earnest with the first broadcasts of what officials say will become a 24-hour satellite television network aimed at changing minds throughout the region by American-style morning chat-shows, sports, news and children's programs.

Faced with allegations that the channel will be a propaganda arm of the US government, the broadcasting magnate setting it up, Norman Pattiz, vowed that it would remain independent.

Iraq and the World, the prototype channel being beamed into the country from a US air force plane, began showing American evening news bulletins this week.

A full-service version should be broadcasting 24 hours a day to 22 countries in the Middle East by the end of the year, Mr Pattiz, chairman of Westwood One, said.

Faces familiar to US audiences, including Dan Rather of CBS and Tom Brokaw of NBC, are appearing with their words translated into Arabic.

The aim is "to counter the negative images being broadcast right now, the incitement to violence, the hate radio, the journalistic self-censorship," Mr Pattiz told the *Guardian*.

The broadcasts are on separate channels to those being used by the Pentagon and the state department, and are run by a the US Broadcasting Board of Governors, a body of citizens appointed by the president, of which Mr Pattiz is one.

"We don't do propaganda," he insisted.

"We'll do anything that any legitimate news organization in the world might do," he said—including al-Jazeera.

The working title for the channel is the Middle Eastern Television Network, and while information programs. will occupy most of the schedule, softer formats will play a crucial role in the broader cultural campaign, Mr Pattiz said.

Jerry Springer can abandon any hope of a new market, though. "We won't have the same kind of inflammatory talk television you see on al-Jazeera," Mr Pattiz said.

"It likes to present itself as the CNN of the Middle East, but I think of them more as CNN meets Jerry Springer. Except people in the US find Jerry Springer amusing, and in the Middle East...people can lose their lives over that kind of rhetoric."

Mr Pattiz's sureness of touch helped his company earn $551m last year supplying programs to radio and TV stations.

But his confidence that the approach can be easily exported to the world of public diplomacy is far from shared, and is derided by some as naive or counter-productive.

"It's part of this enormous faith, this unquestioned faith, that when the people in the Middle East are introduced to American values and style, and look and feel, they will fall for it," said Michael Wolff, a media columnist for *New York* magazine. "And it's virtually unchallenged. It's almost missionary-like."

The network's planners were obsessed with al-Jazeera and the idea that it was indoctrinating a generation of viewers, said Samer Shehata, a professor of Arab studies at Georgetown University in Washington.

"Think about the assumptions involved in that—that the Arabs just sit in front of TV sets and al-Jazeera just pumps this information into them?"

The operation betrayed the widespread belief that "the primary problem to the hackneyed question, 'why do people hate us?' is that they don't understand us."

"A small amount of that is true, but the primary problem is policy...US policy towards Israel, towards Iraq, support for authoritarianism."

MSNBC REVEALS FACTS ON ISRAEL'S WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION

by Ira Chernus

Published by CommonDreams.org

Most astounding web page of the week: http://www.msnbc.com/news/wld/graphics/strategic_israel_dw.htm

Here is MSNBC, giving us more information on Israel's weapons of mass destruction (WMD) than I've seen in any left-wing or peace-activist news source. Here is the mainstream US media, that beast we love to hate, giving us a story that gives away the store.

It's a story we expect the elite media to hide, because it is so embarrassing to US policymakers. How could anyone cheer for the carnage in Iraq, where no WMD have yet been found, if they knew that Israel is the only Middle Eastern nation with a proven WMD arsenal? How could anyone approve of a US policy that kills where WMD don't seem to exist and turns a blind eye where they obviously do?

Far from hiding the story, though, MSNBC uses its graphic skills to put all the details just a mouse-click away. What's going on?

Supporters of Israeli policy will give you an answer in a single word: anti-semitism. These folks are always amazing us with their charges of anti-Israel bias in the US media, which they insist proves anti-semitism. It's silly, of course. If the media were biased against Israel, the facts about Israeli WMD would have been headline news every day during the debate about the Iraq war. Those facts were headline news in the Arab world. They were absolutely crucial, because they undermined the Bush administration's principal justification for war. But mainstream news sources here paid very little attention.

Even now, MSNBC is not making the information easy to get. It is tucked away in an obscure corner of the website. Try finding it from the home page, and if you figure out how, let me know. (I found it only through a direct link in an email I received.) When I searched the site for "Dimona" (Israel 's best-known nucleat weapons site), it came up blank. When I tried to access the root directory, I was told that I was "not authorized to view this page."

Still, the information is there on the site, if you know how to get it (and now you do). You have to wonder why. Maybe some MSNBC staffers were really interested in digging up facts, as good journalists should. Perhaps it never occurred to them that there was anything embarrassing here.

After all, mainstream US journalists are not embarrassed to say that the US has the world's largest and most advanced stocks of WMD. No reason to hide it, they assume, because our WMD are the good kind. We are a democracy. We would never use our weapons for aggressive or immoral purposes. We would use them only when absolutely necessary for self-defense. Most Americans assume that our WMD are morally pure because the journalists who give them their daily truth assume it.

Most of those journalists assume the same about Israel's WMD. Our mainstream media depict Israel as a lone bastion of democracy surrounded by totalitarian enemies. So its WMD must be as good as our own. If there is any bias here, it is for, not against, Israel and its policies.

This still leaves me wondering, though. For decades, Israel has been coyly half-hiding its WMD program. That program was treated as a big secret. Journalists who wrote about it risked attack by Israel's supporters; they were hailed as brave heroes by Israel's critics.

Israel's watchdogs in the US are relentless and well-connected. If they thought this information on the MSNBC website was harmful to Israel, I suspect the information would disappear fast. In fact, the cynic inside me says the information might be on that site because the Israeli government wants it there.

Look at the graphic from the viewpoint of a military strategist in Damascus, or in Hamas headquarters in Gaza. You would see strength so overwhelming, it would be stupid even to dream of fighting against Israel, much less to think about it in realistic terms. Look at it from the viewpoint of a strategist in Istanbul or New Delhi. You would see a very appealing potential ally, one with far more firepower than you could even hope to produce in the near future. Look at it from the viewpoint of a strategist in Teheran or Islamabad. Would you want Israel as your enemy or your friend?

On the other hand, putting out the facts on Israel's WMD may not be Israel's idea at all. It may come from the nest of neo-conservative hawks in the highest reaches of the Pentagon. They want all those capitals throughout the Middle East and South Asia to get the idea. The neo-cons are planning a new order in that part of the world. They have announced quite openly that their conquest of Iraq was only a first step toward this new order. They plan to make Israel the military cornerstone of the new order.

Why should Middle East and South Asian leaders roll over and accept the new neo-con order? Just take a look at the MSNBC graphic. Incontrovertible military facts on the ground speak louder than words. Need we say more?

Perhaps the information is tucked away in such a hard-to-find corner of cyberspace because the general public is "not authorized to view this page." Perhaps it is meant to send a specific message to specific people. Or perhaps I'm far too cynical.

In any event, now you too know just how huge Israel's WMD program really is. Anyone for international inspectors? Or would you trust the US and its "coalition of the willing" to do the job?

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IRAQ: U.S. AND ALLIES MUST PROTECT REFUGEES; JORDAN SHOULD NOT BLOCK TRAPPED REFUGEES

NEW YORK—The United States and allied forces, as occupying powers in Iraq, have an obligation to protect refugees living inside the country from threats, physical attacks, and forced displacement, Human Rights Watch said today.

A group of more than 1,000 Iranian Kurd, Palestinian, Sudanese, Somali, and Syrian refugees have faced threats and attacks during the past week, according to reports collected by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR). Despite repeated pleas by UNHCR to admit all 1000 refugees who fled to the border, Jordan has so far only allowed 150 refugees entry.

"Most of these refugees fled to Iraq from persecution in their home countries years ago," said Alison Parker, a refugee protection expert at Human Rights Watch. "Now they are facing new threats in a country that was once a relatively safe haven."

Of particular concern are the more than 400 refugee children at risk because of difficult humanitarian conditions in the border region. Human Rights Watch said the children and their families should be allowed to enter the refugee camps in Jordan without delay so that medical relief can be provided.

The refugees told UNHCR that groups of armed Iraqis forced them from their homes and threatened that, if they refused to leave Iraq, the men would be killed and the women raped. Others said that they fled because of the lack of food and water in the places where they normally reside, including the Bijii and Balediyat neighborhoods in Baghdad, and the al-Hurriya and al-Tash refugee camps outside of Baghdad.

Human Rights Watch said that the United States and allied forces, as occupying powers, must ensure security for the local population under their control and authority, including refugees residing in the country. This includes:

- Preventing third parties from attacking or forcibly displacing civilians, especially particularly vulnerable groups such as the 128,000 refugees living in Iraq.
- All women, including refugees, should be protected against any attack, in particular rape.
- Child refugees must also be afforded appropriate protection and humanitarian assistance.
- All civilians inside Iraq must be treated with the same consideration by the occupying powers without any adverse distinction based, in particular, on national origin, race, religion or political opinion.
- Finally, the occupying powers must ensure that humanitarian assistance reaches refugees.

UNHCR's Executive Committee has stated that governments should always admit asylum seekers at least on a temporary basis and provide them with protection without any discrimination.

"Jordan should allow these refugees to enter, at least on a temporary basis," said Parker. "When conditions of lawlessness put refugees at grave risk in Iraq, where else can they turn for safety but neighboring countries?"

Jordan has cited concerns that some of the refugees pose security problems. Human Rights Watch recommended that Jordan put in place measures to screen individuals for security risks, but said that all of the trapped refugees should be allowed to cross the border and enter the Ruweished camps in Jordan immediately, at least until their security in Iraq can be assured.

CONTACT: Human Rights Watch, 212-290-4700

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SAVAGE JUSTICE: AN INDICTMENT OF FIDEL CASTRO

by Marc Cooper

Published in the LA Weekly

Have you ever imagined what it would be like living in a society where, say, a John Ashcroft would be unrestrained by the niceties of constitutional law? Where draconian enforcement of a Patriot Act includes long prison terms for alleged thought crimes? Where, in the name of fighting "terrorism," nonviolent prisoners are summarily executed after being denied even the trappings of due process?

Imagine no more. Just read the latest news reports, I'm sorry to say, coming not out of Guantánamo but out of Havana. Last Friday, three men were lined up at dawn and executed by a Cuban firing squad after being convicted of "grave acts of terrorism," according to a statement read on state television. Their executions came a mere nine days after they had surrendered in a failed attempt to hijack a Havana ferryboat to Florida. Their trial was, of course, secret. Even the Cuban state isn't shameless enough to open to public scrutiny such a degrading and chilling sham—a capital trial that allows no serious defense. And both Cuba's Supreme Tribunal and its governing Council of State, headed by Fidel Castro, immediately rubber-stamped the death sentences. I suppose when you don't have a real trial, you don't need any real appeals.

These are the New Socialist Men that Che Guevara so glowingly evoked in his essay of the same title 40 years ago? This is a society superior to savage capitalism?

The state murders in Cuba only punctuate what has been an equally sordid season of broader repression. A month ago, as the war in Iraq was breaking out, Cuban police arrested nearly 80 dissidents on charges of receiving money from and collaborating with US diplomats to undermine Cuba's government.

The Bush administration's top diplomat in Cuba, James Cason, has indeed been quite assertive. Publicly challenging Castro, he had made a point of visiting the homes of many of these dissidents and had also brought many of them to his own residence. He freely admits to giving them newspapers, books and internet access as part of his "normal duties." Whether he actually gave them money or not—who knows?

No one knows, because the "trials" of these unfortunate folks were also sealed and secret. And conducted on greased rails. Within a few weeks of their arrests, all six dozen had been given prison sentences of six to 28 years.

Among those condemned are self-styled independent journalists and librarians. I know some of these people, and some are rather pathetic. Others are quite courageous. Hector Palacios, who got a 25-year term, was a leader of the Varela Project—a completely public campaign calling for free elections that was signed on to by thousands of Cubans.

I don't pretend to know the minutiae of Cuban law (a seeming oxymoron) well enough to tell if it is a high felony to hobnob with gringo diplomats. (I do know I have had coffee numerous times with Cuban diplomats here in the US, and they have given me books and magazines, and I never once thought that would land me in prison.) But when police arrested these dissidents they found no grenades, dynamite, or guns. But rather, in a scene right out of *Fahrenheit 451*, the uniformed defenders of the Cuban Revolution confiscated fax machines, typewriters, and computers. Spin this any way you please, but in the end these people are being jailed not for anything they have done—but rather for things they have said. Or read.

Some friends of mine urged me not to write this column, arguing that at a time when US troops are occupying Iraq, this would only "play into the hands of the right." That is, of course, ridiculous. There are many enemies of freedom in the world, and—no—not all of them live in Washington. The actions taken by Fidel Castro this past month, precisely in this moment of American belligerence, are guaranteed to only please the ultraright. They help confirm my longtime suspicion that Castro lives in mortal fear that his most powerful tool of social control, the US embargo, will one day be lifted.

"The Cuban state's current repression of political dissidents amounts to collaboration with the most reactionary elements of the US administration in their efforts to maintain sanctions and to institute even more punitive measures against Cuba," reads one of the few, too few, leftist statements on this issue. The statement, signed by a number of prominent leftists, sadly and accurately concludes: "By its actions, the Cuban state declares that it is not a government of the left…but just one more dictatorship, concerned with maintaining its monopoly of power above all else." I urge you to sign onto the letter available below. Especially if you are on the left.

The letter mentioned above, protesting the trial and imprisonment of dissidents by the Cuban state, is being organized by Leo Casey, an activist with the United Federation of Teachers in New York. Contact: leo casey@aol.com or visit www.commondreams.org to read and sign the letter. [-Ed.]

US SEES THE LIGHTS GO OUT AS STATES SCRIMP AND SAVE

by Roland Watson in Washington

Published by the Times/UK

In Missouri they are unscrewing every third light bulb. Prisons in Illinois are splitting prescription drugs in half. The Governor of South Carolina is urging others to follow his practice of reusing Post-it notes and saving paper clips.

If voters go into the presidential election year in 2004 with their education and healthcare systems in chaos, it may present Democrats with an opening.

Across the United States the worst budget crisis in half a century has forced states to scrimp for savings in a style reminiscent of the Great Depression. Together, the 50 state governments are facing deficits of $30 billion (£19 billion) this year and $82 billion next.

Because all but Vermont are obliged by their own laws to balance their budgets, they have to find $112 billion-worth of savings in two years. California, which has the biggest deficit, is about to run out of money.

Tax rises would help to meet some of the need, but in many states moves to increase taxes have been defeated by legislatures or voters, leaving drastic cuts as the only way to make ends meet.

"The Big Turn Off" in Missouri, which has dimmed electric light by a third in most government buildings, is typical of the desperate scramble to save pennies. In Kentucky, every other ceiling light has been turned off in the State Capitol.

The Kansas Governor has asked agencies to drop the gold-embossed state seal from stationery, saving 2c a page. Agencies in Oregon are banned from color printing.

Such measures, although eye-catching, are largely symbolic, Scott Pattison, of the National Association of State Budget Officers, said. "They demonstrate that you are doing everything you can." They are also aimed chiefly at administrative agencies, or at areas of spending where there are fewer votes, such as prisons.

Jail chiefs in Illinois are trying to cut their prescription drugs bill by ordering double-strength drugs and splitting them. In Virginia, prisoners are to receive only two meals a day at weekends. Kentucky has chosen an alternative route, releasing prisoners early.

The sums involved make it impossible, however, for state governments to confine their cuts to politically marginal areas. In Oklahoma, teachers are mopping floors, driving school buses, and cooking meals because support staff have been laid off. In Oregon, teachers worked for two weeks without pay to keep schools open. School districts in some parts of Colorado are operating four-day weeks. In Idaho, towns have held cake sales to keep teachers on staff.

Across the country, tens of thousands of poorer families are losing access to healthcare as capitals cut back on the Medicaid program. In Texas, 275,000 fewer children will receive healthcare.

California, which faces a $30 billion deficit, 30 per cent of its budget, will have to start writing IOUs by the summer unless it finds a way of raising money. Alaska and Oregon face even bigger deficits as a proportion of their budget. Nevada, New York, Arizona, New Jersey and Texas all face deficits of between 15 and 20 per cent of their budgets.

The turmoil has yet to threaten President Bush. The White House has tried to keep the issue at arm's length, refusing to bail out states and telling them it is their problem. Mr. Pattison said that voters tended to take their wrath out on state legislators rather than presidents for local problems.

Mr. Bush travels to Ohio today to bang the drum for his economic priority, his endangered package of federal tax cuts. The state demonstrates how state budget deficits could yet hurt him. Ohio is planning to cut 50,000 people from health coverage, the largest such cut yet.

If voters go into the presidential election year in 2004 with their education and healthcare systems in chaos, it may present Democrats with an opening.

Mr. Bush contends that a recession that began before he came to office, coupled with war, is behind the financial straits of states, as well as of the economy as a whole. States, too, share some of the blame for gorging on the 1990s boom with little regard to possible perils ahead. They cut taxes, increased spending and put some aside in reserves. But it was not nearly enough.

"States are really hurting," Mr. Pattison said. "It is particularly bad because in the past they have relied on rainy-day funds to cushion the pain. Now it is nothing but painful cuts."

WAR PROFITEERS, IN AFRICA, AS WELL AS IRAQ

by Dena Montague

Published by CommonDreams.org

As Bush creates a corporate protectorate in Iraq, many companies who stand to benefit from reconstruction and oil exploration there are familiar to Africans. Shell, Bechtel and Fluor Corporation are all associated with massacres and crimes against humanity in Africa. Oil giant Shell Corporation had a hand in the death of Ken Saro Wiwa and the massacre of hundreds of Ogoni in the Niger Delta of Nigeria. Bechtel has profited from and exacerbated the ongoing war in the DRC. And Flour Corporation had tight relationships with the Apartheid regime of South Africa.

Shell in Nigeria

One of the latest announcements concerning executive positions in post-war Iraq was that Philip Carroll, former chief executive of Shell Oil Company, is a "a leading contender to oversee Iraqi oil production," according to the *New York Times.* Mr. Carroll, who headed Shell through the 1990, oversaw the company's Nigeria operations during the dictatorship of Sani Abacha, a time of massive political upheaval.

Shell was, and continues to be, the largest oil producer in Nigeria.

During the 1990s a powerful people's movement emerged in the Niger Delta, Nigeria's main oil producing area, to hold the company accountable for massive environmental damage caused over decades by its operations there. The movement began with the Ogoni people, a small community of half a million people living on land which contains some of the sweetest crude oil in the world. Shell's operations on Ogoniland devastated the people's farming and fishing areas, which were central to their survival.

Internationally renowned political activist, author, and Nobel Peace Prize nominee Ken Saro-Wiwa led the movement for the Survival of Ogoni People (MOSOP) based on principles of non-violence. The movement was met with violent retaliation from the Nigerian military, supported and paid for in part by Shell Oil Corporation. In reaction to Ogoni protests, the Nigerian military under Abacha detained and abused thousands of Ogoni and summarily executed hundreds, including Ken Saro-Wiwa.

Carroll was CEO of Shell Oil throughout this period and his company regularly collaborated with the Nigerian military during the uprising, according to Human Rights Watch. Shell admitted to having made direct payments to Nigerian security forces and importing arms used by the Nigerian police. In fact, the company continues to have its own police force, known by people in the region as the "Shell Police," and that force continues to be linked to civilian deaths in the area.

The Bush Administration claims it wants to ensure that the sale of Iraqi oil benefits the Iraqi people. If this is true, the man tapped to lead the revival of Iraqi oil industry is not the right person for the job. Carroll led a corporation that collaborated with the brutal Nigerian military under Abacha and did nothing to ensure that the population benefited from the company's presence. To this day, Shell has failed to successfully clean up the damage left behind on Ogoniland from production operations abandoned in 1993. The Nigerian population as a whole suffers tremendous poverty in a country that lacks a functioning infrastructure, despite having in the world's sixth largest oil producing capacity.

Is this the legacy the Bush Administration plans on leaving in Iraq?

It is the legacy left by Shell Oil Company under Carroll.

Bechtel in the DRC

As one of the largest construction and engineering companies in the world, Bechtel is the top contender for hundreds of millions (and potentially billions) in reconstruction contracts for post-war Iraq. Some attention has been paid to the mess the company has made in Boston and possible conflicts of interest because of its close connections to the Bush administration.

But there are ongoing concerns about Bechtel's role in the Democratic Republic of Congo that have not received adequate attention. Bechtel was interested in winning business in the mineral-rich Congo, and established an early and friendly relationship with the rebel leader Larent Kabila in 1997 before he took control of the whole country. Bechtel went one step further than many of its Western competitors involved in the Congo, by supplying high-tech intelligence and offering to draw up a master development plan and inventory of the country's mineral resources free of charge. According to the *Wall Street Journal,* the company compiled, "the most complete mineralogical and geographical data of the former Zaire ever assembled, information worth a fortune to any prospective mining or oil firm." The company also commissioned and paid for NASA satellite studies of the country to develop detailed maps of the DRC's mineral potential." Robert Stewart, an executive representing Bechtel International Inc., became a trusted advisor to the Congolese leader, traveling the country with Kabila.

Coincidentally, one year after Bechtel initially expressed interest in mapping the mineral date in the DRC, coltan was discovered in the eastern region. This mineral is used in cell phones, computers and high tech devices. Since the discovery of the mineral, rebel groups in the Congo have made hundreds of millions of dollars on the illicit sale of coltan to the US, Europe, and Asia.

Fluor in South Africa

Fluor Corporation is one of the largest engineering and construction companies in the world, and it is one of Bechtel's competitors for reconstruction contracts in Iraq.

In the 1980s, Fluor was accused of helping to further apartheid in South Africa through business dealings with the white government, where the company helped build what was at the time the world's largest plant producing commercial oil from coal. The project was proposed to guarantee a domestic supply of oil, as international supplies were cut off due to sanctions.

Fluor also helped build oil refineries in apartheid South Africa. As *The Guardian* reports, Fluor is the subject of "a multibillion dollar lawsuit claiming that it exploited and brutalized black workers in apartheid-era South Africa." Part of the claim includes accusations that "Fluor hired security guards dressed in Ku Klux Klan robes to attack unarmed workers protesting against poor pay and conditions."

Dena Montague is a Senior Research Associate at the World Policy Institute

SANTORUM'S ANTI-GAY REMARKS FIT PATTERN OF DISCRIMINATION

WASHINGTON—Referring to the pending Supreme Court case on Texas' so-called "Homosexual Conduct" law, Pennsylvania Republican Senator Rick Santorum said in an Associated Press interview, "If the Supreme Court says that you have the right to consensual [gay] sex within your home, then you have the right to bigamy, you have the right to polygamy, you have the right to incest, you have the right to adultery. You have the right to anything." Later in the interview, Santorum said, "It all comes from, I would argue, this right to privacy that doesn't exist, in my opinion, in the United States Constitution... Whether it's polygamy, whether it's adultery, whether it's sodomy, all of those things are antithetical to a healthy, stable, traditional family."

Following is a statement from People For the American Way President Ralph G. Neas.

"Senator Rick Santorum's remarks comparing the protection of Americans' privacy in their own homes to protecting bigamy and incest came as a disappointment, but, sadly, not as a surprise. Santorum's record demonstrates a history of hostility toward equal rights for all Americans, and that hostility is reflected in the attitudes of the Republican party leaders and the many of the judicial nominees of President Bush."

"Santorum missed an opportunity to apologize for these insensitive comments. Instead, he claimed that his comments were in keeping with his belief that everyone is 'equal under the Constitution.' It is evident from his record that this is not the case. The White House and Santorum's colleagues in the GOP leadership also chose to maintain their silence on Santorum's attack on equal rights. They should repudiate his comments, and affirm an inclusive vision of America where privacy and equal rights are guaranteed for all.

"Since 2001, Santorum, with the president's blessing, has worked to include language specifically authorizing discrimination into a piece of so-called 'faith-based' legislation. Santorum previously admitted that he wanted to allow religious organizations to be able to take public funds but still discriminate against gay people. Fortunately, despite Santorum's position as third-highest ranking Republican in the Senate Leadership, he was forced to remove his divisive provisions from the final version passed in the Senate.

"Santorum's record closely matches that of other far right ideologues. Alabama Attorney General William Pryor—who is one of President Bush's troubling federal appeals court nominees—in his state's amicus curiae brief to the Supreme Court in the Texas case equated the right of gay Americans to engage in consensual sex within their own homes to 'activities like prostitution, adultery, necrophilia, bestiality, possession of child pornography, and even incest and pedophilia...'

"The comments of Santorum's spokesperson that he 'has no problem with gay, lesbian, bisexual, or transgender individuals' rings hollow. Santorum describes gay people as a threat to healthy families. His record supporting discrimination through charitable choice legislation, and his opposition to hate crimes legislation demonstrate instead that Santorum believes gay Americans don't deserve full equality with other Americans.

"The silence from the White House and Republican party leaders about Senator Santorum's comments, combined with Bush's troubling judicial nominees and his executive orders supporting discriminatory hiring in religious institutions, all point to the high stakes in this summer's likely battle for the future of the Supreme Court. Will the next justice support privacy and equal rights for all, or will these and other freedoms be restrictead for generations to come?"

CONTACT: People For The American Way
Nathan Richter or Tracy Duckett, 202-467-4999

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE FIRES REPORTER FOR ATTENDING PEACE PROTEST

by Amy Goodman and Henry Norr
Excerpted from Democracy Now!

Amy Goodman, Democracy Now! host: *The San Francisco Chronicle* has fired technology columnist Henry Norr. He was arrested while taking part in an anti-war rally last month. Norr was participating in the massive direct-action protest that spread across the Bay Area on they day after the US invasion of Iraq began.

The next day his column on computers and technology was pulled. He was suspended for a month and now he's been officially fired.

The paper has refused to comment on the case. Yesterday we talked to two of the *Chronicle's* top three editors, executive editor Phil Bronstein, and Asst. Executive Editor Narda Zacchino. They both declined to come on the show, citing the newspaper's policy not to publicly discuss personnel issues.

At the time of his arrest last month, *Chronicle* policies did not ban participation in demonstrations. The paper's ethics policy stated that "the *Chronicle* does not forbid employees from engaging in political activities, but needs to prevent any appearance of a conflict of interest." The official line from the *Chronicle* is that Henry Norr was suspended and then fired because he had allegedly falsified his time card.

But according to unnamed sources within the *Chronicle* interviewed by the *San Francisco Examiner,* there was only one reason and that was politics. Not only had Norr protested the invasion of Iraq, but he was also outspoken on the Israel/Palestine issue.

Henry Norr joins a growing number of journalists who've lost their jobs or columns due to their views on war. Two months ago, MSNBC cancelled Phil Donahue's show. A leaked internal memo claimed that Donahue would present "a difficult public face for NBC in a time of war. He seems to delight in presenting guests who are anti-war, anti-Bush and skeptical of the administration's motives." The report warned the Donahue show could be "a home for the liberal anti-war agenda at the same time as our competitors are waving the flag at every opportunity."

Brent Flynn, a reporter for the *Lewisville Leader* in Texas, was told he could no longer write a column for the paper in which he had expressed anti-war views.

Kurt Houghly, a reporter and columnist for Michigan's *Huron Daily Tribune,* quit the paper after allegedly being told that an anti-war column he'd written would not run because it might upset readers.

War Correspondent Peter Arnett was fired from NBC after he told Iraqi TV, in which he said the war-planners had "misjudged the determination of Iraqi forces" and that there was "a growing challenge to President Bush about the conduct of the war."

And Ed Gernin, a veteran TV producer who worked with CBS, was fired after he compared state of US affairs today with that of Nazi Germany. While plugging the CBS miniseries *Hitler,* Gernin described the series like this: "It basically boils down to an entire nation gripped by fear who ultimately choose to give up their civil rights and plunge the whole nation into war. I can't think of a better time to examine this history than now."

Amy Goodman's interview with Henry Norr aired on the national listener-sponsored radio program "Democracy Now!" on April 24, 2003

ANTI-WAR WALKOUTS WORRY HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPALS

by Dana Hull
Published by the San Jose Mercury News

High school students are getting involved in the anti-war movement, raising questions about how schools should discipline students whose activism disrupts classes. Local school principals may face that dilemma today, when some Bay Area teenagers are expected to join local college students in a nationwide anti-war walkout.

Many educators are thrilled to see young students show an interest in foreign affairs. But potential class walkouts bring up concerns as well. Schools can face liability issues if students leave campus, and in California and most other states school funding is linked to daily student attendance.

"At the end of the day, if the kids leave campus and five of them get in a car accident, it's the school's responsibility and not the anti-war organization that encouraged the walkout," said Michael Carr, a spokesman for the National Association of Secondary School Principals. "There are other ways for students to demonstrate their feelings about the war then to walk out."

The walkout today was organized by the National Youth and Student Peace Coalition, a network of student groups that came together after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks. The walkout has been publicized on numerous anti-war websites and email lists, and Bay Area students are now spreading the word among their friends.

Rachelle Cruz, 17, a senior at Tennyson High School in Hayward, heard about the walkout at a Feb. 16 rally in San Francisco, and plans to participate. Cruz made copies of fliers about the walkout and is trying to contact students at Hayward's other high schools. "We're worried that we might get suspended, but then all of these people could die in Iraq so we're trying to keep it in perspective."

How schools handle student activism varies from district to district and school to school.

Nearly 50 Petaluma High School students who staged an anti-war walkout on Nov. 20 were suspended. But Sonoma County activists and many parents quickly blasted the school's punishment as too harsh, and after months of debate school officials removed the word "suspension" from the students' permanent records.

"We really have to take the middle path, and in a way our role is to make sure that the schools don't become too politicized," said Tom Joynt, an attendance supervisor for Petaluma City Schools. "The response would be the same if a pro-life or white supremacy group was urging walkouts. The school has to be a safe place for all students, regardless of their political beliefs."

But in Oakland, the district's teachers union is urging teachers and administrators not to discipline students who walk out. Some teachers met Tuesday to discuss the walkout plans at Oakland High School.

Although some parents have asked whether outside activists have distributed literature on school grounds, educators say that most students learn about anti-war events by surfing the web.

Many studies show that teenagers and young adults are much more likely to use the web than older age groups. "If anti-war groups are trying to reach the young population, that's the way to do it," said Carr of NASSP.

At Notre Dame High School, an all-girls Catholic school in Belmont, nearly 300 students recently showed up for a voluntary teach-in about Iraq.

Notre Dame students who wanted to go to last month's anti-war rally in San Francisco could sign up as part of a school field trip, and about a dozen students went.

Parent Mimi Garrity Denman, whose daughter Carolyn is a senior, was impressed that the school chaperoned students to the rally. "It was a safe environment, and my daughter learned that everyone in America has the right to be active and express their opinion," she said.

Not all Bay Area high school students who oppose war with Iraq plan to participate in today's walkout. Some Redwood City teenagers recently started a group called Operation SARJ: Students Against Reactionary Jingoism, and they plan to hand out anti-war information at the Hillsdale Shopping Center in San Mateo on Sunday. They have also worn black armbands in recent days to show their opposition to the war.

"It's actually pretty cool because almost every history and government teacher is totally cool with what we're doing," said senior Bill Lepe, a senior at Sequoia High School in Redwood City. "Our administration is really tough on attendance policies, so we're not going to do a walkout. But we can pass out fliers and black armbands to whoever we want, and no one's ever said that we can't."

SHUT-DOWN OF ISRAELI CONSULATE

April 16, 2003

by Jews for a Free Palestine

SAN FRANCISCO—Today, with Passover beginning at sundown, over 50 protestors led by Jews for a Free Palestine and supporters marched to the Israeli Consulate.

Today at around 10 am, over 50 protestors led by Jews for a Free Palestine and supporters marched to the Israeli Consulate. They took over the lobby and interrupted business as usual, demanding: 1) an end to the genocidal war on the Palestinian people, 2) an end to the occupation and all settlements, and 3) the upholding of the international human rights of all Palestinians, including the right of refugees to return home.

A group of twelve Jewish protestors attempted to deliver these demands to the Consulate, but were denied entrance. Demanding that someone from the Consulate come and speak to them directly, the group then held the lobby of the Consulate for over an hour, inhibiting the flow of traffic in the building. In historic opposition to the Israeli government, the group of Jewish protestors were arrested for trespassing and taken to Central Station in North Beach. The group was cited and released.

This evening after sundown marks the beginning of the Jewish festival Passover, which celebrates the biblical story of the exodus of the Hebrews from enslavement. The holiday commemorates the bitterness and violence of oppression and the sweetness of liberation. It has become a symbol to people of many faiths of freedom and justice.

Protest organizers chose this day to shut down the Israeli Consulate because, in the words of one protestor, "it is impossible to celebrate Passover while the war on the Palestinian people continues to escalate. Palestinian people continue to suffer atrocities on a daily basis. 205 children have been murdered in Rafah, a city in the Gaza Strip, in the last two months alone." The protest comes just days after another murder of an International Solidarity Movement member, peace activist Tom Hurdell.

Protestors sent out a clear message today that there are many Jews who—in the spirit of Passover and our committent to justice and human rights—will be mourning the suffering of the Palestinian people and holding in our hearts and minds their struggle for self-determination and liberation as inextricable from our own. As the festival of Passover teaches, one should never harden one's heart to the just plight of another; none of us are truly free until we are all free.

Free Free Palestine!

—Jews For A Free Palestine

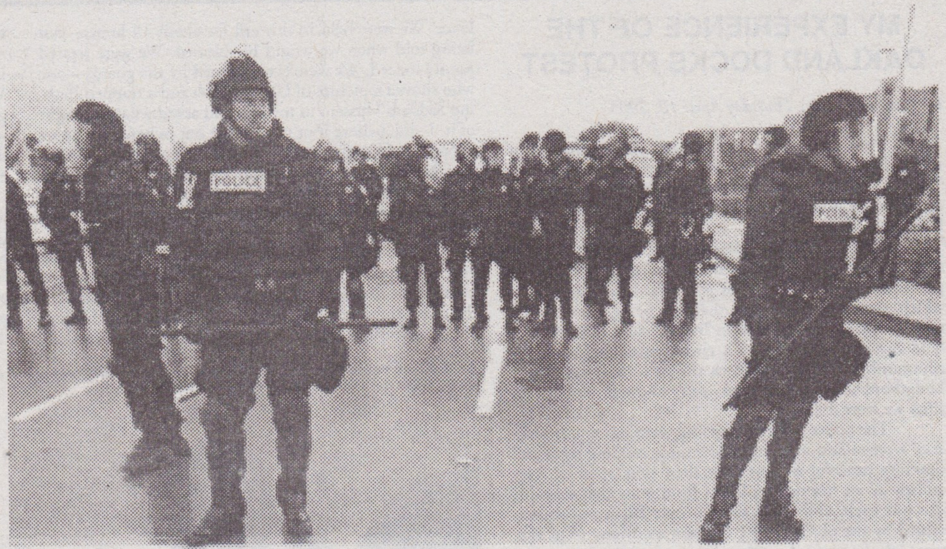
LOCKHEED MARTIN FACES ANTI-WAR BLOCKADES AT SUNNYVALE HEADQUARTERS

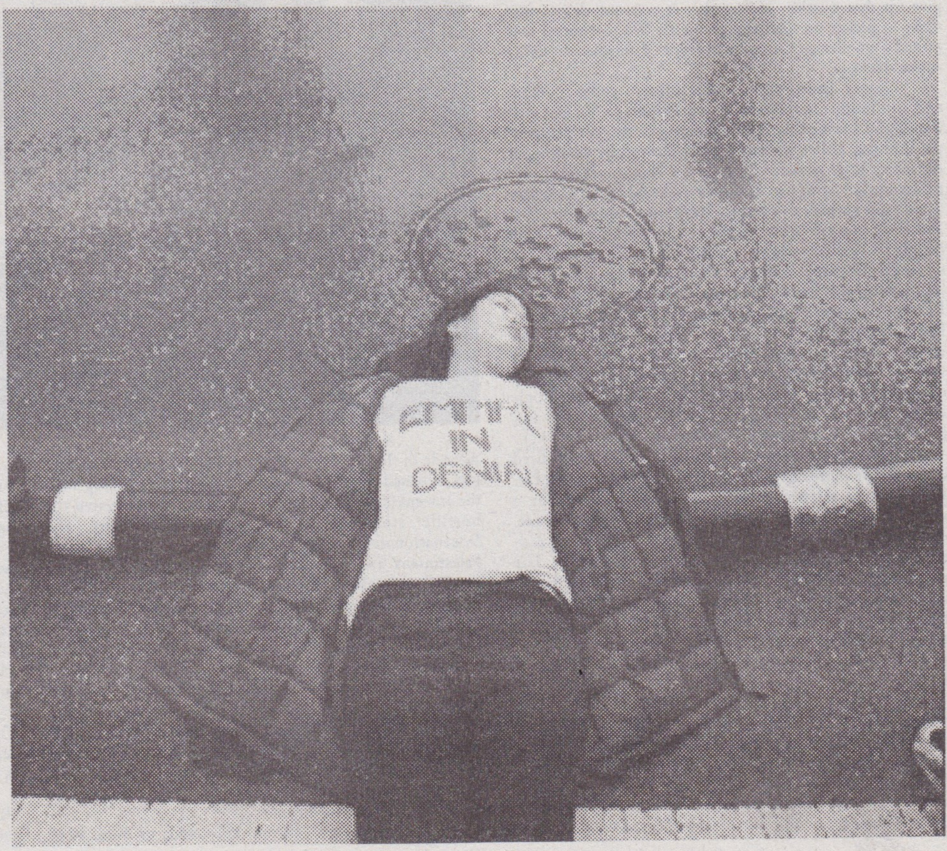
4/22/03, SUNNYVALE—Several hundred protesters gathered at Lockheed Martin to protest its role as the world's largest arms supplier. Between 60 and 70 protesters were arrested after blockading entrances and nearby roads.

Lockheed Martin (with a 24% share of US arms exports) is the world's largest arms exporting company. Former company CEO Norman Augustine was a major lobbyist on behalf of the more than $7 billion per year in grants and subsidized loans that the US government provides to US arms exporters each year to help them hawk their products around the world.

Lockheed Martin's most lucrative export item is the F-16 combat aircraft. The company has sold over 3,000 F-16s to overseas customers since the mid-1970s, and the client list for the plane includes Israel, Turkey, Pakistan, Indonesia, Taiwan, South Korea, Thailand, Egypt, and Venezuela. In late 2001, the company won what has been touted as "the largest defense contract in history," a $19 billion development contract for the $200 billion Joint Strike Fighter program. Potential customers are Germany, Turkey and Israel in addition to the US and UK Armed forces. (excerpted from sf.indymedia.org)

Photo: Lockdown 4, by Peter Maiden, pmaiden@pacbell.net





POLICE ATTACK CALIFORNIA ANTI-WAR PROTESTERS

by Marth Mendoza, Associated Press *Monday April 07, 200*

OAKLAND—Police open fired Monday morning with non-lethal bullets at an anti-war protest at the Port of Oakland, injuring several longshoremen standing nearby.

Police were trying to clear protesters from an entrance to the docks when they opened fire and the longshoremen apparently were caught in the line of fire.

Six longshoremen were treated by paramedics and at least one was expected to be taken to a hospital. It was unclear if any of the protesters was injured.

"I was standing as far back as I could," said longshoreman Kevin Wilson. "It was very scary. All of that force wasn't necessary."

Last week, a San Francisco-based peace group, Direct Action to Stop the War, had announced that it would stage a series of protests Monday involving new acts of civil disobedience.

The Port of Oakland was among the targets, organizers had said, because at least one shipping company is handling war supplies.

Trent Willis, a business agent for the International Longshore and Warehouse Union, said angrily that dockworkers were leaving the docks after the incident.

"They shot my guys. We're not going to work today," Willis said. "The cops had no reason to open up on them."

Police used non-lethal bullets, sandbags and concussion grenades to try to break up about 500 protesters, who split into groups in front of different terminals.

Oakland Police officer James Carroll said police set up a "skirmish line" and ordered the protesters to disperse.

"It escalated pretty quick," he said. "Usually you go to these protests and you wait around for three to four hours. Today, all of a sudden, people were being taken into custody." He could not confirm that anyone was hit by the bullets.

Protests also took place at the federal building in San Francisco and at the Concord Naval Weapons Station. Seven people were arrested when they temporarily blocked an exit ramp off Interstate 280.

MY EXPERIENCE OF THE OAKLAND DOCKS PROTEST

by Paul Ginocchio *Thursday April 10, 2003*

I am tired of the lies. The lies the government is telling me. The lies I see when I turn on the television. The lies that this is a "successful" war. The lies when I experience a peaceful protest and see it portrayed as violent. I am tired.

I was one of the hundreds of people who met at the Oakland Docks early in the morning on Monday to peacefully picket in front of the APL shipping lines—which transport munitions that are being used to kill men, women, and children in Iraq. I had a little time to hold my sign and walk in a circle, participating in the community effort to the block the APL driveway. Many Longshoremen watched, and many showed support for what we were doing.

The police did give dispersal warnings to our picket of women and men, old and young, holding signs and chanting peaceful slogans. But then time sped up very quickly as we heard huge blasts from guns that sounded like war itself, and I saw some people fall from wounds caused by the objects being fired on us. Many of us ran, some left the scene altogether. Some of us did not want to give up that quickly, feeling that it was our democratic right to picket on Oakland property. We regrouped and joined a smaller picket circle in front of another driveway at the docks.

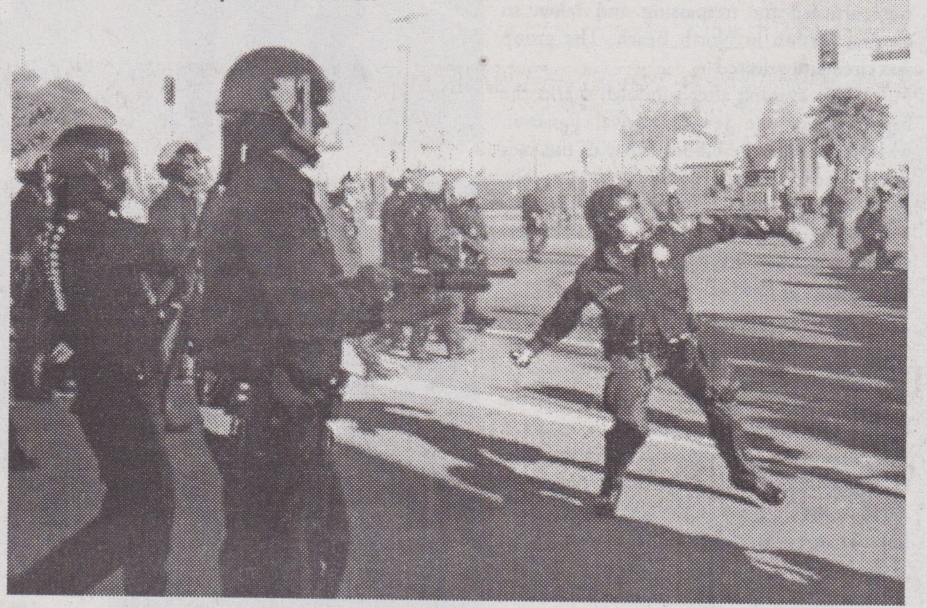
Once again, we had little time to come together and communicate about what we wanted to do. My girlfriend and I joined the last remaining circle. We saw people running, police on motorcycles powerfully charging at the protestors, actually hitting one woman, leaving tire prints on her arm, leg, and back. The loud bangs began again, and we may or may not have been told to disperse. Suddenly another wave of police ran towards us. Many people tried to run away to the other side of the street, but we were effectively trapped. Thankfully, my 60-year-old mother had just managed to avoid the charging police, as I saw one guy get thrown to the ground very forcefully by five police officers. I saw no one doing anything violent towards the police. Why would we use violence when we were at the docks to protest the violence being done by our government to innocent people in Iraq? I saw people trying to escape and "disperse," as the police would say, but they were not allowed to. It was too late.

The police were brutal in their attack. They fired on people at alarmingly close range. I saw many being carried away, or arrested, who were bloody and wearing a stunned look on their faces. These were young people, elderly men and women, people of many colors and economic backgrounds, teachers and union workers. The police were indiscriminate. They rounded up 31 of us and we were handcuffed and put into a bus. A guy next to me had gravel in the side of his face and his back was greatly aching from the force of five police officers on top of him, one with a knee in his back. This for a man not resisting arrest.

We were arrested at around 8:30 am on Monday morning and held in Santa Rita county jail until 4 am the next morning. We were separated by gender and shoved into cells that were meant to hold half our size. There were 16 men in our cell. Once again, the diversity of people was not like the picture painted by the media—we were old and young, and not one of us had acted with any violence. We were held in this cell for about 14 hours—not being told when we would be released. We were treated poorly indeed. We were even taunted by the guards—one who shoved a picture of George Bush and a trapped-looking Saddam Hussein in my face and asked what I thought of it. I said, believe it or not, we are not in here in support of Saddam Hussein, but for the Iraqi people who are being slaughtered by our government. We are in here because we have the right (less and less) to peacefully protest in our democratic nation. He snickered, "You people are so stupid."

The time in this cell was tough and hard, on the cement floors, but we managed to bond at a level not usual in the divided norm of our society. We went around the room and told jokes, played theater games, and talked about everything from the overthrow of Chile's President Allende in the 1970s to the tragedy in Iraq. One man had just returned from Palestine, where he was working with the International Solidarity Movement. He recounted the horrific story of a few weeks ago, when the Internationalists were walking peacefully with some Palestinians, and they noticed an Israeli militant watching them from a tower through the scope of his rifle. They thought he was just watching their procession. Suddenly they heard a shot and a Palestinan boy of 14 years, who was walking in their line with them, was suddenly dead with a gunshot wound in his head.

An Oakland Police officer throws a flash grenade towards a group of anti-war protesters near the Port of Oakland, April 7, 2003. REUTERS/Tim Wimborne, reprinted under Fair Use



I remember reading about this in the paper, and the man in my cell recounted his horror of witnessing this incident so closely, and also his sadness as the story was presented in the media the next day—as the boy throwing a Molotov cocktail and the Israeli army reacting in self-defense. An outright lie, stripping this boy of the dignity of the memory of his life.

As we sat in a cell now thousands of miles away from this violence, I felt the horror of violence and war. An occasional "prisoner" would pass us in the hallway, and I felt the horror of his life in this place of such deadness. We bonded in this cell and I felt hope that our cause was going to be heard around the world. The union leader who was arrested with us said that Longshoremen around the world would protest this assault on his peaceful brothers.

When I woke up this morning, I was distraught to see the media coverage of our protest for peace at the Oakland docks. Similar to the story the man in my jail cell had told, about the Israeli military making up stories to excuse their killing of an innocent Palestinian boy, our protest was being presented in the media as a legitimate police reaction to *our* violence. The police claimed that their actions were justified because they were responding to our throwing of rocks and cement. Once again, lies. No one in my jail cell witnessed any such violence on the part of the peace protesters. None of us participated in any aggressive actions.

We will not stop protesting against the war. We will fight for the truth non-violently. If the reality of what happened at a protest in Oakland can't even be reported in the media, how can we know what's happening to innocent people in Iraq, where thousands of bombs are falling all over the country? They aren't only falling on Saddam Hussein and the Republican Guard. They are destroying innocent people's homes and lives.

I will never forget my fellow protesters from the Oakland dock picket. The same people who today must read the lies about our experience, but know that our fight is not in vain.

Paul Ginocchio, Oakland, CA
email: paulginocchio@yahoo.com

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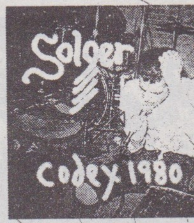

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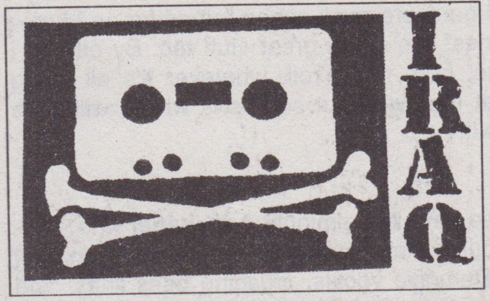

Iraq Scene Report

This report will deal with rock in Iraq, generally speaking, as punk as such does not exist here. However, rock has a quite long history, and for decades, bands have been gigging around the club scene in major cities. This was almost completely halted after the Second Gulf War (1991) when the government banned the consumption of alcohol in public and clubs closed down. Following also extreme living conditions due to US-imposed sanctions, many people left the country, including many musicians. In 2002, just a few bands did still exist in Iraq, and among them only one or two managed to play live, in art galleries that have replaced the night club scene.

Some of the famous names on the Baghdad scene were **CONVERS** and **SCARE CREW**. **CONVERS** used to play at Al-Jadrea club in Baghdad, mostly mainstream rock and US hit covers. **SCARE CREW** played excellent speed-metal, and a live recording of a 1991 performance is still available at some music shops. All of these musicians are now living abroad except for one or two. Rock, including US alternative and metal hits, was still widely aired on Voice of Youth FM radio in Baghdad until early 2003 (this radio belonging to the elder son of the Iraqi president). At the end of 2002, beginning of 2003, I managed to find two bands still playing, one of them, **AGONY**, only jamming at home, and another, **A-ACRASSICAUDA** having managed a gig in December 2002. Both bands play rock and metal but some punk influences can be found on some of their songs.

Punk music available in Baghdad music shops, is mostly mainstream US bands like Green Day, Offspring, and alternative names like Marilyn Manson, Weezer, Blondie, and various metal and deathmetal names. Due to its isolation, information was extremely difficult to come across, and notions like underground or DIY are unheard of, even if most bands have no other choice but to rely on their own forces only to produce their music. For security reasons, no contact for Iraqi bands can be given for the time being, and anyway, communications with the country, including phone and internet, have been destroyed. A 7" live record by A-ACRASSICAUDA should appear in Europe by the end of the year on Tian An Men 89 Records.

Iran Scene Report

As some of you might remember from the Iranian scene report published in *MRR* in 1992, there was a thriving rock scene in Iran from the 60s to 1979, with most bands playing some kind of psychedelic or progressive rock heavily influenced by Pink Floyd or the Doors. Most of these bands were strictly underground, however, and experienced problems with the Shah regime because of their political edge. It seems no recording has been preserved from these early bands, at least as far as I could judge. After the Islamic revolution, Western music was banned, along with female singing. The only music available in shops was traditional or classical. However, knowing the right people, or having relatives abroad could provide you with rock recordings.

In 1992, a couple of years after the war with Iraq stopped, young people in Iran were eager to discover new musical styles, and punks, metalheads, or grindcore fans could be met in Tehran. Their activities, however, were strictly limited to private listening of tapes at home. Older rock musicians could still be found but were mostly playing acoustic songs during private parties. No electric instruments could be found, apart from synthetizers. Now, things have slowly changed over the years. First, the internet was largely introduced in Iran, opening almost illimited possibilities for people to look for music abroad. Secondly, many people installed satellite TV dishes in their homes, despite their official ban, and consequently could view channels like MTV, etc. (yes, I know, but still...) Thirdly, Iranian bands in exile in the States or Europe started slowly to move from pop to more rocking stuff, and their recordings were brought to Iran. Fourthly, import and sale in Iran of western instruments (electric guitars, drums, etc) was allowed again.

It came to a point where, about five years ago, rock bands started to form again inside Iran. At first, they were palying private parties and doing home-recordings, but nowadays, some concerts have been authorized by the authorities (but the audience has to sit quietly and not get excited.... mmh, reminds me of rock concerts in Vietnam or China in the late 80s), and a few bands, after lots of negotiations with the Ministry of Culture, were even allowed to officially publish their albums. It usually means the songs are toned down and texts have been approved by the censorship office, but it does not mean that the band doesn't usually play wild at rehearsals or private parties.

Most bands sing in Farsi, but a few use English, like **127**. Iranian bands tend to be original both musically and lyrically. Among the already "recognized" bands or musicians are **MEERA**, **O-HUM** (unfortunately disbanded after some of its members emigrated to Canada), **BABAK MOSHIRI** (who put into rock some poems by his father), **DAR QALA**, **CHA'AR DAL**, **ARASH BAMDADIAN**, and **FARZAD GOLPAYEGANI** (who just received the authorization to officially release his first album of metal guitar instrumentals). In 2002, the first underground music contest was organised by the Tehran Avenue website (www.tehranavenue.com), and a rock festival with the winners, 127, **FARA**, **AMERTAD** and **FERN** was supposed to have been organized in February 2003 at Tehran University. The concert was cancelled at the last minute by the university authorities, who feared it was not the right time and place to do it. Styles of the bands taking part in the competition varied quite a lot from soft acoustic rock to thrashmetal... Outstanding among the participants were **SARAKHS** (alternative), AMERTAD (progressive metal), **DARK EARTH** (one-man band industrial thrash with punk and oriental influences), **AVAAR** (underground progressive rock), **DEY** (progressive metal), **EZTERAB** (speedmetal), **JAM** (punkish new wave in a Police-style), **JIVEH** (metal), **NAMI** (metal), **PHAROS** (folk-metal), and **WHISPER** (experimental). A CDR, with mp3 song samples of the bands, was released. It was supposed to be given to people buying a ticket to the concert, but after its cancellation, is now distributed for free to people who are interested in "Beethoven Music Centre" on Vali Asr Avenue in Tehran.

A second competition is being organized this year, and a lot of promising demos have already been sent in. However, this is only the tip of the iceberg, and there is tons of young bands rehearsing these days in the country. Among the newcomers, we have noticed the brilliant snotty teen punk of **DARS ALOOKAL**, the folk-punk with absurd lyrics of **MAD** from Mashhad in the North East of the country, **ULANBATOR**, minimalistic punk with synthetizer, etc. More information on Iran rock music can be found on various websites like www.iranrockmusic.com, www.iranmetallica.com, etc. A quick search on any search engine will bring you various interesting sites. An Iranian underground compilation 7" with local punk bands is planned on Tian An Men 89 Records towards October this year (www.geocities.com/tam89rds).

This label is also planning to release at around the same time, a 7" by **HOSENFEFER** (punk from Kosovo), a split 7" with **IMPERYA SNEGOV** and **REVOLVER** (from Buryatia and Karelia republics in the Federation of Russia), a Tunisian punk 7" by **UNKNOWN MEDICINE**, a punk compilation from Uzbekistan, etc. Hopefully everything will go alright and all these records be published on time. For more info, get in touch: tam89@excite.com. You can get in touch with the bands through the various websites.

Has there ever been a scene report from Thrashville, TN? I don't know but here is what's going on in the current hardcore punk scene in Music City. I'm going to focus this writing on the hardcore punk scene but as far as I know all the other "scenes" are doing great stuff too. By other's I mean straightedge, pop, rock'n'rcll, whatever it's all going great. This is what I know about so this is what I will write about, up the punx!!!

BANDS

First up we have the almighty **Asschapel** who combine elements of punk, metal, and hellfire that results in total fucking carnage! Demonic vocals, crushing bass lines, and really big fucking amps pretty much sums them up. **Asschapel** spent this past summer touring the US from coast to coast with mid western punks Weaving the Deathbag. Speaking of WTD, Mike put out their first 7" on his label, Hungry Ghost, and will be co-releasing their next LP entitled *Fire and Destruction* with the Wisconsin label Crimes Against Humanity. Buttchurch will be hitting European soil soon for a full 7 week tour this fall that will coincide with the European pressing of their new LP courtesy of Ralf at Flowerviolence. Contact **Asschapel** at asschapel@hotmail.com.

Next up we have **Alpha Motherfuckers** who play really raw rock n' roll that kicks major ass! Their singer Mike is a madman and also sang in the hard-line PC band **Fuck Fuck Goose**. Their old guitarist is in a band called **From Ashes Rise**, but they have a new guitarist whom I haven't had the pleasure of seeing yet. The drummer and bassist are super nice folks whom unfortunately I don't know a lot about. No releases yet but I'm hoping to see a demo tape soon. If you ever get an opportunity to check them out you had better fucking do it!!!

G.U.N. play amazing blast beat thrash that totally kills me every time. Mix equal parts early Napalm Death with some Scandinavian raw punk and you get **G.U.N.** Pounding drums and bass, harsh vocals, and buzzsaw guitars make for the total package. They released a 9 song demo on a neat little 3" CD a while back but I don't know if it's still available. Write them at gunashville@yahoo.com and ask them yourself.

Ladycop play fast, snotty hardcore that some folks say sounds like early FYP. I don't know if that's true but I do know they're a great band and they rip live. Their new stuff they've been playing live is totally killer. I believe you contact Matt at off12threcords@hotmail.com for more info. They have a single out on the local punk label Twitch and will hopefully record again sometime soon.

Snakeskin Machinegun is a band a lot of people are talking about and although more of a rock band than a punk band they definitely deserve mentioning. Rockers love them, punks love them, and people who got lost on the way to the Motley Crue concert love them! They play a Rose Tattoo cover that they're sick of and I think a two of the dudes wear make-up but don't hold me to that. They are supposed to tour this June so if they come to your town check'em out and bring them free whiskey. Write their guitarist and bug the shit out of him at snakeskinmachinegun@hotmail.com.

The newest and most anticipated band around right now would have to be **Deadly Skies** and after hearing them for the first time ever last week I was completely blown away. Driving, Tennessee hardcore at it's finest that has Ryan from Burned Up Bled Dry, and No Parade on guitar and vocals. Brandt from Zombie on das bass, and Elijah from No Parade

ASSCHAPEL

on drums round out this fucking monster of a band and I hate to site their previous endeavors but if you took all those bands and made them better you would get **Deadly Skies**. I'm making them play every show I book this summer so come check them out!!!

The Sex are a band of teenage punks who throw in a healthy dose of keyboards to create some seriously discordant new wave hits. They're young, cute, and everyone loves 'em! They write the songs that all of us would have written at the age of 15 but they do it without jumping on any bandwagons. When I see them play all I can compare them to would be a striped down Black Flag meets Flipper. They do zines, run a label, play in a band and go to Junior high. What the fuck were you doing at fifteen?! These cats don't tour for all the obvious reasons but they play in town a lot so come see them if you're ever in the area. You can get in touch with these fine fellows at cornponebrunch@hotmail.com.

The Pints play pissed off street punk with studded leather and big fucking Mohawks. They sing about drinking, punx, and more drinking. I have no idea how to get in touch with these dudes but chances are if you're into this kind of shit you'll run across them!!! Sorry guys!

The Dutchies are an all female trio playing manic, screamy punk with no bass and an extra guitar!!! I saw them open for the Epoxies recently and they were fucking great! I think they all sing some of the songs and they all sweat a lot. Sonic Youth sexing up the Alice Bag band behind CBGB's with Doc Dart moderating the whole sordid affair. If that sounds like your thing then check them out!!! I believe they're getting ready to tour soon so they could be coming to your town so you had better go see them! Contact Angela at doubledutchies@hotmail.com.

Another band that I feel like I have to mention is the **Teen Idols**. Although they are not "hardcore" they are the longest running punk band out of Thrashville that I can think of and that in itself is punk as fuck! Fuck, they're one of the longest independent punk bands going in the whole nation that I can think of. Anyway, they have a new LP on Fueled by Ramen that should be out by the time you read this. They tour constantly and they take care of two of my closest friends by employing them as roadies so more power to 'em for giving down and out punx a chance! They have tons of records available and they have a website you can check out at http://www.teenidols.net/.

There are a few other bands that I know of but they haven't played out yet so I'll keep it under wraps to protect the innocent. That's all I have for you on the band front but like I said earlier this is only a small fraction of the punk scene here in Thrashville and there are tons of other bands you should check out. Other than that all I have to say is START YOUR OWN BAND!!!

VENUES:

I do most of my shows at a really cool pizza place called Guido's pizza. They have been really cool about doing punk shows over the last year and the dude who does booking there now, Chuck, is a fucking gem!!! Their policies for payment are flexible and they're easy to work with. They serve pizza, pasta, beer, soda, etc while bands are playing so get loaded and have fun!!! It's independently owned and operated so support the scene!!! Email Chuck for shows at guidosbooking@hotmail.com.

Another place that we've done a lot shows at in the past year is a really fucking cool basement that we lovingly refer to as the Septic Tank! Tons of great bands have played there like Asschapel, Snakeskin Machinegun, Amdi Petersens's Arme, The Oath, Let It Burn, Goat Shanty, Municipal Waste, Killed in Action, Vitamin X and BG just to name a few. If you think you've got what it takes to get it on at The Tank then email the Septic Master at septicbrent@hotmail.com. He doesn't do shows as often as he used to but if he digs it then we can do it!!!

Another place that does shows is the Muse. I don't know jack about this place but you can get in touch with them at (615) 251-0190. Iron Lung played there and it was really fucking cool, but that's all I know.

RADIO SHOW

The fine learning institution known as Vanderbilt University aka The Harvard of the South was nice enough to let my friend Stephen have a radio show on Sunday nights from Midnight till 2AM. This was actually a big step for Vanderbilt as they are ultra conservative school and who hasn't had a hardcore punk show in quite a few years. We're stoked to be doing this and hopefully within the next few months will get a better time slot. We're not online yet but we've been told that in the next few months we should be so keep your ear to the ground and check us out! If you're in the area and want to listen we're on 91.1 FM, WRVU, from Midnight till 2AM on Sunday nights. We play a wide range of shit from current positive hardcore, Japanese hardcore, European punk/hardcore, old US hardcore, Oi!, and whatever else you want to hear. You name it we play it, and it's the punkest thing you can do on Sunday night for two hours!!!

LABELS

A dude named Tom runs a label called Twitch and he's put out some great local stuff like Asschapel and Lady Cop. He told me recently that he's about to put out a new CD for a band called Turtle Neck and the Sweats. Be on the lookout for those releases and hopefully more in the future. Get in touch with Tom at twitchrecords@hotmail.com

Well I guess that's about it for the time being. Check out our website at http://www.angelfire.com/tn3/thrashville/index.html for the latest going on show wise. Summer's coming and that means tons of touring bands will be coming through so come check out Thrashville and start the pit!!! You can reach me at mattpunk77@hotmail.com, by phone at 615-463-8267 or by mail at 2202 18th Ave South, Nashville Tenn. 37212. Thanx for reading. Now go write your own damn scene report so people will know what's up with your town!!! Matt Walker.

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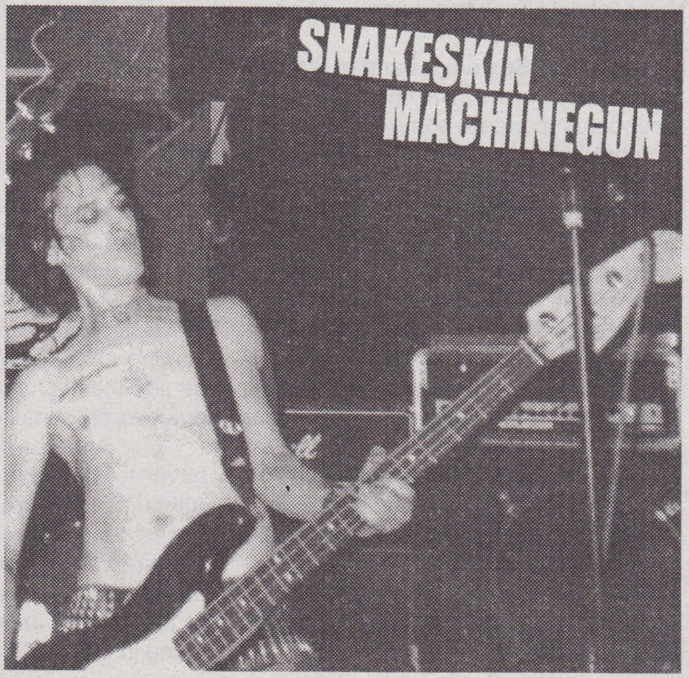

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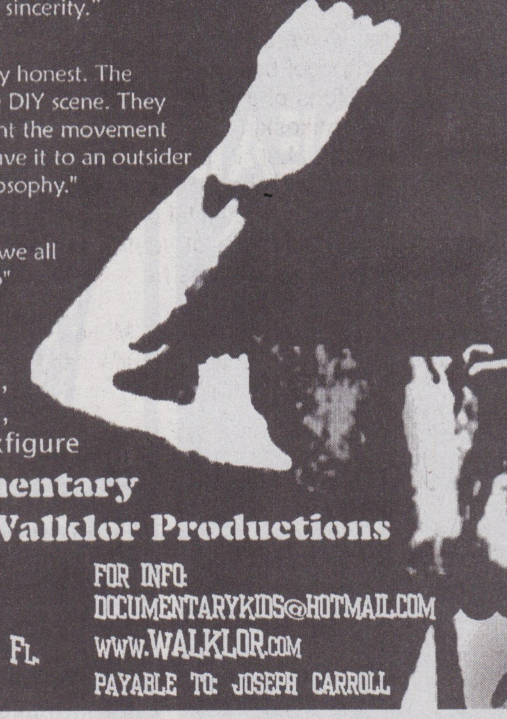

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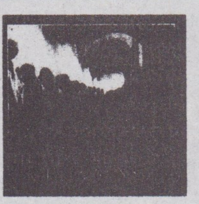

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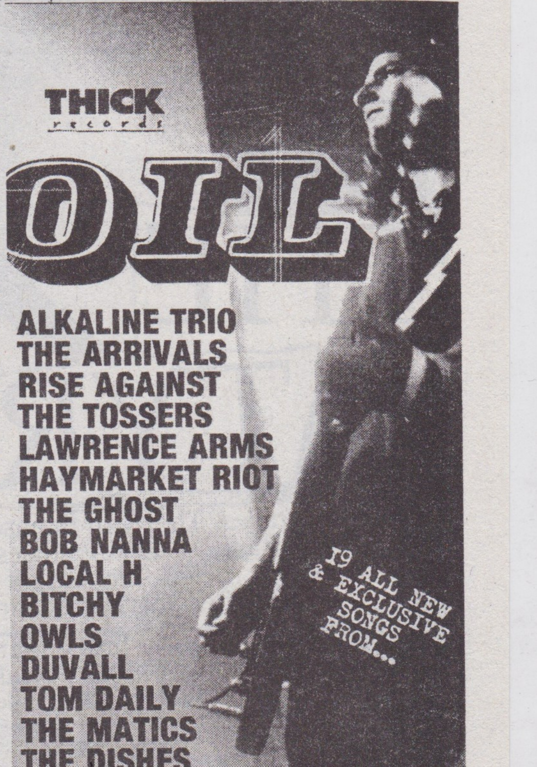
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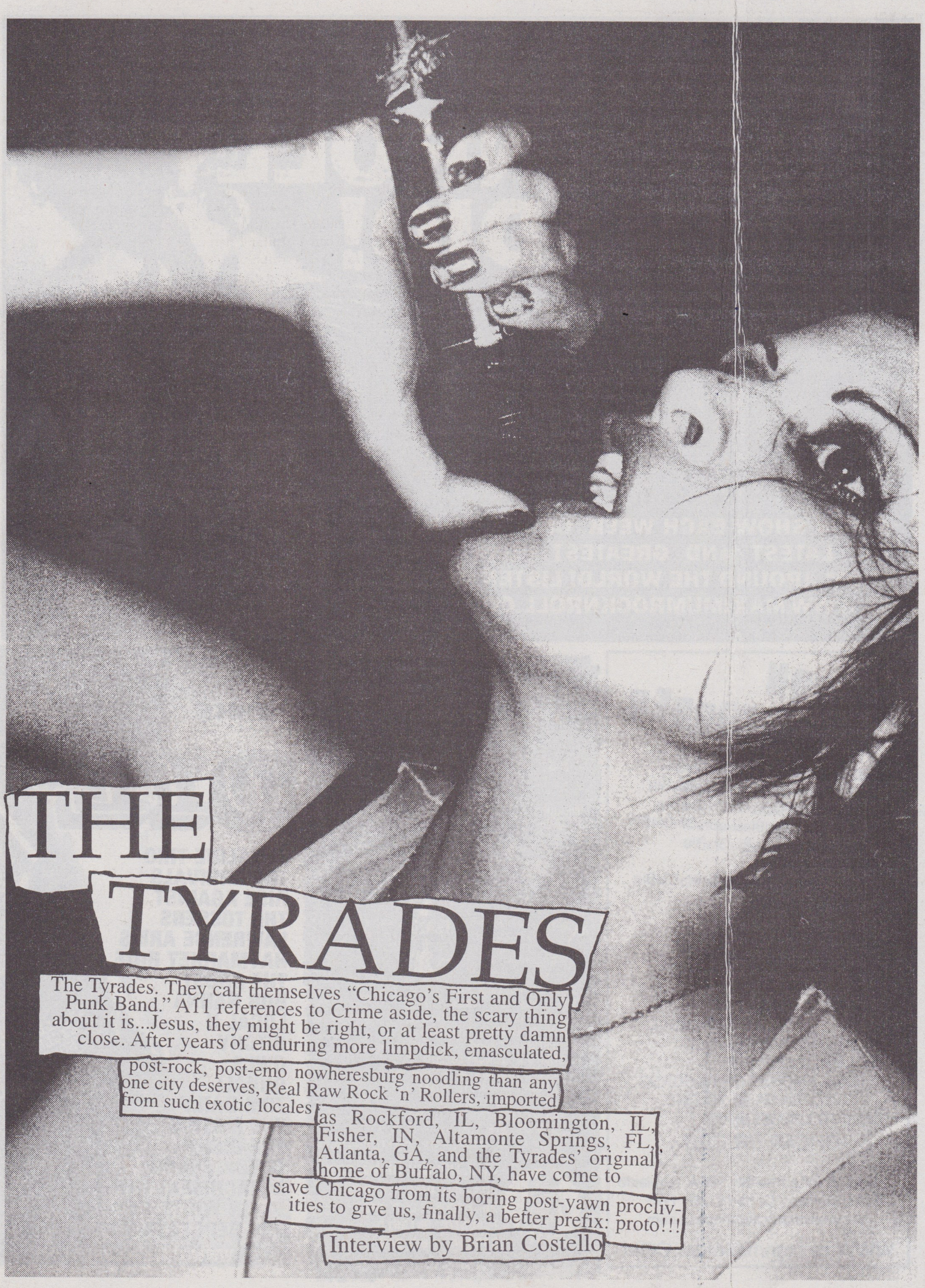

THE TYRADES

The Tyrades. They call themselves "Chicago's First and Only Punk Band." All references to Crime aside, the scary thing about it is...Jesus, they might be right, or at least pretty damn close. After years of enduring more limpdick, emasculated, post-rock, post-emo nowheresburg noodling than any one city deserves, Real Raw Rock 'n' Rollers, imported from such exotic locales as Rockford, IL, Bloomington, IL, Fisher, IN, Altamonte Springs, FL, Atlanta, GA, and the Tyrades' original home of Buffalo, NY, have come to save Chicago from its boring post-yawn proclivities to give us, finally, a better prefix: proto!!!

Interview by Brian Costello

Robert: If you wanna make shit up and attribute it to us, that's cool. Use a thesaurus, too.

Jim: So for all those times I say "shit" and "like," throw in big words…

Frankie: "So what do you think about the Chicago scene?" It's splendid.

MRR: Enchanting…

Frankie: I'm enchanted by how splendid it is. It has a certain *"je ne sais quoi…"* so refreshing.

MRR: So why did you leave Buffalo for Chicago?

Robert: We got signed to a major label?

MRR: Really?

Robert: No. There were some personal issues, and the rest of us just wanted to get out of Buffalo. There was a girl involved.

Jim: My girlfriend got a job here as a flight attendant. So I convinced all my friends to move here, and then two weeks before I moved she dumped me.

MRR: So everybody just followed Jim, then?

Robert: And Jenna got dragged along…

Jenna: The story of my life...

Frankie: And I'm from Atlanta. I just moved up here to play for the Tyrades.

MRR: How do you like living here so far?

Frankie: It's really hot, and it's really fucking expensive, but I like it. (laughter)

MRR: Frankie, did you meet the Tyrades in Atlanta?

Frankie; I met Robert in Atlanta and I agreed to do it before I had even heard them...

Robert: I saw Frankie at a party where this band was playing a Screamers cover, and Frankie was the only person who knew all the lyrics. Then I saw him like a week later.

Frankie: I walk into this bar and this dude in a sharp suit and a fuckin' mustache, yells, "Hey, you're that jerk that likes the Screamers. . ." (laughter)

MRR: What about you, Jenna?

Jenna: I never wanted to be a singer. I never thought it was something I could do, but it just ended up happening...

Robert: A friend of ours met Jenna. Jim and I were messing around getting an idea for a band, and then we were talking about girl singers and how nobody in Buffalo had a girl singer. When I met Jenna, I told her she was going to sing for our band. She didn't believe me, but she actually showed up at practice. Then she was like "Oh shit, they're serious."

Jenna: And the drummer didn't even show up.

Robert: A lot of things with the band are based on crazy aspects, like the instruments we picked out; it's not because they're good instruments, it's just on how crazy they look, and with the members, a lot of that's based on how crazy we are.

MRR: You just played your first show as a Chicago band, and it was really great to see a band really go crazy. Was that the typical Tyrades show, where everybody's that keyed up and lost in the moment?

Jenna: Yes.

MRR: I've lived here five years, and there's been years of just boring-ass shit of both band and audience just standing around with their hands on their collective puds...

Robert: Yeah, we all like bands that go crazy, so we try to go as crazy as we can like all those bands. . .

Frankie: And it's not like a choice. A lot of times I'm able to be a lot more subdued, like when I'm learning the songs and making sure I've got them down tight. Then when we play a show, and we're nervous, and the adrenaline starts, and the song starts...

Robert: Some shows I don't feel like jumping around, but once it starts you just can't shut it off, and nobody's thinking about what they're going to do first, where they're going to jump, where the x's are marked...

Jim: When does the pyro go off…

Robert: Is it a bad idea to throw my bass through the ceiling?

Frankie: If I'm standing here during the bridge will that fuck up your split? Guys, when I light my gong on fire at the end of the set, shield your eyes.

Jim: When you get up there, you have 15 minutes to take out every problem you have, and if I'm pissed off about something, there's this opportunity to go berserk. Whether it's socially OK or not, we might as well take it.

Robert: You should leave people wanting more, because it's boring to see bands unless you completely love them, and even those bands push it. The most any band should play is 30 minutes, and when people yell for another song, don't always play one.

Frankie: I hate long songs, and I hate long sets. ..

MRR: But what if you don't like the audience? Don't you wanna play a longer set?

Jim: We never had that kind of experience yet...

Robert: I don't think we've ever played long. We wouldn't like it either.

Jim: We'd probably get too hurt, or someone would die.

Robert: None of us have health insurance, and Jim was actually saying he wants to get some for the tour, because you don't want to be somewhere new and have to go to the hospital...

Robert: We try not to hurt anybody else.

Jim: Yeah, I just kind of hurt myself...

Robert: I've accidentally hurt other people, but it was just an accident.

MRR: What happened?

Robert: In Buffalo, I knocked a friend of ours out. Sometimes I swing my bass around too much.

Frankie: We tend to stay away from assaulting members of the audience.

Jim: We played with the Von Bondies, and my guitar broke like every show it does, and Jay let me borrow his guitar, and I was like "Here, take this guitar and tune it," behind this little bullshit stage at the Mohawk. And he's back there tuning my guitar and the amp started acting really weird, and I was just getting so frustrated, I kind of forgot that it was his guitar I had, and I started slamming his guitar into my amp repeatedly, and he never really knew about it. He comes out from the back and he's like "Here's your guitar..." and I go "Oh, here's yours..." (laughter)

Robert: I don't pay any attention to anybody else a lot of times. I get so caught up in the moment, that I just don't think about hurting myself or anybody else. You just think about playing, and...

Jim: Having fun.

Robert: Having fun.

MRR: Does that energy instantly kick in with everybody?

Jenna: Yeah, as soon as the first song starts, a light goes off in my head.

Jim: You haven't stomped on me in awhile...

Jenna: Now I stomp on Robert...

Jim: When we first started I'd say to Jenna, "If we're playing and you just wanna punch me in the face, go ahead..."0aughter) "I don't care. Go ahead." So, after saying that, you can't really complain about somebody stepping on your foot.

MRR: How many records have you put out now?

Jim: Three 7"s, and right now, we're writing for a full-length album. . .

Frankie: We're on a Screamers tribute comp. . .we did "Government Love Affair." We also recorded a song for a comp. on a new label, Provel Records, out of St. Louis.

Robert: We have a lot of new material and that is all we play in our set now...we're kind of tired of our old stuff.. .and we wanna change our sound a bit.

MRR: What are you changing about the sound? When you played I noticed a difference, but I thought it might all be equipment trouble.

Jim: Now we can actually play our instruments better, and I had some songs I wasn't sure that we could pull off before, but after the move we started working on them to see if we could do them. I think a lot of thought goes behind the new songs, compared to the old shit.

Frankie: The songs are still short, it's not like we're all like prog-rock now.

Jim; Normally, I'll write the music, but now, it's a little different because Robert's writing the music as well and anyone in the band can write a song if they want to.

Robert: And Jenna and I write the lyrics.

MRR: Are you planning on touring?

Robert: We are setting up a tour right now and we plan on touring as much as possible in the future. We would like to be able to play a club and a house in every city. We'll play whatever we can get.

Jim: If it was financially doable, I'd never play a bar again. We prefer to play all-ages shows.

MRR: Like seeing bands is triple, or something.

Jim: Yeah, like someone can't come in because they're 18, and they want to see you.

Frankie: "You can't line our pockets, because you can't buy booze, so you can't come to the show." I've had to miss so many shows from being younger. Some 15 year old wants to see a band, and it could be a big deal for that kid; but "Sorry you're not old enough. You can't go see this band."

Robert; And a lot of bars suck the energy out of shows. But the Mutiny was fun.

MRR: I've never had a bad time there.

Robert: But there are definitely bars here where everybody stands around, and they're pissed if you knock a bottle off a table, the sound guy gets $150 and the bands get nothing.

Jim; When somebody asks me to do a sound check, I feel like vomiting. What the fuck is a sound check? Our sound check is our first two songs.

MRR: What bands do you like now? Not just in Chicago but in general.

Jim: The Lost Sounds are fuckin' awesome. Piranhas, Spits, Mistreaters, Clone Defects, A-Frames, Le Shok. I think in ten years I'll still listen to these bands and still think they're great.

Frankie: That FM Knives stuff from Sacramento's really really good, and there are some really great bands coming out of Atlanta.

Robert: There are a lot of good bands that are definitely trying to start something in Chicago and they're really into the scene. That's what we wanted when we came here. Putting together shows is interesting...a lot of the shows now have the same kinds of bands playing, but old shows...

MRR: You had no idea what the next band was gonna sound like...

Robert: Yeah, and it's more fun to play with all kinds of different people, and there are a lot more bands…and it's cool when everybody wants to play together.

MRR: Everybody's really been helping each other out.

Jim: A lot of what's been influential with the songwriting is Dangerhouse, the old LA scene, and a lot of the songs I write are influenced by that stuff.

Frankie: Rules hadn't been established as far as what was punk rock and what wasn't.

Robert: All those guys were doing so many different things, and it's like our record collections are diverse too, and we like all that stuff, but we play one style.

Jim: But even an influence you can't do is an influence. Trying to hack out a Suburban Lawns part and the guitar forms something else.

MRR: The comparison's kind of a jump—but the Rolling Stones in the early days were geeked out about obscure R&B recordings, like a lot of bands here are influenced by all those *Killed by Death* comps.

Robert: All that stuff not costing a fortune has been really handy for everybody. It has been a real influence on everybody, and more obscure stuff comes out everyday.

Jim: There's kind of a sense of togetherness.

Robert: I think Chicago could be a really good scene...

MRR: Especially if we kill all the goddamn hipsters. I can't really think of anything else to talk about.

Jim: If any label in the entire world wants to do a record with us, we'll do it.

Robert: We're gonna try to limit the amount of crap we put out, though.

Jim: We have this new thing now that we're only gonna put out good songs...

Robert: Yeah, we're only gonna do good songs from now on.

MRR: Well, good luck with that one.

Frankie: Thank you. We need all the help we can get.

Jim: Also, if anybody wants to do any sort of benefit shit, like a record, a show...

Robert: Yeah, that benefit shit? We'll do it!

Jim: That bullshit benefit charity stuff...

Robert: You got any shit that's for a cause, or some shit like that...

Frankie: Some stupid fucking shit...cause...shit...we'll do it.

Robert: We'll play your fucking shit.

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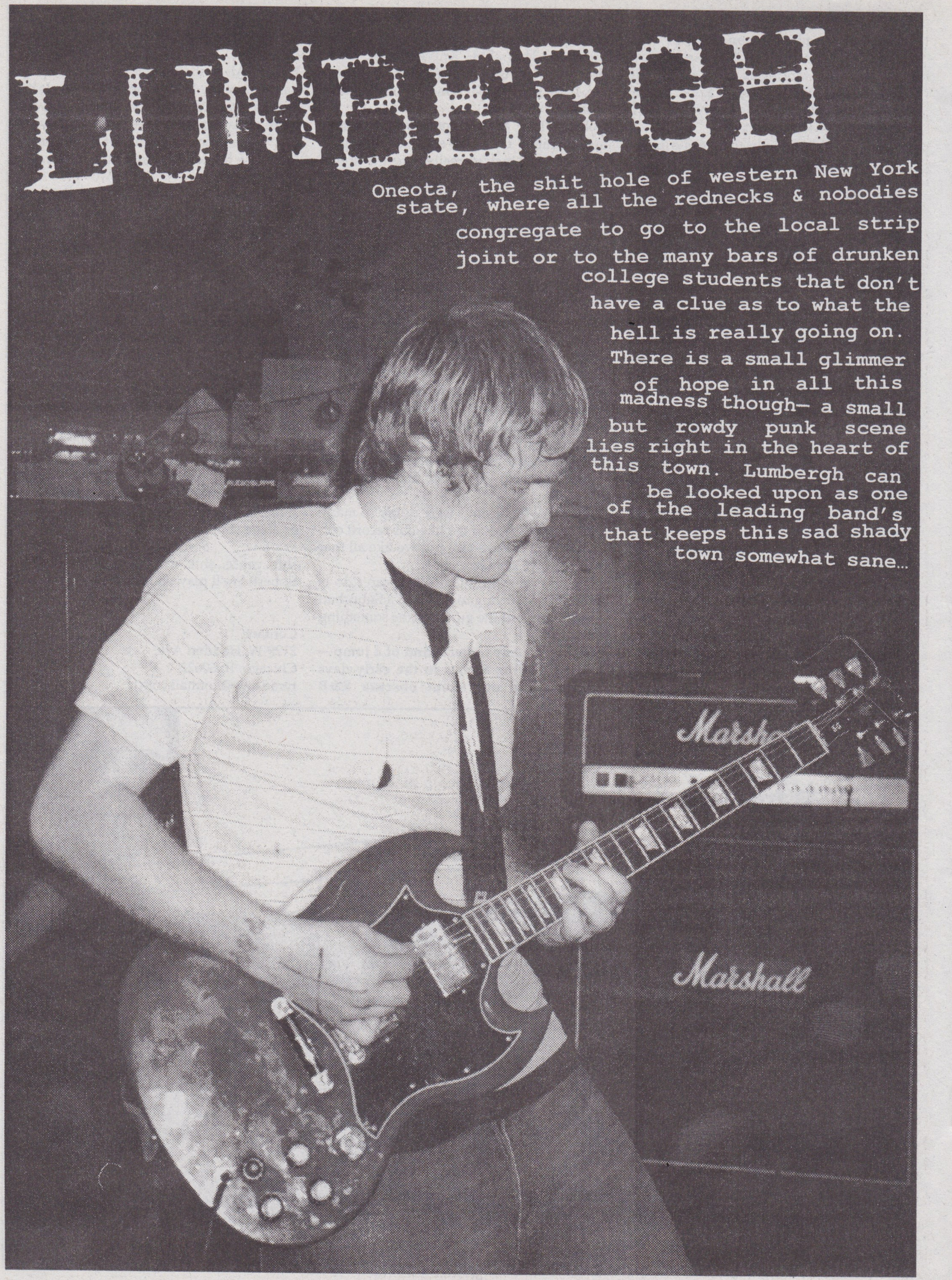
LUMBERGH

Oneota, the shit hole of western New York state, where all the rednecks & nobodies congregate to go to the local strip joint or to the many bars of drunken college students that don't have a clue as to what the hell is really going on. There is a small glimmer of hope in all this madness though— a small but rowdy punk scene lies right in the heart of this town. Lumbergh can be looked upon as one of the leading band's that keeps this sad shady town somewhat sane…



MRR: First, I guess, tell your names, and what you do for the band?

Kevin: I'm Kevin, and I play bass.

Sean: Sean, and I play guitar.

Dan: Uh I'm Dan. I play drums, and I sing kinda.

Chris: Chris, I play the guitar, and sing too.

MRR: Lumbergh has a really different sound compared to other bands out there, what are some of the influences for the band?

Dan: Like the whole band?

MRR: Yeah.

Sean: That's the whole thing, all four of us are into totally different shit, but in the same… we all respect each other's shit.

Dan: We all kind of listen to the stuff that the other people listen to, but not as much. We all kind of listen to the same stuff.

Kevin: Yeah, but then we all have like, what we actually focus on.

Chris: You know, the only reason I came up with the stuff that I did is because the other guys are so good. I would work and work for hours on one little part just to live up to what they were doing. I really don't know who influences me outside of them.

MRR: So what would be your major influences?

Sean: What we sound like, or what we bring out in the music?

MRR: Yeah, what you bring out in the music.

Dan: Each person definitely brings their own parts to the songs. I wouldn't say that anyone dominates.

Sean: That's the good part too, because there was no one songwriter in any song. It was more that one person brought out something to start, and we all built on it.

Sean: Collaborations.

Dan: There was a lot more jamming. Just us fooling around, with the newer stuff especially. I think that's why it came out the way it did. There's more stuff I'm happier with.

Sean: There was a lot more freedom with writing the songs. No one really limited anybody from playing what they felt fit into the song. That's not a problem in the band, which I could see most of the time it could be, especially when you get bigger. But as far as we've gotten, it hasn't been a problem.

Dan: I think in this kind of music, a lot of bands don't take the time to fool around at practice, because you want to get the stuff so tight. But last semester we would fool around more, and stuff came out a lot better, because we had enough freedom.

Kevin: We had enough songs to play a full set, so we didn't have to worry about writing something new. So we got to really experiment. I think this is a good direction for us.

MRR: You guys have been compared to old emo bands from the mid-90s, like Angelhair, Portraits of Past, and Assfactor 4. How do you feel about these comparisons?

Dan: I mean, I love Portraits of Past, but we didn't do anything to sound like any of those bands.

Kevin: No, we purposefully tried to go in a direction not like that. Some of it ended up like that, just because some of our pieces are kind of weird.

Dan: It's definitely nice though, to be compared to bands like that. We didn't try to do anything, and I don't think we're nearly as good as any of those bands.

MRR: This town is so small, is it hard for the punk scene to thrive?

Chris: It would seem so, there are all the people that are all about going to shows that are anywhere but here. I don't want them at our shows anyways, with their crossed arms. There is a whole bunch of people in Oneonta that I love to see there when we play and that's the best.

MRR: Just from talking to you guys, I sense that there are some frustrations with all the laziness in the punk rock/hardcore genre.

Chris: Oh yes.

Kevin: Yeah, it's kinda hard, especially here. You put so much work into it, and try and do anything and look for a response, because there are people out there that are into whatever, but they're not into exploring anything new.

Dan: It's just kind of a pain when you set up a show, and do all this stuff, and people just don't care, or bother to come. Or to even look at the flyer when it's in their hand. Asking what time the show starts, when it's right on the flyer in front of them. They don't understand that the only thing that's keeping any of this music alive is people that work at it. You don't get anything out of it, except the satisfaction that you're doing it, and that it makes you happy.

MRR: You've put out both of your own records, is this partly why? You wanted to get more involved?

Kevin: Yeah, I know I wanted to start a label anyway. With my own band it I could experiment.

Dan: Yeah, if you fuck it up, then it's fine. It's your friends.

Sean: And we had free recording time, and we just wanted to get the stuff out there. You gotta have something. And we didn't want just a CD-R.

Dan: I've always wanted to be on a 7". I'm satisfied with that. And I figured that if no one else wanted to do it…

MRR: What are the labels called, and do you have any plans for the future with them?

Kevin: Chuck Up Records. I'd like to be able to put out more stuff, but I'm waiting for the right band to work with. Right now I'm trying to trade as much as possible, so get in touch if you're interested.

Dan: My label's called Bonus Choke. I have had numerous plans, but nothing's really worked out. I want to put something out this summer or next fall.

MRR: I know that you guys have some new material, and that you wanted to put it on another record. Did you want to do that on your own again?

Dan: No.

Kevin: Preferably not. It would be cool to have the money to do it, but we really don't.

Dan: We have like five new songs. We're going to record them very soon.

Chris: I think the new songs are the best ones we've done, and I've been dying to hear them on record, dying!!

MRR: Are you guys planning any tours for this summer or sometime this year?

Chris: Maybe if we can figure something out. We're all completely involved in other bands, too, so if something happens it'll take some finagling.

Sean: Right now we're kind of on hiatus because Chris is at home making money, putting a damper on shows.

Kevin: If we got offered a show, we'd play.

Dan: Yeah, we're all in other bands too, and have other stuff going on with our lives. I wanted to tour this past winter, but it didn't really happen.

MRR: Any last words?

Kevin: We want to trade. Contact us if you're interested. Both records are 7"s. One solo 7", and one split with The Plague from Pennsylvania. You can email us. Get in touch.

Sean: Nowadays, as far as punk rock is considered, there are so many types, it's really vast now. Don't limit yourselves to one type of thing. There's no bad type of music anywhere.

Dan: Everyone should own the Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young album "Deja Vu," and everything will be fine.

Chris: "Why does it say 'paper jam,' when there is no paper jam?"

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THE STAND BY ME

Interview by Takashi Hattori

Translated to English by Takatsugu Suzuki

Hasebe (vocals), Akimoto (bass), Narita (drums).

MRR: First, please tell me your age.

Hasebe: I'm 28.

Narita: Akimoto and I are 27. We were high school classmates.

MRR: What are your musical roots?

Hasebe: Our band's roots are punk.

Narita: For example, the Jam.

MRR: When did you begin to listening to punk?

Hasebe: I was about 25. Until then, I listened to old type rock, such as Led Zeppelin and Jimi Hendrix. The Sex Pistols and the Clash were one of those bands to me, but then I began to become absorbed in punk. When I started this band, however, the other two had already been listening to punk.

MRR: Did punk become the main influence on your band after that?

Narita: Yes, but I've been listening to standard rock like the Rolling Stones lately.

MRR: How did the three of you come together?

Hasebe: The three of us are from Tochigi, about one hundred kilometers north of Tokyo. In our hometown, my band often played live shows with the other two members' bands. We became acquaintances that way.

MRR: When was that?

Narita: About four years ago. In those days, a band like Snuff influenced my band.

Hasebe: My band was the rock and roll band of Japanese words. I had intended to go to Tokyo with that band. However, all the members were opposed to the idea. The band was not a serious thing to them. It was troublesome to me though, because I was ready to go to Tokyo. Then Akimoto and I started to play together, and he said, "Let's go to Tokyo together." We broke up our other bands, we got together with Narita, and we started the Stand By Me.

MRR: I think your band name is unusual.

Hasebe: I like that movie that River Phoenix appears in very much. When I was beginning to give up on going to Tokyo, they decided to join this band. I felt a strong friendship with my bandmates, because the beginning of this band was too dramatic. I don't like it when people try to guess the genre of a band based on the name.

MRR: Then you came to Tokyo.

Narita: I was a bank clerk while we played shows in our hometown for the first year.

Hasebe: I thought if we went to Tokyo, we could make it, because the audience's reaction to us was good in our hometown.

MRR: What kind of shows have you been playing since you came to Tokyo?

Hasebe: We handed out demo tapes to live houses and asked them to let us play there. The first live performance in Tokyo was booked at a live house, but the audience hardly responded. That made us understand the reality of our situation and we have come to take our band activities seriously. Since then, we have played live shows wherever other bands and live houses have invited us to. While playing these shows, we got acquainted with 1977 Records about a year and a half ago.

MRR: Have you bought many records since you have been in Tokyo?

Akimoto: It was culture shock to me to see rare punk records that I have only seen in books, were sold in shops here.

Hasebe: The only 70s punk records sold in my hometown were the Sex Pistols, the Clash, and the Damned. We couldn't get even Boys. This situation in Tokyo has made me listen only to punk. And I actually knew there were great punk bands in B or C class, even though they are not always great for their age.

MRR: Did it influence the sound you play?

Hasebe: Yes.

Narita: At first, we played more of a garage sound, wearing suits on stage.

Hasebe: Before we came to Tokyo, I had been singing in Japanese. But I began to sing in English, because I thought I couldn't play rock and roll in Japanese anymore.

MRR: Is Hasebe the main songwriter?

Hasebe: I write about eighty percent of the songs, while Akimoto writes twenty percent of them. In the studio, we made up the songs together.

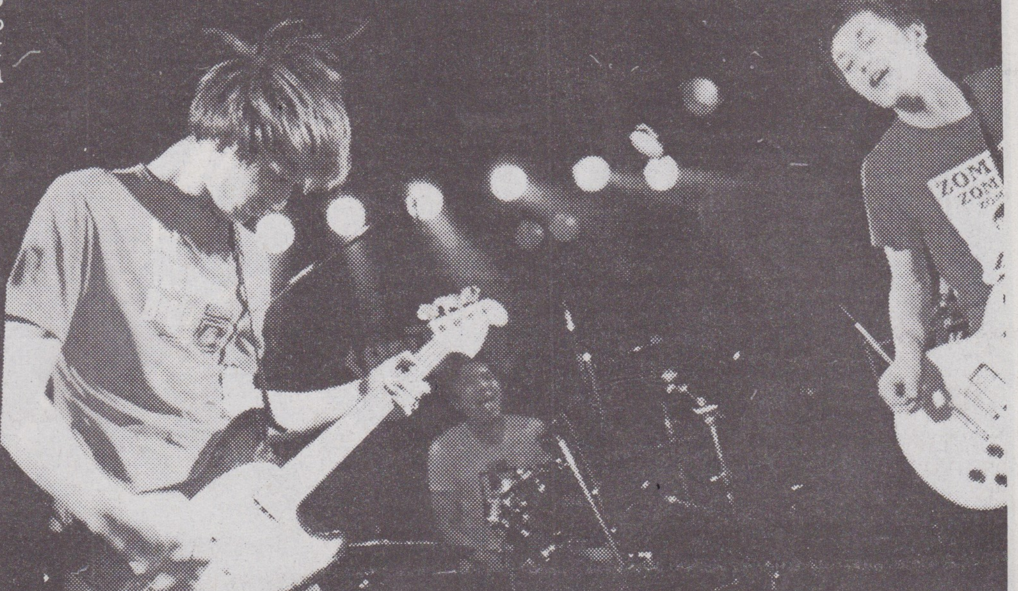
MRR: Do you have a way you write songs?

Narita: We get rid of the songs that don't fit us. We won't play songs that we don't enjoy playing.

Hasebe: Even if a song has a good melody, we won't play the song if we can't enjoy it. In fact, the songs that don't make us feel good, won't attract an audience.

MRR: Your performance has a strong rock and roll influence rather than punk, doesn't it?

Hasebe: Yes, I like rock music as a whole. At first, we were conscious of sounding like 70s punk because we wanted to join the scene in Tokyo. But while we were playing shows, I thought it was absurd to adapt ourselves to our surroundings. Though we're often



said to be playing "power pop," we think of ourselves simply as a rock and roll band.

MRR: Your live performance is impressive. You're playing with all your passion. Is that your hitch?

Hasebe: Yes. I want to feel all the pleasant sensations that rock music has to offer. I want to feel all the things that we feel when we listen to Eddie and the Hot Rods and Dr. Feelgood in my band. I have such an ideal, so I sometimes feel a dilemma when they don't come across in live performances or while writing songs.

MRR: What is your ideal image of the band?

Hasebe: My ideal image is Boys' first album. I want to be such an energetic band. I think there are few rock and roll bands in Tokyo for that.

MRR: A genre subdivided into 70s punk or power pop.

Hasebe: I think of rock and punk as the same, but the bands in Tokyo regard rock and punk as different things.

Akimoto: The three of us like an energetic band. So even if a melody of a song is very good, we can't approve it if the performance isn't driving.

MRR: But because you release a record on 1977 Records, which reissues 70s punk and power pop, you're inevitably regarded as such.

Hasebe: It's not bad to upset such images. Our sound remains the same regardless of the label that we release records on.

MRR: The single *In My Car* on 1977 records is your only release at present. How was the recording?

Narita: We were stiff and ill at ease, which came through in the sound of the record.

Hasebe: Even though everything was arranged for the recording, we couldn't play well for our little experience. We wanted to pack the record with the atmosphere of the live show, but we couldn't pull it off.

MRR: You're recording an album now.

Hasebe: Yes.

MRR: What kind of album will it be?

Narita: There will be ten songs on the record.

Hasebe: I think it will be a pure rock and roll album.

MRR: Is the situation of this recording different from your last recording of the single?

Narita: We're not so tense, we're playing freer and easier. So, the performance is more energetic this time.

MRR: When will the album be released?

Narita: We aim to release the album within the year.

MRR: Then, what is your goal in the future?

Akimoto: We want to improve ourselves as a band, making things simpler.

Hasebe: I think we're still playing an unnecessary sound. I want to play the sound that has only the skin and bones of the rock. I want to seek the essence of the rock that we feel from bands like Boys, Dr. Feelgood and Eddie and the Hot Rods.

MRR: Do you have plans to go overseas?

Hasebe: We will go, if someone offers.

Akimoto: But before that, we want to do our best in Japan.

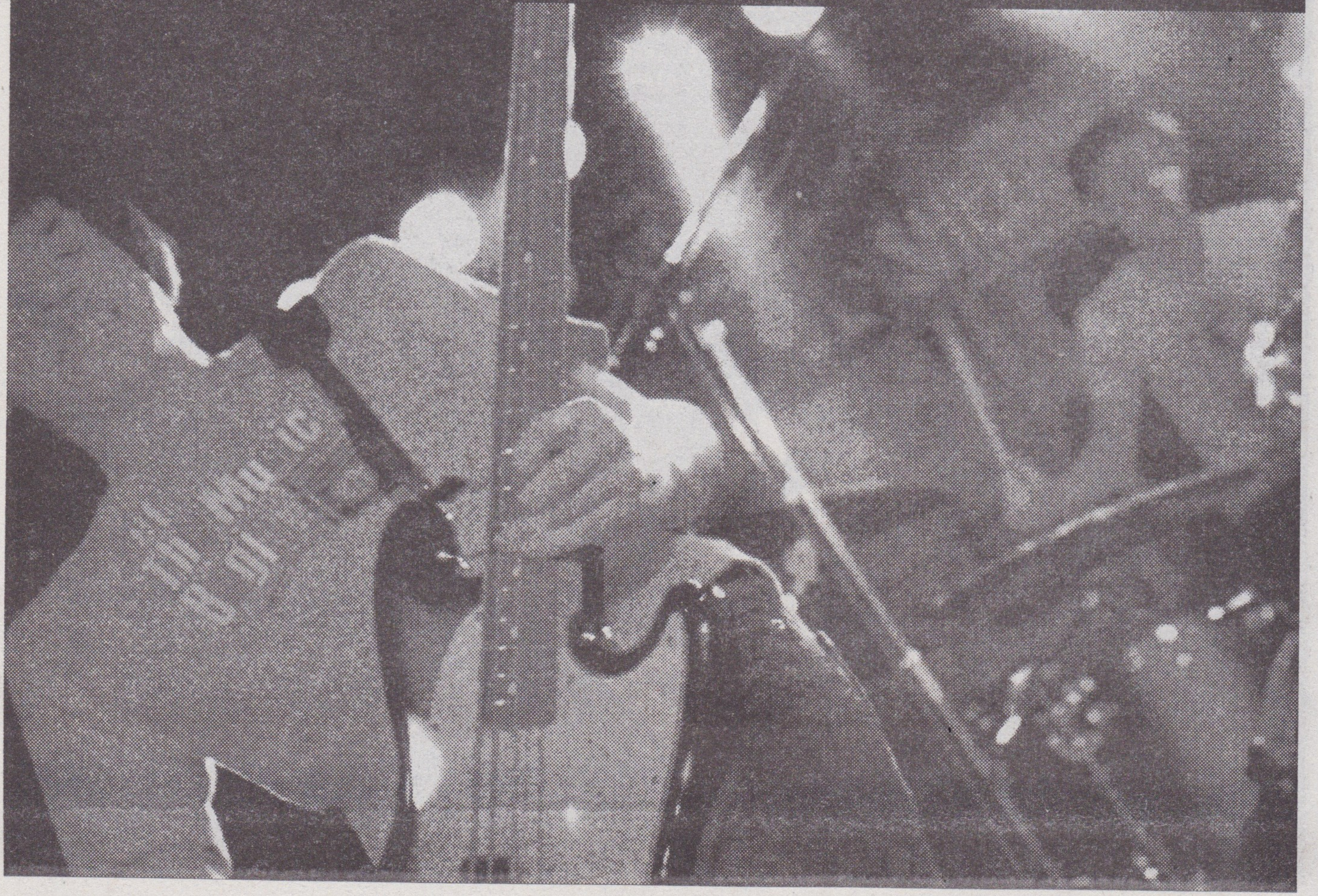
MRR: Finally, please give a message to the readers of Maximum Rock'NRoll.

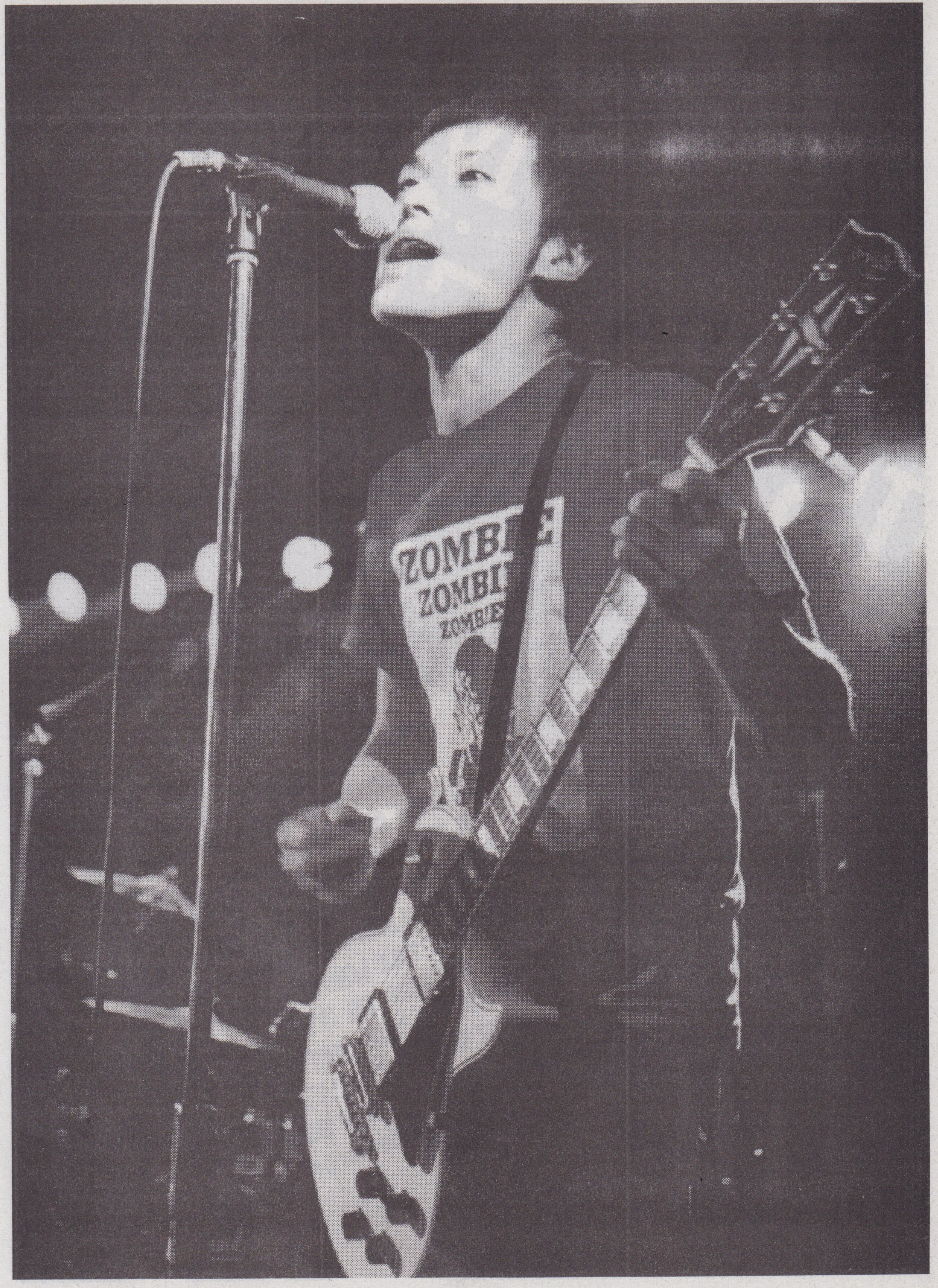
Hasebe: We are Japanese Real Kids. Please listen to us if you're a fan of the Real Kids.

Narita: I want to take rock back to this time period.

Akimoto: Thank you very much for giving us a chance to do this interview.

info@1977records.com, http://www.1977records.com

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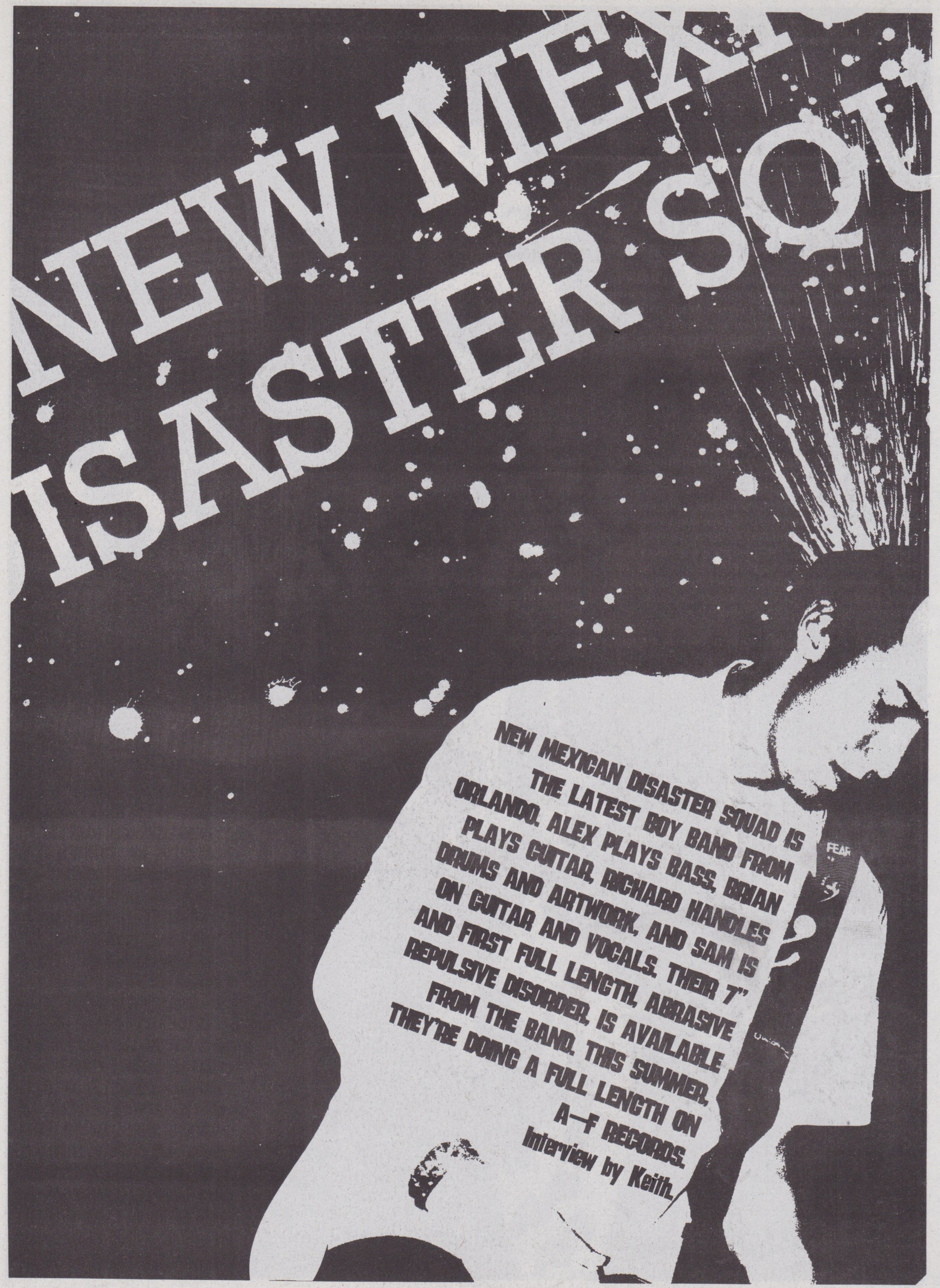

NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD IS THE LATEST BOY BAND FROM ORLANDO. ALEX PLAYS BASS, BRIAN PLAYS GUITAR, RICHARD HANDLES DRUMS AND ARTWORK, AND SAM IS ON GUITAR AND VOCALS. THEIR 7" AND FIRST FULL LENGTH, ABRASIVE REPULSIVE DISORDER, IS AVAILABLE FROM THE BAND. THIS SUMMER, THEY'RE DOING A FULL LENGTH ON A—F RECORDS.

Interview by Keith.

Disney and boy bands... who else cares about Orlando?

MRR: So, what's the weirdest thing Brian's ever eaten?

Brian: The weirdest thing I've ever eaten?

Alex: At the hospital, he ate my spit!

Sam: It would be weirder if he ate soup.

Brian: You're right. I won't eat soup.

MRR: Did you have some sort of "soup trauma" as a kid?

Brian: No, I'm just keeping the streak going.

Alex: For a while you wouldn't chew gum, because you bit your tongue really hard.

Brian: I bit the inside of my mouth like five times in one week, and I thought I'd given myself cancer.

Richard: I saw Brian eat french fries out of a trash-can.

Brian: Well, they were still warm. I'm not picky about what I eat, as long as it's not soup.

MRR: Out of the trash can?

Sam: I agree, if they're still warm.

Alex: What if they were still warm because they were hidden in someone's anal cavity for six weeks?

Brian: They smelled like french fries.

Richard: Maybe they had french fry butt.

MRR: You recently got kicked out of your warehouse practice space. How did you get in?

Sam: Well, the warehouse we used to practice in, didn't really allow bands. I heard that another guy in a band said he was a carpet cleaner and that he needed a space with electricity. So I said that I have this passion for woodworking.

MRR: Why did you get kicked out?

Sam: I don't know, all those payments we skipped? (Sam gets up to use the bathroom).

MRR: Hit the fan! Anything nasty you want to say about Sam while he's gone?

Brian: He pees forever!

Alex: It's like 30 minutes.

Richard: He shit his pants a few months ago.

MRR: Hey Sam's back! Act like you like him!

All: Hey!

Richard: We didn't tell him that you pooped your pants recently.

MRR: What did you eat?

Sam: I hadn't eaten beforehand. I just went to fart, and I got surprised. I was in a home brewery store. I was checking out the grain socks.

MRR: What the hell is a grain sock?

Sam: You know, I'm really not sure. Something about dipping grain in water to make beer.

Brian: But it has nothing to do with feet.

MRR: When did you guys start?

Richard: Well, we've known each other for a really long time.

Sam: My cousin lives a block away from Richard's parents' house.

Richard: I hated Sam. Andy was my best friend and Sam is his cousin, so he'd come over every now and then. I used to call him "Small Balls Sam." I made him cry once! Sam called me "Richard the Wuss."

Sam: It didn't have the same effect.

MRR: Why did you hate him?

Richard: Just one of those weird little kid things. You know, Sam's from the other part of town. Kind of like Springfield and…

Sam: Shelbyville.

MRR: Tell me about that fight you guys got in at Godzilla.

Sam: We were both a good 30-40 pounds fatter.

Alex: Can we talk about how we all used to be fat except for Brian, who's freakishly tall?

Brian: I'm fat lengthwise.

Richard: We were the only people in the theater and I had the urgency to run up and down the aisles. Every time I ran by, I smacked Sam in the head. I couldn't understand why he was getting so mad, I guess because he was with his date. So then we went to the bathroom and Sam put me in a headlock.

Sam: Then Richard threw me against the wall.

Richard: We were pretty much choking on our own fat.

Sam: Five minutes later, we were like "I'm sorry."

MRR: Do you guys have a New Mexican Disaster Squad diet plan?

Richard: Sam went on the Atkins Diet. He lost a tremendous amount of weight, but it fucked his stomach up. Didn't you almost have to get a colostomy bag?

Brian: He almost died.

Sam: They threatened me with a colostomy bag. I got Irritable Bowel Syndrome. No one really knows where it comes from, but I hear it can come from excessive milk drinking. I lost thirty pounds in four months.

Richard: It's really bad for you.

Sam: Basically, they gave me a colonoscopy. They stuck a camera up my ass and they took it all the way up to my…

Brian: Throat.

Sam: Appendix, to do a couple of biopsies on some possibly pre-cancerous polyps. But they weren't pre-cancerous, just polyps. So I took enemas every day for six weeks.

Alex: And he drank so much milk, that *I* became lactose intolerant.

Richard: Remember when we were at the Gainesville Fest?

Sam: Yeah, yeah. I had to sit out in the van and lay there for half an hour on my side while I pumped this milky white medicine enema into my fucking mudslide. It was Alex's first show ever with us.

MRR: How was that experience?

Alex: A little weird. I barely knew these guys at all.

MRR: You guys have sort of a tradition each Halloween?

Alex: We were the Bad Brains one year. We had the dreds and stuff. That was fun.

Richard: I'd have to say Minor Threat was my favorite. Kids were going off for once, which is very rare in Orlando. It's pretty bad that we had to cover a band for them to go off, but nonetheless it felt good.

Alex: There's really no all-ages venue for kids to go to anyway.

Sam: The occasional one comes along.

Richard: Shows at Will's Pub are really good. It's the best place to play here.

Sam: Yeah, they're actually kind of keeping the scene alive.

Alex: There are some good local bands, too.

MRR: Go ahead and drop some names.

Richard: Resident Weirdo is my favorite.

Brian: The Hot Six, Railsplitter.

Sam: My Hotel Year.

Alex: Places to Park.

MRR: Do you go downtown much?

Richard: I used to go a lot more.

Alex: Well, the three of us aren't really "bar guys." (Everyone looks at Sam)

Sam: What? I'm not a "bar guy" either!

MRR: Did you hear about how this guy who started all the boy bands?

Sam: Lou Perlman?

MRR: His plan for revitalizing downtown Orlando was to build a recording studio/TV studio, a boy band "factory." Do you think that's all we're known for?

Sam: Disney and boy bands. Everything they see on TV. Otherwise, who else cares about Orlando?

Richard: It just makes it that much easier for us to look away for influences. It's easier to turn your head.

MRR: Worst show ever?

Alex: What about that show in South Carolina, when we played without a PA to people watching Sex in the City? That might take the cake.

Brian: That might have been the worst show ever.

Richard: Some bad ones turn into great memories though. In Tuckerton, New Jersey we get to the show and outside of the building is a cardboard sign that says "Dance." Inside there were a mix of parents, grandparents and thirteen year-old girls.

MRR: Was this the one with the bad Green Day covers?

Richard: Yeah, Nirvana and stuff.

Brian: It was all just high school type bands. These kids' first bands.

Richard: So we had to film it immediately. It was really fun. When we played, we told all the kids to come up front, and they all were jumping around. We got a really bad vibe from the parents.

Richard: I just remember getting dirty looks.

Alex: We played with full stacks. That was funny.

Sam: The parents paid for a ton of merch. We cleaned up. Signed autographs.

Alex: I felt retarded.

MRR: So what's up with A-F Records?

Alex: Yeah, we signed to A-F recently. We're totally stoked. We're doing a new record for them this summer, and things seem to be going well. They're awesome dudes.

Richard: We see some really fun things coming up in the future.

Brian: Yeah, lots of touring and whatnot.

MRR: When you go up north, do you notice yourselves speaking slower than the northerners, the "yankees?"

Sam: Definitely speaking dumber.

Richard: Yeah.

Sam: We say bad words a lot more, we use too much slang, and we have awful manners.

MRR: But the south is known for manners.

Sam: It's also known for dirty rednecks. *Dirty Souuuuth!*

NMDS77@hotmail.com, www.newmexicandisastersquad.com, www.a-frecords.com

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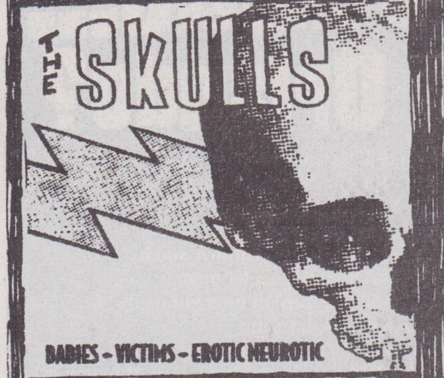

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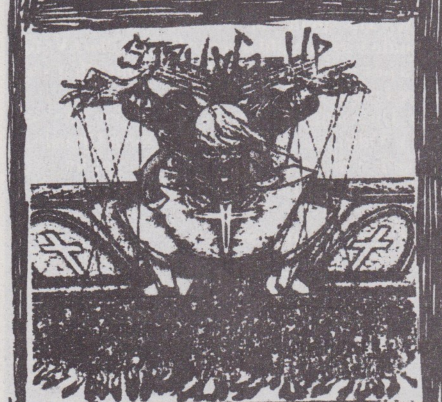

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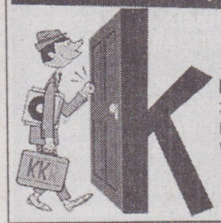

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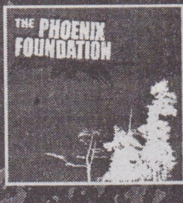

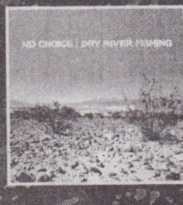

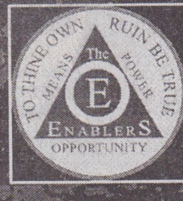

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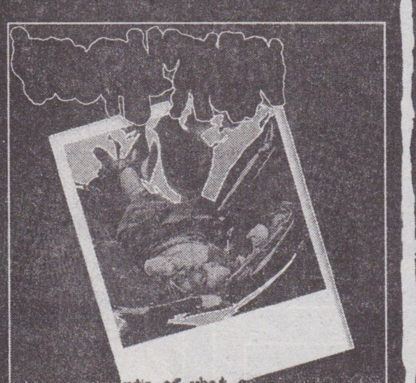

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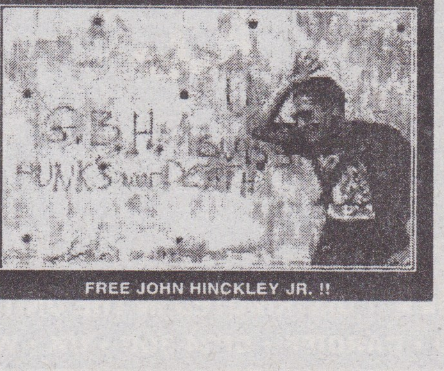

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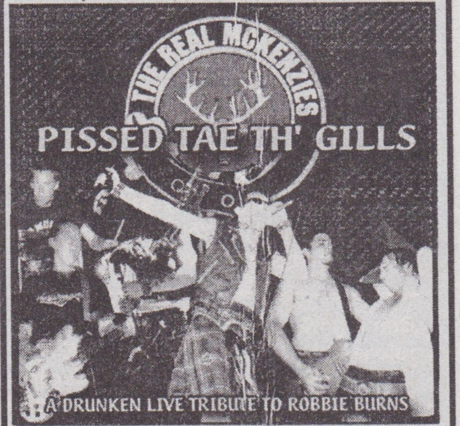

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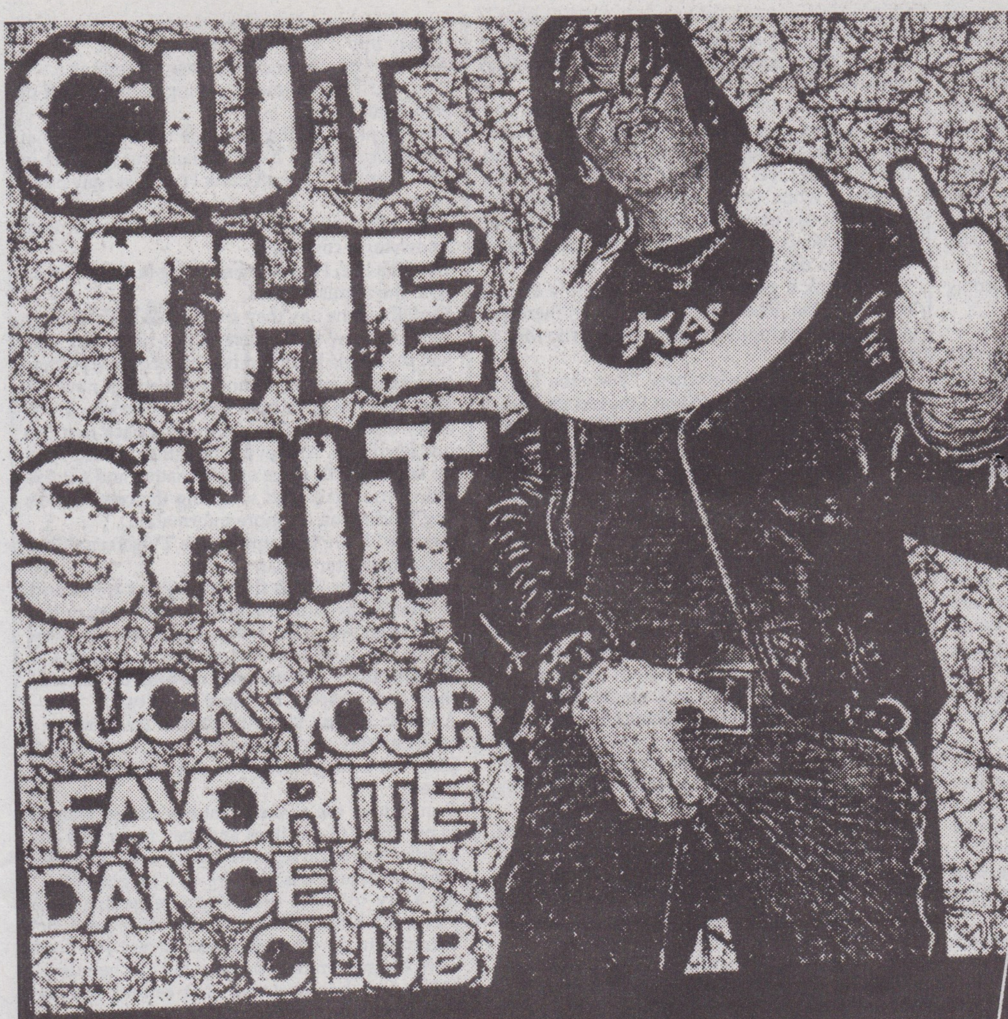

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MRR: I started seeing your stickers around, it seems, long before you started playing out. I think the first time I saw the sticker was in the bathroom at Burrito Max [restaurant in Boston's Kenmore Square]. (everyone laughs) Did the band actually exist more as a concept before there was an actual band?

Tom: No. That's Paul being in art school.

Paul: Yeah, exactly.

Tom: We had started practicing at that point but I think Paul went a little crazy with them. He likes doing a lot of design. He does all the design for our records. He had a vision and he made the stickers up and, wherever he went, he had them and I was guilty, too. All of us. We went down to New York once and we plastered the Lower East Side.

MRR: I was taking a piss in the bathroom in Burrito Max and I see the sticker over the toilet and go, "Cut The Shit. Who is this band?"

Andrew: That was great. Before we even played, we had all these kids pissed off on all these internet message boards.

Tom: Yeah. It was such a big joke because we were, like, let's see what attention we can get with the stickers.

MRR: I remember Gary from the Dicks told me, when I interviewed him, that they made up flyers for Dicks shows that didn't exist and the band didn't really exist, except in his mind, but he eventually put the band together. I was thinking it was a situation like that.

Paul: Yeah, same as the Sex Pistols, even. They had flyers up on public transportation. You'd see "The Queen Is Dead" logos, again, friendship and boredom. Nothing to do. I designed these stickers and it was weird, like Andrew's saying, everybody took it to heart. Everyone assumed the stickers were attacking them. It was just a joke, a good time. We weren't trying to single people out.

MRR: What happened to Cops and Robbers, Tom?

Tom: Like Paul was saying, everyone has to be friends in a band. Anyone that knew any of us or looked at us knew we were completely different people. I was a straight-edge person, Micah was the singer/songwriter, folksinger, Jaye is the partier and Josh had his own thing (laughter). They're all nice dudes. I like all of them. I was good friends with them but I think, after awhile, we definitely got on each other's nerves. When we were on the road with Last in Line, it was cool to hang out but once we started doing things by ourselves, we were not really getting along too well. Everyone kind of wanted to take a break and was definitely for it. I wanted to come back to it but I don't see us ever playing again, really. We might do a reunion show, but who knows? I still look fondly back on the band.

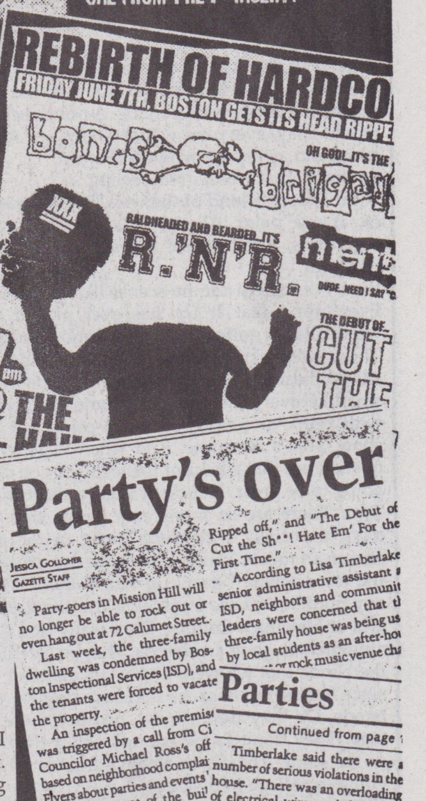
MRR: This one's for Andrew. You also sing for Bones Brigade, as I mentioned. Does this band provide a different outlet for you than Bones Brigade?

Andrew: Yeah. I think Cut The Shit is more of a reflection of the type of music that I listen to. Paul and I work on writing songs together, a lot. Blake [Bones Brigade's guitarist] has a lot of different influences. I think he's an amazing songwriter and I love playing all his songs but they're very different. That's always been about having fun and goofing around with my friends and this is more driven by angst.

Paul: More personal.

Andrew: Yeah. It's easier for me to get pissed in songs about how things aren't working out than about skateboarding with my friends.

MRR: Does Blake write the lyrics in that band?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Party's over

Jessica Gollower
Gazette Staff

Party-goers in Mission Hill will no longer be able to rock out or even hang out at 72 Calumet Street.

Last week, the three-family dwelling was condemned by Boston Inspectional Services (ISD), and the tenants were forced to vacate the property.

An inspection of the premis
was triggered by a call from Ci
Councilor Michael Ross's off
based on neighborhood complai
Flyers about parties and events
in the basement of the bui
were the catalyst for the call.

Flyers posted around the
borhood read, "The Rebi
Hardcore! Boston Gets it

Ripped off," and "The Debut of Cut the Sh**! Hate Em' For the First Time."

According to Lisa Timberlake
senior administrative assistant
ISD, neighbors and communi
leaders were concerned that t
three-family house was being us
by local students as an after-ho
by local students as an after-ho

Parties

Continued from page

Timberlake said there were a number of serious violations in the house. "There was an overloading of electrical wires and they stole electricity," she alleged. "There was a problem with the gas meter, and there was a danger of an explosion."

She also said that there was an open gas and sewer line in the basement. The people throwing the parties apparently knew this because signs were posted saying, "Don't smoke or we will blow."

Because Mission Hill is

Andrew: We co-wrote a lot of them.

MRR: One of your songs is called "Burn the Dance Clubs." Considering there was that tragic fire at the Station in Rhode Island [where almost 100 people got killed at a Great White show], are you going to retire it?

Erick: Oh, shoot, I never even thought about that.

Paul: I think we'll have to explain it a little more. I don't think we're going to stop playing it.

Erick: That wasn't a dance club, it was a rock club. It wasn't a rave night or whatever.

Paul: You can say we don't endorse the burning of people... simply the venue (laughter).

Tom: Very good call.

MRR: It seems as though those places survive and prosper while there's no place for all-ages punk and hardcore shows here in Boston. It's an ongoing problem.

Paul: I think it always will be, unfortunately.

MRR: Any thoughts about the local Boston scene, lately? Venues are definitely a problem.

Paul: It's unfortunate for every scene. It's always one or the other. There are lots of scenes that will have tons of clubs and then not a single good opening band. I think there are tons of great bands coming out of Boston right now and there's not a single place for any one of them to play. It's so unfortunate. I wish we could balance it out in some way. In Jersey, right now, there aren't too many bands but there are a couple of places to play. Too bad we can't shift bands and venues.

Tom: It seems like there's always at least a couple of places that have been staples, like the Rat, since I've started going to shows. But it seems like Boston doesn't have a stable place that's all ages, even a hall that could be rented out often.

MRR: Yeah. We had the Berwick Institute [a large basement space in Roxbury] for awhile, but even that dried up.

Erick: Regeneration was a glimmer of hope [all-ages DIY space that opened and closed within a few weeks].

Tom: Yeah, I was so psyched. The first few shows there, it got back to everyone going to the shows regardless of who was playing. A punk rock band would play, everyone would show up. A hardcore band, everyone would show up.

Andrew: That was a great feeling.

Tom: That was kind of the way The Rat was, sort of, at one point. All the kids would show up, regardless, just because it was a cool place to hang out.

Paul: I definitely admire scenes like Minneapolis. Every time Tear It Up has ever played there, we've always gotten such an enormous response. There were kids with mohawks, kids with shaved heads, youth crew kids would be there. It was like every kid who was remotely involved with punk or hardcore would come out for a show. That's awesome. And when Regeneration opened up, that's kind of the feeling I got. This is going to be great. It sucks it was so short-lived.

Tom: There are so many new punk kids these days, especially with punk being in the mainstream so much. You go out to the suburbs, even the town where I grew up where there weren't any punk kids, I see punk kids littering the malls and at Newbury Comics. They really don't have anywhere to go or any bands. They're listening to the bands that we were into years ago and have since broken up because there are no new punk bands. Or they don't know, because there's no club. They don't know enough about the bands or the scene. They have to have friends who are going to college in the city.

MRR: A few minutes ago, you were talking about how the lyrics in this band are more personal and angst-ridden. A lot of the songs do seem to deal with boredom, loneliness, life's frustrations. So, is life really that bad?

Paul: Yeah, kind of. I think it has a lot to do with when I was moving up here. I didn't really know many people. I spent a lot of time just sitting around in my room. This is my way of working out what I feel.

Andrew: It's a lot easier for me to sit down and write a song about when I'm feeling frustrated. When I'm feeling psyched and content and happy, I don't feel like I need to work things out. Whereas, when things aren't working out, it's very obvious I need to do something. It's kind of like a catharsis for me to put it on paper. Figure out how to deal with it.

Tom: I think it gets back to Boston. How there's nothing to do. Everything closes early; there are no more places for us to hang out. Burrito Max is it.

Paul: Yeah, and that's where "Burn the Dance Clubs" came from, too. When I moved up here, I met people, or at least the kids who go to my school [School of Museum of Fine Arts], which I'm not saying are real punk or hardcore kids. They'd be like, "oh, come to the dance club and we'll have a good time. It's punk and hardcore night." I'm just 100% not interested in that at all. I'd rather just sit around in my room. We've gotten a little bit of an attack about that. There was a kid who wrote a whole article in his zine about how he's been to dance clubs and he doesn't feel it's necessary to write songs against them. They can co-exist with hardcore and not have any sort of burden against them but, under that logic, why write a song about anything? There are lots of things that are mildly OK, in my opinion, that don't necessarily piss me off completely but you've got to write a song about something (laughter).

MRR: Speaking of being frustrated in Boston, there's a song that deals specifically with that, "The Party's Over." I get the distinct impression you're not much of a fan of Mayor [Tom] Menino, who's a popular mayor with some people.

Tom: Yeah, that got written right after our first show. Our debut show got shut down.

MRR: Where was this?

Tom: The X-Haus [basement space on Mission Hill in Boston].

MRR: Oh, you guys were playing the show where the X-Haus got busted and was on the news?

Andrew: Yeah. That's what the whole song is about. We made these flyers and went around and posted them.

Tom: Everywhere, by the way.

Andrew: [shows me the flyer] You can see the baby holding its own head, with the Dischord bars on its face.

Erick: Our local newspaper put it on its front page.

Andrew: People ripped down the flyers and sent them into the mayor's office. Then he sent in a team of cops and evicted everybody from the house and shut down shows there. The flyer was just my reaction to that.

Paul: The media really blew it out of proportion. They made it out to seem like these kids were the next Fight Club. They were stealing electricity and this and that and they made a mountain out of an anthill. They kept blowing it out of proportion and every newspaper had an article about it. One of them happened to be called "The Party's Over," which is why we named the song that.

MRR: On "Take Back Your Life," it talks about being "under attack" and "scare tactics." Do you think those messages, like the orange alert we were just under recently, have permanently damaged the American psyche or are people sensible enough perhaps not to buy into that?

Erick: Hopefully, people aren't that stupid.

Paul: I think there are some serious threats to safety in the world right now but you've got to draw the line somewhere. There are people on the news who are, like, "I don't think you should go outside. It's an orange alert." I think they try to play into it a lot more than it really is.

Tom: The media sensationalizes everything.

Andrew: They're totally paying their bills off of sensationalizing.

Tom: Look at all the coverage they gave to that snowstorm [when New England got two feet in mid-February]. I don't think I could get any other news.

MRR: The whole fucking day, that's all it was. Snowstorm coverage.

Tom: It's like, I know it's snowing outside. Get on with the regular shows.

Paul: Even the day they announced it was orange alert. Andrew and I were in our room and they had the whole hour and half block of news where it entirely revolved around the fact that now our alert level has gone from yellow to orange. It was every other story. They kept going back to it. It's just feeding it. And every time they would chop up another little piece of information and get you biting your nails and watching the commercials and holding on for more information.

Andrew: More pop-ups on the TV screen, like a permanent orange bar.

MRR: I know. I was flipping by Fox News and, in the corner with the logo and time, they had what alert we're on today. Unbelievable. How about the so-called war on terror? It seems as though some people are willing to sacrifice their civil liberties for more security.

Andrew: I think it's important to try to strike a balance. You can't endanger people's lives but, like Paul said, you have to draw the line somewhere.

Tom: I think the government has always wanted to pry more in our lives and they never had any justification to do it. Now, with the 9/11 attacks, the general public is like, "yeah, it's a good idea." It's scary to think that, if you're getting on a plane, it'll hit a building. On the other hand, not everyone in the world is a terrorist and you don't want the government on your tail just because...

MRR: Just because you visit certain internet sites or belong to a certain organization.

Tom: Yeah, if you do something a little different. It's like McCarthyism again.

MRR: Exactly. It just seems like the government is using it as an excuse, the 9/11 attacks, to crack down on civil liberties, to put in effect what they had been planning beforehand. Now they really have the opportunity to do it.

Tom: Yeah. I've even heard mentions of the national ID card.

Erick: It all comes back to the media, again. They're scaring us into signing away every possible right that we have. Look how bad it's gotten. Now we have to do all this to fix it and everyone's, like, "Oh, OK, do whatever you want, government." Now there's no stopping them.

Tom: Same thing with the war going on now.

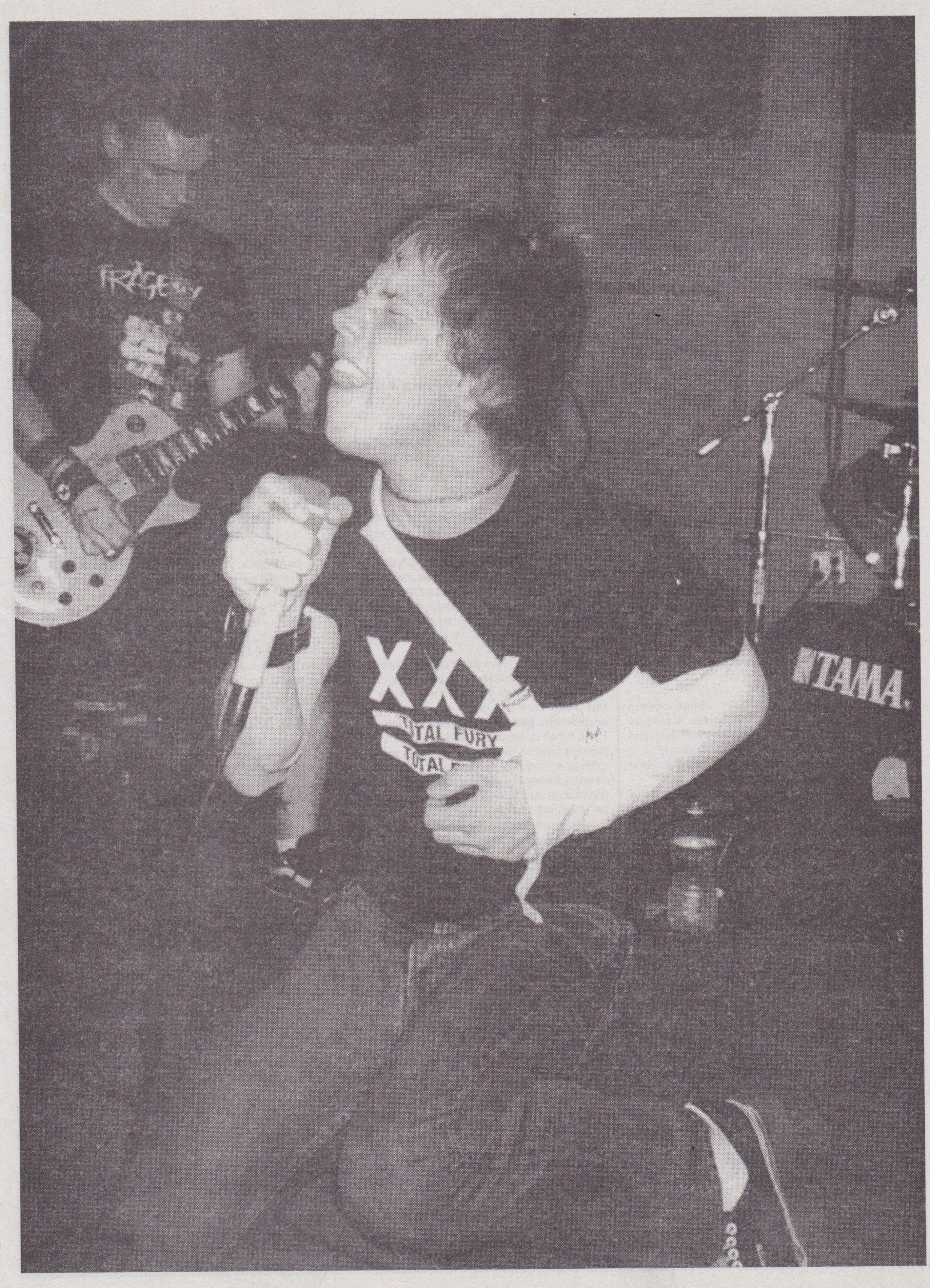
Erick: Yeah, we're bullying every other country to join us.

Tom: Not only that. It's like a lot of people are for it and it's because of all the stuff they see on TV. I don't know whether to believe it or not. You see all these stories about what they're doing over there and they're hiding terrorists and blah-blah-blah. You don't know what to believe.

MRR: I'm pretty skeptical, particularly with mainstream news. I think they're acting as a propaganda arm of the government these days. Maybe I'm being cynical, but that's pretty much my take.

Erick: The government has a big hand in what they can say. They can censor anything. What pictures they can show.

Tom: I think you take everything with a grain of salt. Sometimes, I feel like I'm being way too political and way too into this but, on the other hand, you've got to put it in perspective. I don't think you should jump on everything and go, "the government is out to get us." There are definitely some sketchy things going on.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MRR: You have to keep aware of what's happening, because it's starting to have an effect on people.

Tom: Yeah. The world, I was reading in the news today, is divided. Half the countries want to go to war and the other half don't want to.

Erick: It seems like there's more pro-war coverage on the news.

Tom: Even the anti-French sentiment. I think it's kind of silly. Just because they're not taking a strong stance on the war, then everyone in America hates them and there are jokes on TV shows about the French. Not that I'm hugely pro-French but it's weird. All of a sudden, everyone hates the French.

Erick: There are even businesses saying "they're not French fries, they're Freedom fries!"

MRR: I heard about that. It was in one of the Carolinas. Also, some members of Congress have been talking about passing legislation to restrict imports from France and subject them to more stringent regulations. It's just stupidity.

Paul: Yeah, it's completely insane. And it's irrelevant.

MRR: I mean, it might be true that some French people do look down on Americans. Some Americans' reactions to this are just stupid.

Andrew: That aside, as a country, they do have a right to disagree with us.

Paul: It's just painting the picture that if they don't agree with us, they're automatically the bad guy. On behalf of Dead Stop, they're not French fries; they're Belgian fries (laughter). When those dudes were over here and we went to get some French fries, they freaked out. If you meet someone from Belgium, don't tell them they're French fries.

MRR: Well, Belgium's on the US shit-list too, 'cause I guess they don't support this war. You won't be able to eat Belgian waffles, pretty soon.

Erick: Freedom waffles!

MRR: "Crooked Teeth" talks about people "policing other's actions." It comes across as being directed at one person. Was that the intent? Or is it something more universal?

Tom: It can be applied to anyone. Someone always knows someone like that.

Andrew: That song was written with the intent of being about one person but it can easily apply to other situations. It's about people who feel they have the need to run other people's lives and tell them what to do.

Tom: And pre-judge people. We saw that when we were in Richmond.

MRR: I was going to bring that up, actually. You guys did a tour with The Prowl and ran into some difficulty in Richmond.

Tom: Just a little bit. It's the same thing and I think it stems from people up here. They were passing out flyers about the Prowl [regarding the violent imagery on their 7" sleeve, which some regarded as misogynist or accepting of violence towards women]. I think everyone has their own opinion on it and I, personally, respect everyone's opinion. I think a lot of people didn't look into it and didn't investigate what their record was about. So we got to Richmond and we got a tire slashed and we felt like no one came in to talk to them. When we were in Nashville, one of the people all of us were staying with came up and asked them about what their record was about and she got an explanation. I think more people could have done that. It's the same sort of thing, people telling each other "that's not right." We're in a punk, hardcore scene.

Paul: We're all here for the same reason.

Tom: Free-thinking.

Paul: There's no need for all this separation.

Andrew: Communication is good.

MRR: Where did the photo for the demo come from? And I remember one of you telling me that you thought you were going to get in trouble for it.

Paul: The cover photo is of a pro skater. His name's Corey Duffel. I was just looking for the most lewd, horrible photo I could find. I was looking through *Thrasher* and there he was. He's known for being the new punk skater. He wears Ramones shirts every day and leather jackets while he skates. It's very much a gimmick but the photo was ridiculous. He had a toilet seat over his head and he's giving the middle finger. The shock value was overwhelming. It was just a funny image and that's what we went with.

Andrew: I think the reason I said that we were going to get in trouble was because, after we issued the demo, we found out that he said some rather questionable things in an interview and got blacklisted from the world of skateboarding for a year or so.

MRR: What kind of questionable things?

Paul: He was just trash-talking other skaters for race or other reasons. Not cool at all. It definitely happened after we had used the photo.

Tom: We sold out of those. You can still download it off our website, without the cover. But it's one of Paul's fancy Photoshop, art school things (laughter). It should be noted the artwork for our first 7" was done before we recorded it, except for the song titles.

MRR: Since we were just talking about a skater, what do you think about the commercialization of skateboarding? I don't know a lot about it but Tony Hawk was on the Simpsons and it seems to be getting quite mainstream.

Paul: It has its positives and its negatives. I think it helps a lot of the skaters out, the ones who are getting actual cash for it. Because skateboarding, as an industry, has never produced the money for the skaters and now, for once, that actually might be changing. I think that they work hard and they're good at what they do. They deserve to get paid. I just saw Eric Costin on "MTV Cribs" when I was home, watching TV at my girlfriend's apartment and his house is ridiculous. The guy is making money off of skateboarding and I think that's great. He's doing what he loves and getting paid so, in that aspect, it's good. I started skateboarding when I was 7 and when I was that young, it was all about the image of skateboarding. I think very much, today, that's even more of the point of skateboarding. Commercialism is taken into so much that it's all about flashy logos and embroidered sweatshirts. There's definitely cash to be made. There are tons of little kids getting into it now from the Tony Hawk pro skater video games.

MRR: I know. My 7 year old nephew plays that game.

Paul: Both my cousins skateboard now because of that video game. I can't say that it's the best way for kids to get into skateboarding but at least it's exposing new people to skateboarding. It's a good sport. I definitely support it. I'd rather have them skateboarding than being in gangs. One kid lives in Queens so there are lots of other terrible things he could be doing.

Andrew: I just think it gives kids the wrong impression. I've been at skate parks and met kids who are 8 years old and, being 21, I'm one of the older guys in skateboarding. They ask me "are you pro?" and I say I'm not nearly at that level, then they say, "Well, what do you do?" "I work and I go to school" and they're like, "oh well… I guess that I'm going to go to college if I can't get sponsored." I think that sucks that that's their motivation. When I got into skating, there was no prospect of making any money or having any friends. It was just a release for me and it was so much fun.

MRR: Well, it's like playing music. It depends on your motivation. What you want to get out of it. Some people are doing it as an outlet to express themselves creatively and some people are looking to get paid. They want to sign to a big label or get endorsements or all that and I think that's kind of cheesy. The whole fucking Warped tour. You've got the skating and the bad music and I want nothing to do with that shit.

Tom: Pop/punk and some of the more polished hardcore bands are definitely raking in the big dough and, I can't speak for anyone, but whenever I've been in a band, it's always just been for the fun of it.

Andrew: I think with skateboarding and with punk rock, more watered-down punk rock, it's getting more recognition. People are going to get what they want out of it. If they want to buy into it and get the sappy, watered-down version, then that's what they're going to do but there's always going to be people who are into it for the right reasons. Life will just kind of push you in that direction. If you want to meet real people, then you'll know real people.

Paul: Exactly. I mean, I got into punk rock through bands like Minor Threat and stuff like that. The first punk bands that I was hearing about were on Fat Wreck Chords and I wasn't satisfied with it, so I looked further. I had the desire to know more about it and, therefore, I went for something besides its surface value. I think that kids who have the same interest are going to do that, regardless of what's handed to them. The same goes for skateboarding. There are going to be so many kids who are flash-in-the-pan with the skateboarding. So many kids will buy a skateboard and try to learn how to kick-flip or whatever their favorite trick is in Tony Hawk and not be able to do it and just stop skating. But, for some kids, that might be an outlet for them to learn about skateboarding and really get involved with it. Like I said, there are pros and cons for both.

Tom: I know kids who got into punk through skateboarding magazines and reading reviews. I don't skate but I just know people and I think that's kind of cool. That's kind of a crossover.

Paul: Yeah, when I was a kid, you'd subscribe to *Thrasher* and you'd get a free copy of Rancid or something and that was the open door. That's how you kind of got involved.

Andrew: The first skate videos I saw had Bad Brains and Suicidal and then I went out and bought those records. It makes perfect sense. It goes hand in hand for me.

CUT THE SHIT

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Libertinagem

The idealistic ambitiousness of a project like Brazil's Libertinagem is inspiring in itself. The men and women who make up this collective have spent the last three years working feverishly on daring musical experimentation and remorselessly confrontational performances in their home country, having become known for their subversive take on sex and sexuality. From the most terrifying of terrorist actions to the most debauched of sexual acts, these wild teenagers spill out the poetry of transgression and resistance, the passion that embraces life in its every form, that sets fire for the joy of watching the burn and to hell with the consequences. A sort of Henry Miller of the do-it-yourself world, it's punk-turned-sexy, hardcore-turned-immoral and wild, to show us that any anarchist theory is worthless until demonstrated in musical practice. This is what we were expecting all along-the unification of sex, art, politics, the freedom of punk music from all categories. They have a full-length CD that comes in a beautiful package with a massive booklet. You can get it from them for ten dollars postpaid worldwide.

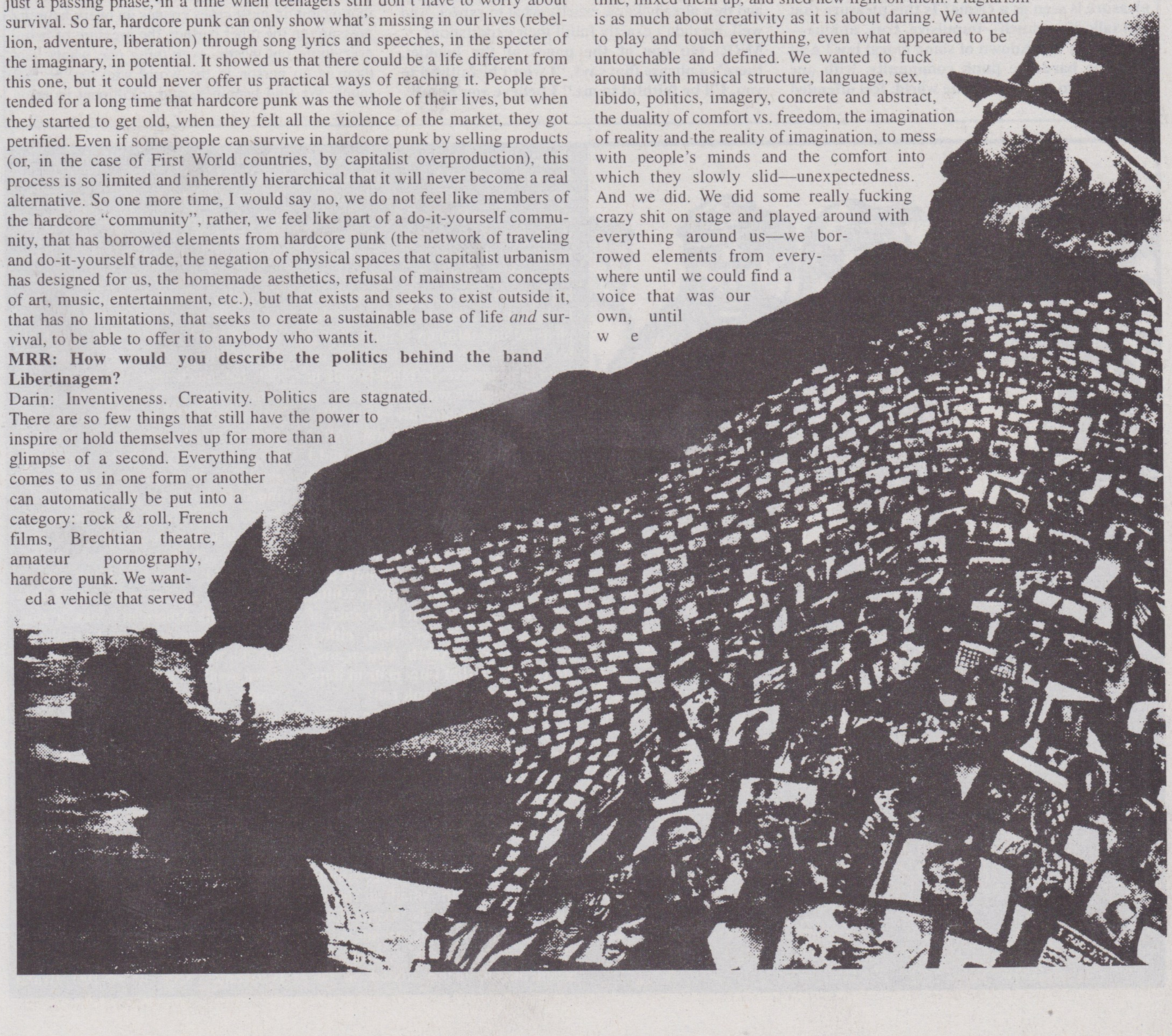
Interview by Jose Saramago, conducted during a boat ride down the wild waters of the Amazon River.

MRR: Do you feel like you're members of the hardcore community?

No. The hardcore "community", in my opinion, is just a transitory phase, an enclosed group of individuals who share physical space (shows, band practices for some of the time—weekends, mostly), with no real community ties, without a solid base to sustain it. Because hardcore punk cannot offer a sustainable choice to people (something that factory bosses can, for example) it becomes just a passing phase, in a time when teenagers still don't have to worry about survival. So far, hardcore punk can only show what's missing in our lives (rebellion, adventure, liberation) through song lyrics and speeches, in the specter of the imaginary, in potential. It showed us that there could be a life different from this one, but it could never offer us practical ways of reaching it. People pretended for a long time that hardcore punk was the whole of their lives, but when they started to get old, when they felt all the violence of the market, they got petrified. Even if some people can survive in hardcore punk by selling products (or, in the case of First World countries, by capitalist overproduction), this process is so limited and inherently hierarchical that it will never become a real alternative. So one more time, I would say no, we do not feel like members of the hardcore "community", rather, we feel like part of a do-it-yourself community, that has borrowed elements from hardcore punk (the network of traveling and do-it-yourself trade, the negation of physical spaces that capitalist urbanism has designed for us, the homemade aesthetics, refusal of mainstream concepts of art, music, entertainment, etc.), but that exists and seeks to exist outside it, that has no limitations, that seeks to create a sustainable base of life *and* survival, to be able to offer it to anybody who wants it.

MRR: How would you describe the politics behind the band Libertinagem?

Darin: Inventiveness. Creativity. Politics are stagnated. There are so few things that still have the power to inspire or hold themselves up for more than a glimpse of a second. Everything that comes to us in one form or another can automatically be put into a category: rock & roll, French films, Brechtian theatre, amateur pornography, hardcore punk. We wanted a vehicle that served the single purpose of breaking free from all categories, from the content of our language to the music we play, from the performances we make to the structure of our collective; something you could look at and wonder, "What the fuck is this? A rock & roll band? A theatre group? A direct action collective? Oversexed saboteurs?" through re-contextualization, we took all the messages we still believed in but were way too dull to be conveyed one more time, mixed them up, and shed new light on them. Plagiarism is as much about creativity as it is about daring. We wanted to play and touch everything, even what appeared to be untouchable and defined. We wanted to fuck around with musical structure, language, sex, libido, politics, imagery, concrete and abstract, the duality of comfort vs. freedom, the imagination of reality and the reality of imagination, to mess with people's minds and the comfort into which they slowly slid—unexpectedness. And we did. We did some really fucking crazy shit on stage and played around with everything around us—we borrowed elements from everywhere until we could find a voice that was our own, until we



found ourselves limitless, free.

MRR: Getting into a more specific field, how did the band become interested in approaching issues like pornography, sexual liberation, and free love?

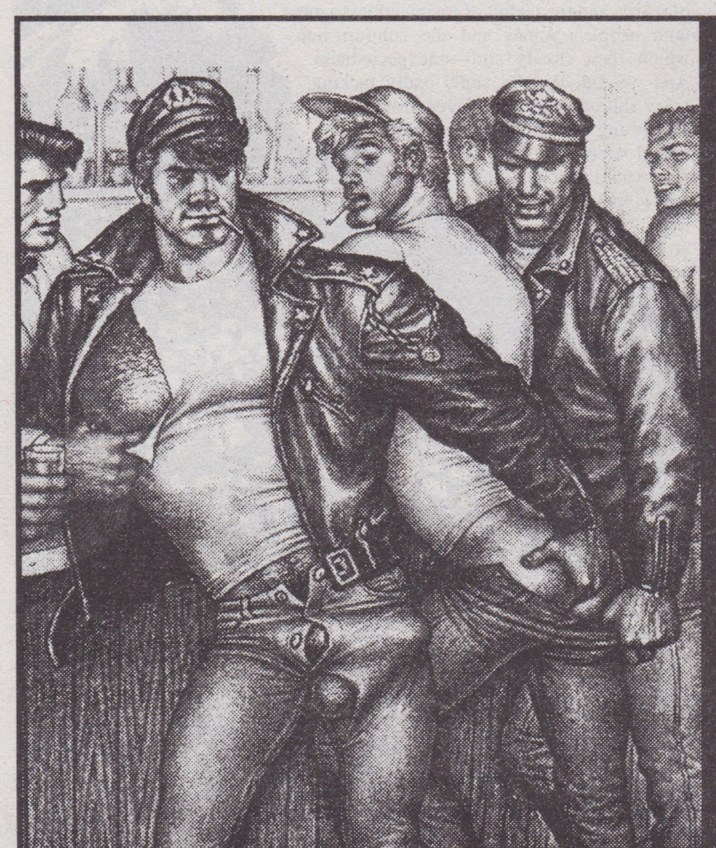
Rock & roll is very sexual. Look at James Brown or Elvis Presley, swinging their hips, sweating, crawling on the floor. Political music has approached every aspect of life so far, from the bears in China to the workers in Indomesia, but nobody so far seemed keen to liberate such an important part of our lives, that is, love, relationships, pleasure, desire, romance. When we play music, it's the closest we feel to being free, it's the closest we feel to making love (and we don't mean that in the metaphysical, transcendental sense, but in a physical one), so it's only natural that we finally make this connection, that we finally see music for its sexuality, that we finally see politics for their sexuality, that we finally see the sensuality of our desires, wants, and needs. And through sex you can get across to anybody—everybody does it, everybody loves it, everybody gets interested in it when they see it. What better way to talk about politics than turning them into sex? If people see that being political is being sexy, that their liberation is sensual and pleasurable, it will supply all the passion necessary to turn this into something very much real—and sexy.

MRR: Do you think that in our society today, pleasure is seen as a crime? Is this pleasure that you talk of so much—impulsive, true, unique—seen as the breakdown of some moral law? And does the hardcore punk community, with one foot stuck in the suit and tie world, feel offended with your open discourse on pleasure?

It depends on what kind of pleasure we are talking about here. Consumerist society depends on pleasure for its existence—it relies on the cult of instant gratification, of a momentary pleasure that must inevitably pass so that the consumer may buy another one once this is gone. It relies on ups and downs, pleasure in the form of compensation, of identification, of successfully playing out a role. But that's not the kind of pleasure we talk about—yes, true pleasure is always forbidden, because it doesn't need consumerism for its realization, and to acknowledge that would mean acknowledging that people don't need consumerist society to be happy. True pleasure means the liberation of women, the liberation of homosexuals, the liberation of men, the liberation of people from their roles, so all of us can make love without guilt. It means being able to choose what gives you pleasure, and being able to share this with someone else. About the hardcore punk "community", well, it is a very loose network of individuals, most of the time sharing little more than a taste in music, and therefore it contains many different kinds of people. We had people writing "XmonogamyX" on their arms and waving it to us at our shows, and we had people who have danced and played with us, that have gotten close to us in our message. But overall, we did better outside hardcore punk—people here are too stuck to categories, i.e. old school, grind, crust, and they already know exactly what to expect. And well, we didn't exactly fulfill their expectations.

MRR: On one of the pages of the booklet, there's a phrase that says, "I won't be faithful to you, I'll be faithful to me." I believe you're talking about living intensely, about not blocking your ears to what your deepest desires tell you. We know that that's a difficult task, fur we have years and years of tradition that tells us that fidelity is of the highest value in a relationship. Do you think that people close themselves into their relationships due only to this conditioning that they've had, or also because they're afraid of entering this inconsistent and insecure terrain?

First I'd like to comment on what you said, that "fidelity is one of the highest values in a relationship"; fidelity, like all other values our culture founds itself on (telling the truth, being honest, etc.) is held high only in the realm of appearances; we do not need to be faithful (or tell the truth, or be honest), we only need to look faithful in the eyes of other people. Affairs have always been the only things that are able to sustain marriages. I think the whole point of the "non-monogamy" discourse in our collective was to say that there is not just one way of relating to another human being. Many people got extremely offended, saying that an open relationship is not for them; well, besides the fact that maybe they got so offended because it touched a spot they'd rather not think about, it's absolutely fine if they don't want an open relationship. As I said, what we wanted to say is that there are many ways of relating, even in open relationships, there are a thousand ways of doing it—in my opinion, monogamy in most cases creates an overwhelming pressure on the other partner, the pressure of being everything one needs, everything one wants, and there is no person in the world who can be that much. We find happiness and fulfillment in many things, through opening ourselves up to what each different person can offer us that is different and unique. And everyone has something to offer, if we give them a chance. It doesn't mean you'll have a sexual relationship with anybody who comes along, but it means you are open to it, if you feel you both can offer each other this pleasure and intimacy. I think that if we all are faithful to ourselves, we can offer ourselves to other people in a more complete way, and vice versa. But maybe monogamy works for some people, I don't know. All I know is that for me it doesn't, and I want to find out what does, to have the freedom to be open to anything that someone else can offer me, and to be free to give anything back.



MRR: "To the brothers of the north, we put our heads down and pray to the same flag—red, white, and blue." What is the relevance of talking about imperialism, either in Brazil or to North Americans? Do you think that imperialism happens in hardcore punk too?

First, it's important to raise an awareness of North American imperialism here in Brazil; as this magazine is directed to the hardcore punk community, I will restrain it to that. Brazilian do-it-yourself culture is even *less* Brazilian than mainstream culture is. The underground cultures, especially hardcore punk, are simply loaded with North American music, culture, books, words, expressions, clothes, styles, fads, tendencies. Instead of creating its own identity based on our reality, based on our resources, Brazilian DIY has simply enclosed itself and pretended it could be just like the North American one, but of course it could never happen. The U$A is an empire with a lot of resources and capitalist waste which can support many, many unemployed teenagers, where capitalism is much less violent and where resources are cheaper and more widely available. Some differences are obviously present, but much more in the practical sense than in the theoretical one. Brazil needs to create its own DIY, and not merely copy the U$, which in itself is a pretty pathetic thing to do. And yes, imperialism happens very much in hardcore punk; how many bands from South America do you know that have toured the U$? How many South American records can you find, compared to North Americans or European ones? How many South American books or zines have been translated into English? Do you know anything that's going on down south? I can tell you dozens of North American bands that have toured Brazil, hundreds of North American records sold here for $35, dozens of books and zines that are sold and/or translated into Portuguese; so it's important to make North Americans think about that, that imperialism is not only about the foreign policies of George Fucking W Fucking Bush, but it's also happening on the fronts of our do-it-yourself culture wars.

Thank you, please write.

Rua Paulo Simoni, 54 Belo Horizonte, MG 30330-190 Brazil

17th CLASS

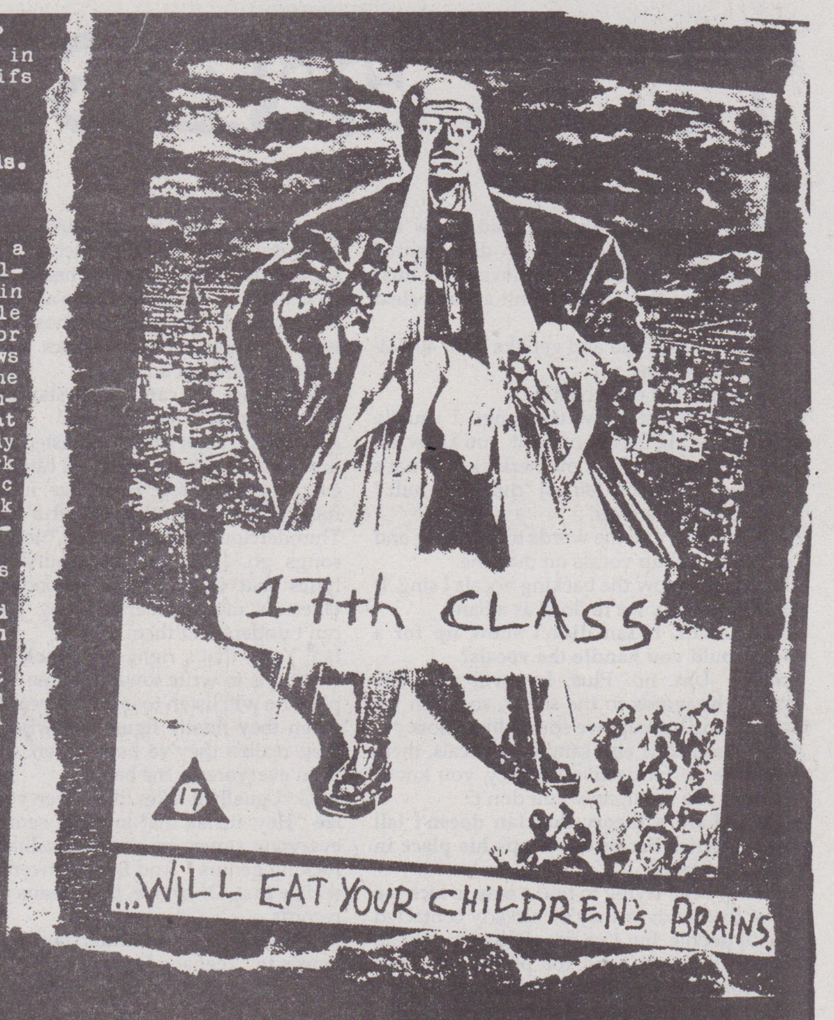
17th Class are 4-piece from Rochester, New York. They have an ep out on Punks Before Profit$ Records called "...will eat your children's brains". They play a messy frantic style of hardcore loaded with energy. They have an 18 song demo that they released last year entitled "Speedway Racer Squad". They played at Equalizing-X-Distort on Sunday, March 9th and we talked to them afterwards.

MRR: Who is in the band and what do you play?
Alex: I'm Alex and I scream.
Pink: I'm Pink and I play drums.
Mike: I'm Mike Hideous and I play the bass.
Jim: I'm Jim Useless and I own a guitar.
MRR: How did you meet each other? What was the progression that got this band going?
Alex: Mike and I met years and years ago. We live on the same street and I moved there when I was five.
Mike: The funny thing is how I met Alex. His brother came over and pulled down his pants in my living room, showed me his penis and said "Show me yours." That was sort of weird. That was how I met Alex's dad.
Alex: Yeah, my brother got kicked out of Mike's house but at that point I knew him. We decided to start a band because we didn't have anything else to do. We live in a very boring town and we didn't have any other friends.
MRR: How did you meet these other guys?
Alex: This dude (pointing at Pink) came into our district from California and we said "Hey we need a drummer. Why don't you play drums?"
Pink: He called me up one day and asked if I wanted to be in the band and I said "Sure, why not?" so that Friday we all got together and started jamming.
Mike: We've basically been practicing every Friday since then. It's kind of a weird tradition. But yeah, Jim owned a guitar like he said, I owned a bass, Alex liked to run around his room and scream along to records, Pink had a drum set so we all just sort of collated. Threw everything into my basement and just started practicing.
MRR: It was a magical convergence.
Mike: Yeah, something like that. We started off as a really, really, really, really bad street punk band and then sort of progressed into the thrash kind of stuff.
MRR: I have a couple of your demos and you do a number of different covers. You seem to have lots of influences all over the place. When did you come in Jim? Were you in at the beginning?
Jim: I met Mike in sixth grade. He says I scared the shit out of him.
Mike: In sixth grade I was very not into anything. I was very stupid and lame and Jim had long hair and had a Marilyn Manson t-shirt on and it scared the shit out of me and then we became good friends.
MRR: Where does the name 17th Class come from?
Alex: It's actually a really stupid story. Care to field that one Mike?
Mike: Alex was selling something on eBay. It took a long time to get to the person and they said, "Oh you sent it 17th Class." We needed a band name so we just took that. It was really stupid.
MRR: You do a Sick Pleasure cover on the EP. Are they an influence on the band's sound?
Alex: Oh definitely. Mainly having to do with the style of which they sing about. It's your basic nihilistic teenage sophomoric punk and it's everything that spoke to us.
Mike: It's kind of hard to be positive although we would like to be very positive. It is hard to be positive when you are in a crumbling scene and everything sucks.
MRR: Who would you say are some other influences? I'm sure you don't just listen to Sick Pleasure.
Alex: Jim was just listening to Sick Pleasure for a while.
MRR: You have done other covers.
Mike: We listen to a lot of early 80s hardcore. Stuff like the Fartz, Sick Pleasure, Void, Filth, the Germs.
MRR: You listen to the Fartz?
Mike: Oh yeah, love the Fartz.
MRR: I thought you might. What songs did you cover by the Fartz?
Alex: "Gotta Brain" and "How Long". We did them right in a row.
Mike: Both good songs. We listen to tons and tons and tons of different music but draw from a small field of music to use as actual influences.
MRR: Can you describe your sound? Has anyone reviewed you and what have they said?
Alex: We've gotten some reviews in *HeartAttaCk* and *Maximumrocknroll*.
MRR: What do people say you sound like?
Mike: More or less just really pissed off.
Alex: They compared us to Sick Pleasure in *Maximumrocknroll*.
MRR: I remember that.
Alex: I can understand that. We don't sound exactly like an 80s band but we do take a lot of our influences from them. It's noticeable in the beat of the music.
Jim: Someone said we were melodic once.
Alex: Really?
Jim: And we are not really melodic.
Mike: I think that was for the old demo and we have come a long way since then.
MRR: Can you tell me about your lyrics? What are your favorite lyrics from your own stuff and why are they your favorite?
Alex: That is a good question. One of the more recent ones we just wrote is called "Regents, kiss

my ass." It's based on the institution of New York State learning. They created a system of standards called the Regents standards and through this every student is set to this certain level of which they have to learn in order to become anything in life.
Mike: It is really stupid.
Alex: There is standardized testing in every subject and without meeting these standards you don't get to graduate high school.
Mike: That cuts off creativity and forces people to do rote learning.
Alex: The teacher has to focus on a small set of what the subject is actually about thus making the whole subject boring.
Mike: One of my favorite songs is a song we do called "Wellington". It's about this housing development tract right behind us. I have lived in the neighborhood almost all my life. I moved in when I was one, so it has just been this progressive destruction of these woods behind us. There are all these yuppies that live there now and we do a song about wanting to burn down the whole thing. Again, not very positive.
Jim: I like "Thrash the Bowl". It's a newer one. It's about taking a really big shit and feeding it to the Pope.

MRR: You guys did that tonight.
Jim: Yeah, we played that. I take lots of shits.
MRR: And wish the Pope was around for dinner?
Alex: He would love it. He would just lick it up. What it is is that a lot of bands these days focus on very serious topics. They feel the need to be serious. I guess maybe in the eyes of others they want to portray this really serious caring image of stuff. We're a fun, joking around band so all of our songs aren't always about some topic that we can write essays on.
Mike: Although you have to give credit to those bands and respect them for what they do. There is also the other end of the spectrum which is us, just making fun of everything and throwing stuff around. Just being a kid.
Pink: I like the song "Skate and Dumpster". It is basically self-explanatory. Skating and then dumpster diving and finding cool stuff.
Alex: .... and then doing it again.
MRR: Tell us about your hometown. What is Rochester like and what is the scene like in Rochester?
Alex: We actually live in a suburb of Rochester called Chili (pronounced "Chi-lie"). It is spelled like the word "chili", you know like that dish of tomato-y substance? In Chili there is nothing to do because we are not popular. Like they said earlier, there is always those Friday nights where we would walk around and break things and be jerks because we didn't have any other friends. We didn't get high, we didn't get drunk. Most of the time we just acted like kids.
MRR: Trying to beat boredom.
Alex: Pretty much. Trying to do something in the face of that.
Pink: Dumpster diving.
Mike: It was sort of a weird state in which we entered into the Rochester punk scene. We first started going to shows when we were just those stupid kids in the back who everyone made fun of because we listened to Rancid and that was about it. Then we started progressing and going to every show we could possibly go to and then eventually the band started and then we started playing shows and people were like "Man, you guys suck." Eventually we started playing faster and we developed our own style and people were like "Hey that's not that bad."
Alex: We've reached the point where we are kind of respected as a Rochester band. It's ironic because at this point we've managed to catch the very end of the Rochester scene as we knew it with bands like the End and the Dents and the Evicted. A couple of them released records but they just kind of faded into oblivion and now Rochester is back at this beginning. The turn of a circle.
Mike: We are trying to do shows again, trying to get bands to play shows.

MRR: Are there any other bands in Rochester?
Mike: There are a lot of different bands in Rochester. There are the Manics, the Schmifs (which are now kaput) and Unreal City.
Jim: That is not really punk.
Mike: Well, they are a band.
MRR: I am only interested in punk bands. Honestly, who cares about anything else?
Mike: There isn't that much punk.
MRR: Are there places to play?
Alex: Not in Chili. In Rochester there is a notable lack of venues, as well. The last really big show we played was with Crucial Unit in June. It was at a record store and some people spray painted on the side or broke stuff or whatever and now there are no punk shows there. Most of the venues put the punks on the blacklist because I guess they do have a tendency to ruin things in Rochester. We're that kind of town that nobody likes. Nobody respects Rochester in the Western New York area. We are the shithole. I think the music reflects it actually. We just have a dark sound. All the Rochester bands come off sounding really pissed off.
Mike: It's just a reflection of the area. It's just an urban wasteland. It's terrible.
MRR: You practice at Mike's place. It is kind of a unique situation. Do you want to explain it?
Mike: Both my parents are deaf. They can't hear at all. So we just have everything down there. We play as loud as we want. We could swear as much as we want. You can't write anything on the walls. That's the only thing because my dad gets really pissed off about that.
MRR: Well that's understandable. That's a pretty OK trade off for being able to practice at their place.
Alex: We get to decorate it with posters and flyers and everything else.
Mike: Right now we are all seniors in high school. We have been doing this since we were sophomores so it is just a gradual development of everything.


17th CLASS
17
...WILL EAT YOUR CHILDREN's BRAINS.

MRR: The first time I ever picked up a *Maximumrocknroll*, this is an odd story, I was reading a scene report about somewhere and the club was below a center for the hearing impaired. The folks in the center could feel the vibrations of the club, but they didn't know what the music sounded like and they just got into it–all the people who were living at this place. It was this unique symbiotic relationship between the punks and this hearing impaired center.
Mike: That's awesome.
MRR: That is the only relationship I have ever heard between the two.
Mike: It is sort of a weird thing.
MRR: Other than punks losing their hearing.
Mike: Right. My mom tends to accept us. She doesn't really love the music but she is happy that I have a hobby.
Alex: I remember the one time you said that her favorite band was Against Me! because they had some really good beats.
Mike: Yeah, they had good drumming beats.
Alex: She could feel the vibrations in the car when you cranked it.
MRR: You had some earlier recordings than the EP. What have you recorded so far?
Alex: So far we have only put out *The Speedway Squad* demo with 18 songs and that was very basic kind of boring stuff. We made 100 copies of that and then just stopped making them. Then after that we did the EP. We were at that point where not many people still didn't respect us. Ryan was like "You guys are actually serious about the band?" We said "Yeah, Yeah" and he said "Well I'd love to do a 7", so let's go" and a year later, finally....
Mike: It is sort of funny about that. Recently Ryan told us that when we recorded the EP we sounded much better than we actually sounded normally then by the time the 7" came out we actually started playing live decently so it sort of worked itself out naturally.
Alex: The 7" has gotten a pretty good response so far. I think he has made 800 or so copies and most of them have sold so that is neat. I never would have thought. We just went back into the studio. We're supposed to do an LP. Ryan says it should be out sometime in June.
MRR: That's going to be out on Punks Before Profit$?
Alex: Yep.
Mike: There are two or three other labels too.
Alex: Oh yeah, a couple of labels are going in on it.
MRR: Does the LP have a title?
Alex: The working title for the LP is a direct George Bush quote; *In Utter Contempt of the Human Race.*
MRR: How close is Rochester to Buffalo? With the AWI split with the Young Ones and members of War Squad sharing members from both cities, I get the sense that the two scenes are starting to work together. Is that the case?
Alex: As far as Rochester and Buffalo working together, it's somewhat true, albeit on a small level. It's probably a matter of appearances and skimming the surface, since it's a small number of people combining on bands and stuff. More than anything, it seems like Rochester is patronizing the Buffalo scene since they have better shows.
MRR: How can people get in touch with 17th Class?
Alex: They can write me at 23 Alger Dr., Rochester, NY 14624, or by email at alexyoshi@hotmail.com.

You can write Punks Before Profit$ to get their EP or new LP in care of 99 Custer St., Buffalo, NY 14214.. Thanks to 17th Class for making the trek, especially after playing a show in Olean the night before. Thanks goes to Matt Bickle who snapped the photos and scrambled to get the digital camera at the last minute from Carrie. And of course thanks to Carrie for letting us continue to borrow her fancy technology.

THE ENDS

MRR: Does anyone in the band know the lyrics besides Ian? Are they documented anywhere in case he gets run over by a bus? I ask because the words aren't always clear doing your live shows.

Al G.: Let's go ahead and get like 20 or 40 dollars worth of blow.

Ian: No, No, I'm on probation.

Al G.: OK. I just know the songs. I usually mumble during the chorus. But, you know, I'll back up the shit like a motherfucker. What's that song? You know [sings] "duh, nuh, nuh."

Alex: "Sick Little Eyes".

Al G: Yeah, I wrote the words to that song and I can sing backup vocals on that one.

Alex: I only know the backing vocals I sing. If Ian dies tonight, we're done as a band.

MRR: Candi, if Ian didn't show up for a show, could you handle the vocals?

Candi: Um, no. Plus, Ian will routinely change the words to the songs, so when we try and sing backup, we sound like idiots.

Al G: If someone else sang lead vocals, there would be no retroactive urgency, you know, like now you see it, now you don't.

MRR: I have a theory that Ian doesn't tell you the lyrics because it keeps his place in the band secure.

Ian: They keep trying to find a way to kick me out of the band; or they've already contacted several people, but I've got all the lyrics to all the songs in my head for protection. They want someone with better fashion sense.

Alex: Yeah, that bass player, Ryan, for the Distressed is looking pretty good.

MRR: Well, I have to admit I am concerned about the future of the band in case Ian dies in some horrible accident soon. Do you hear a lot of people complain they can't understand the lyrics?

Ian: Sometimes people do ask me about the lyrics, what they are, and I just do my best to reassure them there are actual lyrics with some kind of meaning attached to them.

Al G.: I think the people who are worth a shit don't care about the lyrics. Those people who want to know what the lyrics are wouldn't understand them anyway.

MRR: Since we can't understand the lyrics, does it matter what they are?

Al G.: You've got these kids listening who figure out at least it rhymes, it's catchy or whatever, they're going to realize it's like their fucking life. Like, "I can't get a shitty job at Thundercloud, I'm depressed," that's how the songs go. [laughter all around] Basically, lyrics that can't be understood should be taken as more understood by people who can't understand them.

Ian: Yeah, that's right. My whole method of writing is to write towards those certain people who will listen to it for ten years, and then when they finally figure out what it means, they realize they've been taken. [big laughs from everyone in the band]

Al G.: Usually it takes like fifteen years to realize "Hey, it has that juvenile sentiment that everyone agrees on and it's brilliant and it's fucking genius." And it takes twenty years to realize that. Of course, that means you sell no records.

MRR: At lease I can understand some of the words to "Teenage Detox".

Alex: Is that why you agreed to put it out?

MRR: Yeah, because I know those two words. OK, I want to know if you guys consider yourselves to be good musicians? I'm being serious, do you think you are good? My opinion is that you are, especially for the kind of scene you are playing in. But, I know some people think it's "uncool" to actually be able to play well when you are in the punk scene.

Al G.: Here's the deal with those kind of people. If those people need to feel that way, then that's fine, but my only goal is to make music that I want to listen to. If that requires making things sound good, then that's what matters to me. There are a lot of bands that don't make the vocals and the music work well together, they don't mean shit when put together. A band I would like to strive to be like would be Chelsea. If we have any fucking charm in this world, it's that our half-assed musicianship matches up well with our-half-assed vocal shit. It's all about chemistry. It's like the US Bombs. They suck, but I like them a lot because they do their job their own way. They do the right music with the right words. A person just decides if they want to listen to some dumb punk rock band or something that works. We try to write music that doesn't make people want to kill themselves.

Ian: Yeah, there's a lot of chemistry in our band that just makes it work. We all come from three-chord punk band backgrounds that didn't work; it made us who we are and the kind of band we are.

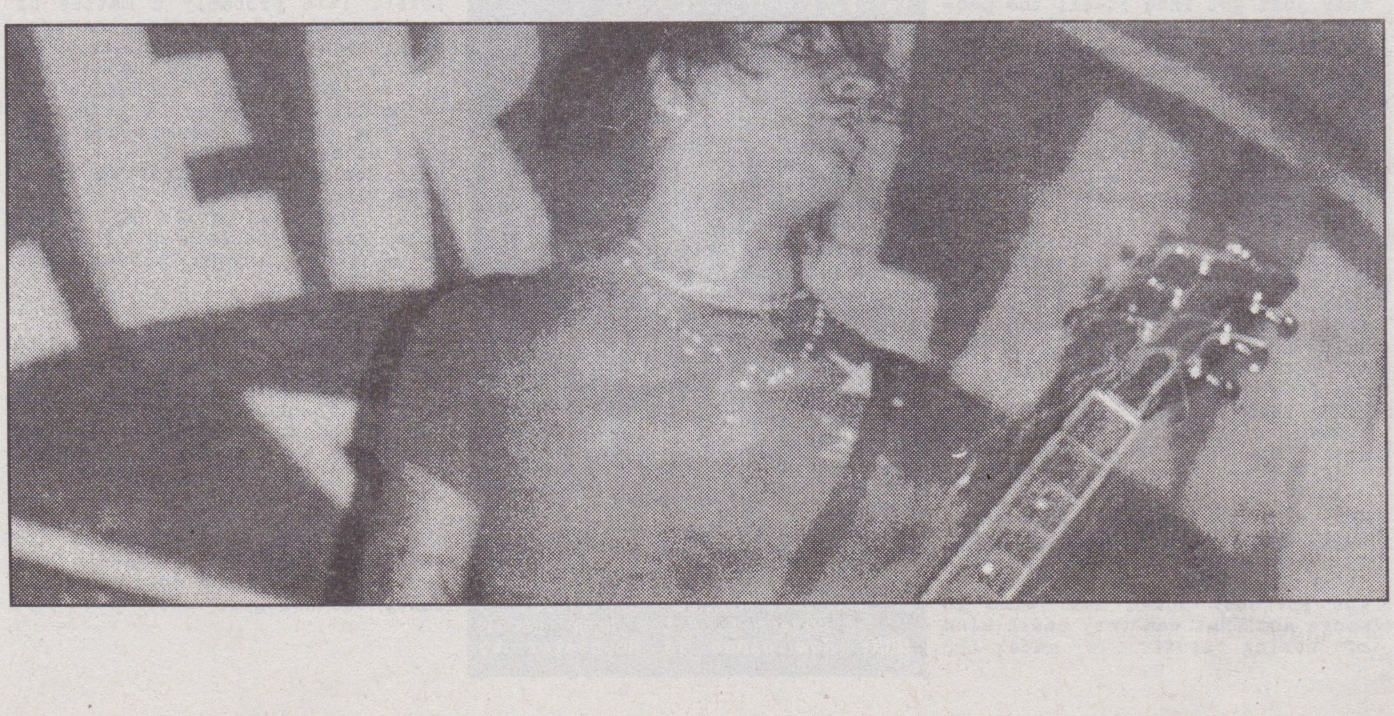
Al G.: It really comes down to you can't just wear a Versace skirt and dig on the Modern Lovers. [laughs all around] We just do what we do and it doesn't fucking matter what these fucking people think. Bands like the Strokes today make certain things fashionable....

Ian: ...but that doesn't work for us. We can't be that way, we don't want to be that way.

Al G.: We aren't going to be superstars.

Alex: Damn, that sucks!

MRR: Alright, Venom, you've been quiet. So, I was talking to Tim Storm about this interview before tonight, and he said one



I caught up with The Ends on a Wednesday night recently at their practice space in downtown Austin. The band was in various states of sobriety, following a show by Cheap Trick. They seemed glad to cooperate for the interview. I've been a fan of The Ends since their first show in early 2001. Comprised of veterans of the Austin scene and many local bands, they always put on a great live show. They've put out three 7" records on three different labels and have a full-length record coming out this spring on Pelado Records. The band members are: Ian (vocals), Al G. (lead guitar), Alex (guitar), Candi (bass), Venom (drums). Interview by Richard Lynn.

thing that struck me. He said when you see The Ends, it doesn't seem like just one person or vision, rather it seems like different people and influences up on stage. What do you think about that?

Venom: I would agree with that. I think everyone in the band comes from different backgrounds, even though we have similar tastes in music, and can agree on the direction a song is going to go. We do get along well, and that helps.

Alex: I think you have a unique experience with The Ends because everyone in the band, except Venom, has fronted and sung lead vocals in other bands. So, when you see The Ends, you see a group of people that have fronted bands and have that experience, and that makes us a bit different than a lot of bands.

MRR: I was actually going to bring that up. How many of you are in other bands right now?

Candi: Right now, two of us, me and Al G. are in other bands. Candi is in Slum City and Al G. is in the Materialistics and was recently in Teen Cool. But we have all been in different bands recently, so people are used to seeing us with various bands in various roles.

Al G.: It's an entirely different dynamic for us in this band.

MRR: "There are drummers in this town that play for three or more bands at the same time.

Al G.: Yeah, and they all suck because drummers are dumb.

MRR: I wanted to ask how The Ends started as a band.

Alex: Ian, I, and Venom were playing in the Born Deads, then we had a little altercation with our lead guitar player, and we decided we wanted to keep playing so I called up Al.

Al G.: No, you didn't call me up, you came over and I was wasted and you knocked on my door, and you were like "Hey, you wanna go to practice?" And I said, "I guess." So, they didn't really ask if I wanted to be in the band, they just said I was in the band and it was time for practice.

Ian: Al started puking up a bunch of orange juice at our first practice into this big bucket, but he kept playing.

Al G.: Those guys wanted to stop playing when they saw me throwing up, but it was old hat to me, throwing up while I played, so I didn't stop.

Alex: We suckered Al into the band, then our bass player left to go left to go do his thing with Schatzi so I asked everyone who they wanted because I said I wanted Candi. Slum City wasn't doing much at the time, so here she is.

MRR: Candi, how is it playing will all guys in this band, as opposed to Slum City which has always been all or mostly girls?

Candi: Yeah, it is different. I'm a little more comfortable playing with guys. I've always played in bands with guys except Slum City, so I'm really comfortable with it.

MRR: I've heard people in the audience at your shows say "Oh, it's cool they have a girl bass player."

Candi: But, what's really cool is now probably at least half of the bands I see have at least one girl in them. So, it's not really unusual to have a mixed boy/girl band around here anymore.

Al G.: When have we ever treated you like a girl, Candi?

Candi: You don't.

Al G.: I never even think of you as a girl.

Candi: That's because I don't give blowjobs to guys in the band.

MRR: OK, how about goals for this band? Does the band consciously lay out goals?

Venom: My personal goal is just to have the band continue to write good stuff, and hopefully have our audience grow. [Al G. leaves the room]

Ian: The first time I ever joined a band, the only goal I had was to someday help write a classic record that everyone should have in their collection. I don't know if we've gotten there yet with this band, but hopefully we will.

Alex: I don't have any goals per se, but maybe it's just to keep going and improving. There's so many bands in this town that haven't necessarily put a lot of effort into it, they just kind of sit and wait for the world to come to them. I want to grab every opportunity that comes along, and to make the most of it. Once those opportunities stop, it will be time to stop and do something else. (Al G. reenters the room).

Candi: Al, did you just take a shit in the hall or something?

Al G.: Does anyone want to drink a beer and play a song?

Alex: We're still doing the interview.

Al G.: OK, ummm…

MRR: Alex, what would you say the strengths of this band are?

Alex: Like we touched on before, the strengths of the band would be our individuality, the fact we all come from a different place. We find a way to blend our styles and what we bring to the band to make our music.

Al G.: What's good about this band is that most bands form because they are buddies or some other sociological reasons, but we come to make hopefully really good music.

MRR: Candi, what would you say would be the weaknesses of the band?

Al G.: That's not fair to ask her that with Alex sitting next to her, because if she says something he will punch her in the face.

Candi: I guess our weakness would be we have lives outside of the band that sometimes makes it tough band-wise, such as touring.

Al G.: We have shit to do and it makes us unable to practice more often than once a week usually.

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We're not 16 years old, we have shit to do, like Candi's a teacher. Alex has a family, Ian has to pay for his probation. So, we all have lots of stuff going on besides the band that we didn't when we were younger. But, I'll still give blood for the ink to make a flyer, I don't give a fuck.

MRR: Right, you're not so young that the band is the only thing you care about.

Al G.: You're right, we're fucked. [laughs all around] Everyone has a thing to take care of, maybe not me, necessarily, but most of us do.

MRR: Have you gotten any feedback from people outside of Austin as a band?

Alex: I've gotten email from people from around the country, and I think we are going to be on a German label's compilation because the label owner heard our record and really liked it.

MRR: Alex, as a co-owner of Mortville Records with Toby Marsh, how do you feel about putting out The Ends records?

Alex: I don't like to do it, but honestly, I thought Jump Ship and Sick Little Eyes were such good songs, I wanted them attached to the label so I did put out the 7" for those songs. I have a hard time promoting my own band, though, so normally I would prefer other labels put out Ends records.

Ian: As far as those two songs go, I think that is when we started gelling as a band. Those were the songs that were ready to go at the time, so putting it out on Mortville seemed natural.

MRR: How do you pick the cover songs you play at your shows?

Alex: Basically, we'll try anything someone in the band wants to try, it doesn't always work out, but we'll at least try it at practice. We used to play "Johnny Are You Queer," but Ian despised it so we quit. But we're getting ready to do "Pretty in Pink," so we'll try anything.

MRR: You should try a disco song, it might work with Ian singing. OK, if you could do anything for a job, what would each of you be doing?

Candi: A music teacher.

Alex: I would love to make running Mortville a full-time job.

Al G.: I would like to work with kids, which I do now.

Ian: I would like to be an artist, to paint like I do now, but to be full-time.

Venom: I would like to just play drums.

MRR: What band would you most like to play with if you could?

Al G.: Dead or Alive, Hanoi Rocks, Thin Lizzy.

Alex: Stiff Little Fingers or The Boys.

Candi: The Corey Feldman Band because he's hot! [laughs all around] Or the Bee Gees.

Ian: Elvis Costello.

Venom: I would want to play with David Lee Roth, not Van Halen, but the DLR band.

MRR: Ian, do you ever hurt yourself falling down so much at your shows?

Ian: I never really have, I just fall down because I am really drunk, it's not on purpose at all. My instrument is my body and I use it to smash into the other instruments at shows.

Candi: Ian hasn't hurt himself, but he has hurt me before at a show by throwing himself into me.

MRR: What were the first bands you played in and how old were you?

Venom: The first band I ever seriously played in was Dragworm and I was 25.

Ian: The Born Deads and I was 19.

Al G.: My first band was called the Creeps with Mike Cool from Teen Cool and now Pure Rubbish, and I was 12. My next band was a hair band called the Hot Love and we played metal covers!

Alex: The Commies, I was 18.

Candi: My first band was called Sinister Kane and I was 16. We never really played a show, but it was fun. I had a big crush on the drummer but started going out with the guitar player.

MRR: Isn't that the way it always goes Venom?

Venom: ' Yeah, the drummer always gets screwed, or rather, the drummer never gets screwed.

MRR: What would it take for the band to become self-sufficient? I guess you could play more shows to try and make more money, but in Austin there are so many bands and a lot of them are willing to play for free to get gigs…

Al G.: We don't care how much we get paid, but here's the thing. I've been playing in bands for 10 years now, and you know my yellow guitar that I've been playing since I was 14? The other night it got badly broken, and my amp is fucked too. I'm in two bands that have records out, and have a lot going for them. I work hard with those bands, and I don't have an electric guitar right now because I can't afford to get it fixed.

Alex: We can't pay for the rent on our practice space, t-shirts, or a lot of other things unless we pay for them out of our own pockets.

MRR: Putting aside your bands, how would you describe the Austin scene right now?

Alex: I've been on the road with bands many times and I thoroughly believe Austin has the best scene anywhere. But there are so many great bands, that bands don't really stand out above the others.

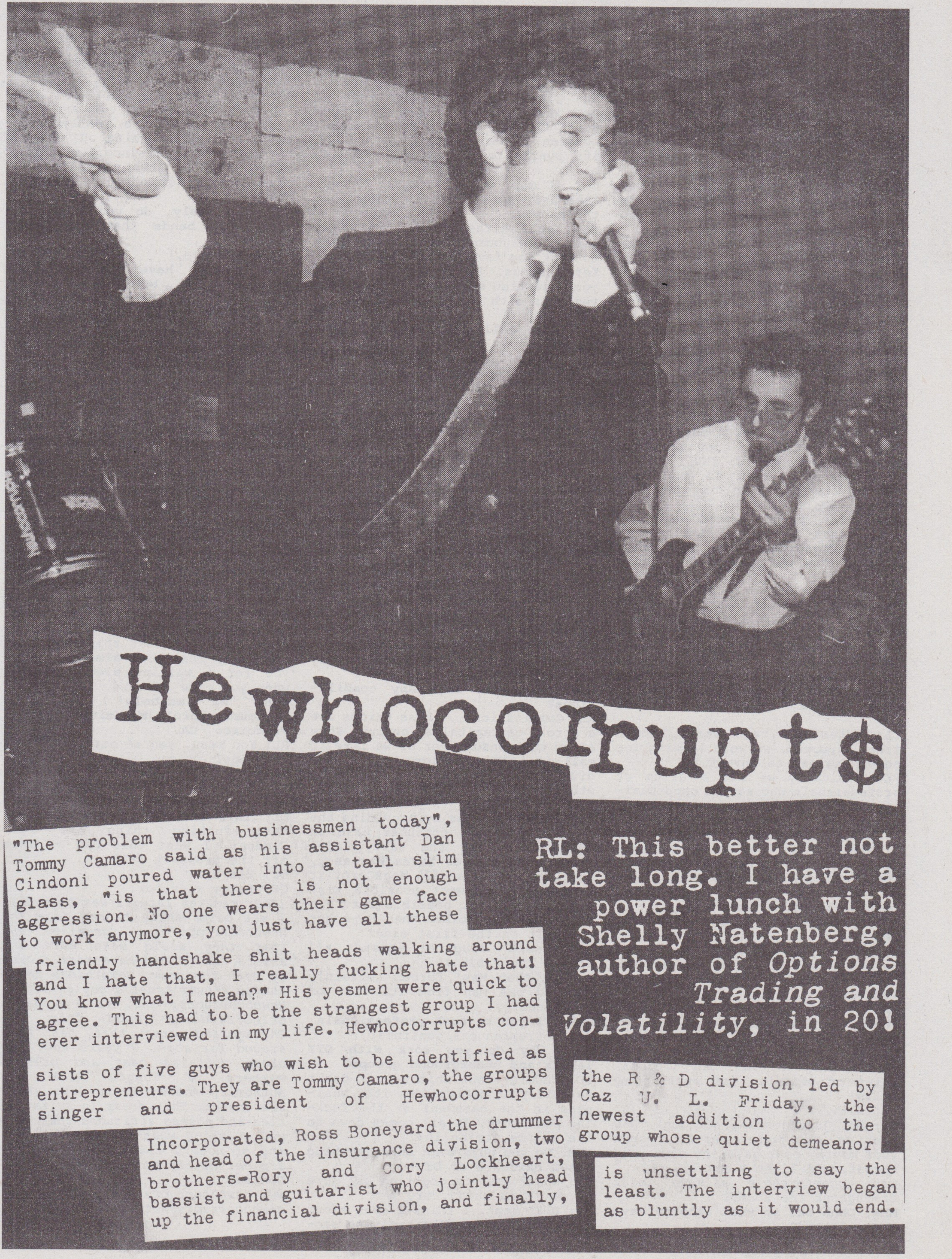
Al G: And not just punk rock, look at how great someone like Alejandro Escavedo is. I think he is so fucking great.

MRR: Anything else?

Alex: Look for us on tour soon.

Candi: Anyone reading this should realize we're not special. Anyone can put out records and tour if they want to, it just takes a little effort.

The Ends Discography:
Jump Ship 7",
Mortville Records
I'm Sorry 7",
Pelado Records
Teenage Detox 7",
Super Secret Records
Full-length, Coming on
Pelado Records
The Ends will be touring the West Coast in July 2003.



Hewhocorrupt$

"The problem with businessmen today", Tommy Camaro said as his assistant Dan Cindoni poured water into a tall slim glass, "is that there is not enough aggression. No one wears their game face to work anymore, you just have all these friendly handshake shit heads walking around and I hate that, I really fucking hate that! You know what I mean?" His yesmen were quick to agree. This had to be the strangest group I had ever interviewed in my life. Hewhocorrupts consists of five guys who wish to be identified as entrepreneurs. They are Tommy Camaro, the groups singer and president of Hewhocorrupts Incorporated, Ross Boneyard the drummer and head of the insurance division, two brothers-Rory and Cory Lockheart, bassist and guitarist who jointly head up the financial division, and finally, the R & D division led by Caz U. L. Friday, the newest addition to the group whose quiet demeanor is unsettling to say the least. The interview began as bluntly as it would end.

RL: This better not take long. I have a power lunch with Shelly Natenberg, author of *Options Trading and Volatility*, in 20!

MRR: How did you get your band name?

TC: I think you're confused, we're not a band we're a business. Hewhocorrupts is our business name, learn it and live it.

CL: Godammit! This is a waste of my time! I've been on the phone with my lawyer all morning and you brought me in here for this shit? Listen, get your facts straight or get out of my face, jackass!

MRR: Sorry, I must have been misinformed. What would you say are your main influences? What have you been listening to lately?

RB: Oh you know, the usual, like *Ten Ways To Owning The Home Of Your Dreams* by Martha Bennet, a little Phil Collins, and the *Rocky IV* soundtrack to pump me up before hitting the links.

CL: Yeah Ross, hitting the links to work out the kinks! That a boy! I've been reading Sun Tzu *The Art of War*. It's one heck of a book, however I wouldn't recommend it to any of you GED types out there. Man, I could picture that now. That would be one hell of a mess.

RL: Nothing but the good shit for me, MSNBC, Bloomberg, CNN, 24/7.

TC: I don't listen to anything. People listen to me or they get fired, period!

MRR: Some people would describe your sound as being similiar to Assuck, Discordance Axis, and Human Remains. Are you guys fans of those bands?

TC: Man, you better start speaking English if you want this interview to continue! Axis? Remains of what? I have never heard of such competitors, but I promise our fourth quarter results will outnumber their's anyday!

MRR: So how did you guys get started as a band.... or business, excuse me?

CL: After the tech stock bubble finally popped, we were looking for something new to invest in.

RL: Basically we are a group of professionals who saw an opportunity to capitalize on a pre-existing, already well-networked marketplace, and we decided to go for it. I mean hey, as long as we continue to beat analyst's estimates we will keep our shareholders happy and probably grow into a full-fledged multinational corporation. Hardcore music is just the catalyst we needed to get the ball rolling. We're doing hardcore a favor. Hardcore music is worldwide and it's just begging to join the bid for globalization.

MRR: So if you're a corporation, where are all your employees?

TC: Ah. I'm glad you asked. I'd like to introduce you to one of our star employees, Mr. Dan Cindoni, Chief of Security and sucking my balls!

DC: Sir!

TC: Ah, just joshing, Cindoni. Now pour me some water before I open your mouth, pour gasoline down your throat, and light a match.

(An uncomfortable silence falls throughout the room.)

MRR: 'Ohhh ok....so what records have you released?

TC: Our records are private! What do you know about our records?!? Do you want to get sued, fuckzilla?!?

DC: I think he means the media portfolios, sir.

MRR: Portfolios?

RL: It's business lingo kid. Geez, you got to get with the times or get left behind. I bet this guy doesn't even know the difference between a bear vertical spread and its synthetic equivalent! Fucking A!

CL: C'mon Rory, settle down. Remember, it's the few that lead the many.

TC: Yeah shithead, cool it! That kind of insubordination isn't going to look too favorable on your quarterly bonus. But yeah, to answer your question we've got a few joint ventures with other companies.

MRR: Huh?

DC: They call them seven inches, sir.

TC: Seven inches? Really? Well hell, I grew seven inches in my sleep last night dreaming about all the money we're going to net from that Walberg account Rory got yesterday, so hey, that's dice with me, man!

RL: For instance we collaborated with Godstomper Inc. on a joint venture that was funded by Blind Date MegaCorp, which is run out of its home office in Germany. The sister venture was released in the US on Get The Axe MegaCorp so not to leave a dry taste in our American investor's mouths.

DC: I love when you talk strategy sir, I just love it!

CL: Hey Cindoni, can you go prune someone else's ass for a second? We're doing an interview here!

DC: Sorry Mr. Lockheart, very sorry!

MRR: Have you done any compilations?

RL: Compilations.... those things are a stroke of capitalist genius! They allow the consumer—or as we like to call it, the investor—a much more diversified portfolio than any other form of audio media, all the while cutting costs of production and boosting sales by providing the largest possible consumer base in the market. For the savvy label executive, such as Hirax Max esq., our liazon over at 625 MegaCorp, it provides the lowest possible risk with the highest possible return.

TC: Yeah, especially when he's got our shit on the first side!!

(Possessed laughter heard all around the table.)

RB: Oh that Max! Forbes certainly omitted one man from its list of billionaires.

MRR: If you're such professionals...

CL: Entreprenuers...continue.

MRR: Why do you work with DIY labels and underground groups?

TC: Underground? Shit man, I don't care if your office does it's business in the basement or the fucking penthouse. It all comes down to the income coming in!

MRR: Do you guys even know anything about hardcore or DIY?

TC: What? Are you doubting us? Sure we do. Cmon buddy, try me!

RL: DIY? Yeah, I think I read about that last week in the business section of the *Wall Street Journal*. Diversified Interest Yield or something like that, right?

TC: And hardcore...everyone knows all the hardcore you need is on the Internet, but you gotta hit the pay sites for the good shit.

RL: Yeah Tommy, except for that freepornpost.com you told me about last week, which is really something...really something. I haven't been that excited since I sunk that eagle over at Seven Bridges last year at the company outing...remember?

MRR: Seriously, do you even know any other bands that play punk music?

(Long silence.)

MRR: Listen, have you ever even heard of like.....NOFX?

TC: No effects? Yeah, that's easy. The kid with the blue hair that works in the mailroom listens to that shit. Yeah, it's real poppy that no effects.

MRR: What about Burned Up Bled Dry or Kill The Man Who Questions?

TC: Kill The Man Who Questions? Now you're talking my language man. That's company policy number one with me, buddy. Kill all of those nosey bastards!

RL: And you gotta dry it out before you burn it up man, everybody knows that.

TC: Boy, what a weird bunch of questions from such a cool magazine.

CL: No shit, I mean when you guys faxed my secretary the memo that Maxim wanted to interview us for their rock and roll issue I was totally stoked. What's up with you man? You look like shit. Have you even taken a shower this week?

TC: Yeah, really. I almost mistook you for a walking piece of shit when you came in here.

MRR: No asshole! I'm with Maximumrocknroll Magazine from San Francisco, CA.

RL: You mean, you're not from Maxim Magazine?

MRR: No.

TC: Then give me that tape recorder and get the fuck out of my office!

CL: This interview is over. Turn that fucking thing off now! Cindoni, I want this bag of shit off the property ASAP.

DC: Yes sir!

CF: Later elevator.

(Four minutes later I was told that I was permanently banned from the Hewhocorrupts Inc. premises and that they would make sure any assets that I did have were frozen by noon tomorrow. Somethings never change, never trust a guy in suit.)

Hewhocorrupts, Inc. is a 5 piece Grind/Hardcore band from the Chicagoland area that has been around for about 2 years now. The group contains past and present members of Kungfu Rick and Authority Abuse. Their live shows are insane. They dress in suits and ties and posess attitudes that keep you guessing whether they are joking or not. I found out that they are definitely not joking...

Contact :
www.hewhocorrupts.com or
hewhocorrupts@hotmail.com

DEATHBAG

Hailing from Utica, New York, Deathbag punishes with ear-scorching raw hardcore that can only be born from the coldest depths of desperation and rage. I managed to catch their inspirational set at a recent show in New Brunswick, NJ, opening for Canada's Inepsy, playing with Insurrection and Last Words.

Interview by Ned Wells

MRR: Who are you?

Jesse: I'm J.J. Pukepenis. I'll be 21 next week. I play drums.

Ryan: I'm Ryan Schultz, a.k.a. Douche Bigelow, 19 years old. I play bass guitar.

John: Johnny Underage Fucksucker. 36 years, I'm old. I play guitar and we all scream.

MRR: So Deathbag has been around for about a year and a half. What inspired you to start a band?

Jesse: We'd been trying to start a band for a long time. We were bored with all the other shitty bands in the area and no one else was playing DIY hardcore. There are actually very few hardcore bands or punks at all.

MRR: What is a Deathbag?

John: It's a David Lynch rip-off. In the first episode of *Twin Peaks,* Killer Bob says, "I'll get you with my deathbag" when he's around this circle of candles. Around the time this band was forming, we were all pretty obsessed with the series and the name sort of came out of it that way. Since we started calling ourselves Deathbag, I've met a lot of punks who are really into David Lynch and learned about other bands with similar references.

Ryan: A foreign exchange student at my high school thought it was a bag that died. He kept on saying, "Who killed the bag? Who killed it?" His name was Otrasio. John didn't know he was a foreign exchange student and kept on giving him dirty looks.

John: That poor kid. Jesse had to come and say, "Hey he's a foreign exchange student, he doesn't understand." He had to talk me down.

MRR: There are definite Japanese and European influences in your music, like you do covers of Raw Power's "Fuck Authority" and GISM's "Nightmare." Could you name some of your influences and comment on the recent upsurge of interest in international hardcore in the States?

Jesse: I think as far as influences go, they are almost too many too mention, but bands like Crow, Execute, from Japan, Anti-Cimex, from Sweden, Totalitar, tons of Finnish, European bands, Brazilian bands too. Everyone seems to forget Brazil-bands like R.D.P. and Olho Seco are also influences on us. I think in the past couple of years, the international HC scene has blown wide open, where it's relatively easy for kids in the

US to get records, tapes, and stuff by bands from outside North American borders. Not to say that it was too tough before, but because of the accessibility of the internet and some amazing distros staring up in the past couple of years, it's gotten easier to hear these bands. I think there are some kids who are into it because it's trendy and then there are probably a lot more who are into it just for the music.

John: I just wanted to add something about our influences. Our new stuff is more influenced by the Crow and Execute than the older stuff.

MRR: All three of you have been extremely active in the Illion/Utica hardcore scene. Do you get a lot of support? How do people feel about the up-front politics in your lyrics, and what's it like being punk in a small town?

John: Punk in a small town…yeah, there are a lot of people who think they're punk and who pretend to be punk in a small town, like Christians wearing Crass patches and stuff like that. The support thing is really fucked up-we don't get a lot of support .We flyer like crazy and talk to all these kids. Even our friends hardly come out and support what we do. We lost our space recently and had a show at our house about a month ago, and I would like to think that we have more than 13 friends who like what we do, but only 13 people showed up and I only knew 5 of them. The support thing is tough, but we're not gonna stop. We could pick up and move to where there's more punks…I'm not completely rooted in Illion, but I live there right now, so that's where I'll stay.

Jesse: I think it's more rewarding, even though we don't get much support and most of the kids hate us. Really, I feel like there are only three punks in all of Utica and they're in this van right now. I think it's more satisfying to try and build something there; continually fighting this uphill battle to try and get more people involved and provide a space where they can feel accepted.

MRR: It's easy to take certain things for granted when surrounded by other punks in larger cities.

Jesse: We don't think of ourselves as so great that we're doing this. It sucks, and a lot of times we want to move somewhere else, but fuck, we live here, let's try and make something real here. There used to be punks in our town but they all moved away to Vermont so they could drink microbrew and stuff (*hippies*), they didn't stick around and create anything.

Ryan: The first show we did was two years ago and I think it's taken off a lot since then. Especially as far as more kids getting involved.

Jesse: I disagree. I don't think it's taken off. The same three people who were into it three years ago were the only three people who are really into it now.

John: We tell kids we'll make them CDs for free, give them tapes for free, and if it isn't what Hot Topic is selling in the Valley, or if it isn't Screamo or what Syracuse used to have, they're not interested. I don't know if they don't want anything different, or if they just think that we're assholes or elitists. They just don't grab onto it.

Jesse: I think they're just frightened by you.

MRR: John, Most people seem to get involved with hardcore/punk in their teens or early 20s. What's it like be in your mid-30s and enthusiastic about punk? What's drawn you to DIY hardcore in general?

John :I've always lived DIY, pretty much. I was a street junkie for many years and wasn't into really anything but junk. There was no music for 12 years of my life on the street. I know there are junkies who go to shows, but I was the kind of guy who constantly needed to make money to get high. That was a big chunk of my life gone. After being in prison I got clean back home in the Valley, and everyone I grew up with was still getting high one way or another. They might have been just drinking beer or whatever. I did the AA thing because parole made me do it for a while, and then I surrounded myself with people who didn't party. It just happened to be that they were a lot younger. It's weird, 'cause I don't even realize that I'm 18 years older than Ryan. We'll drive around together and I'll punch him in the face when we're going down the road.

Jesse: That's not very nice.

John: It's not nice (laughs), but I missed a lot of my teenage years and 20s and I want them back. I'm saying fuck you and I'm living them right now. Everybody I know my own age has a wife, kids, tons of loans, wrinkles, gray hair, and I don't want those things. So maybe I'm looking for a fountain of youth or something.

Jesse: I don't think that's true; you're not looking for a fountain of youth.

John: No, I'm not. I'm just living my life right now. No one is living my life but me. I gave my life away for a long time and now I'm reclaiming it.

MRR: Horror movies. I know you guys are big fans—what are your favorites?

Jesse: As far as recent movies go, *Dagon* is the best adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft ever! Otherwise I'm more into older classic stuff like *Night of the Living Dead* and the original *Carnival of Souls*.

Ryan: *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the original *Zombie* (Lucio Fulci's Italian gutcruncher), *Burial Ground*, and *The Ring 0* (the Japanese version).

Jesse: All Dario Argento films, especially *Terror at the Opera*.

John: My favorite horror movie right now is *Dagon*, but I really like *Burial Ground* a lot.

MRR: One of the things I like most about Deathbag is the lyrics. They deal with political issues in a way that strikes closer to home than the usual slogans. "Subjugate" and "Cut the Cord" are good examples. Could you explain the meaning behind these songs?

John: "Cut the Cord" is pretty much about fear and being able to step away from all the traditional roles that are pushed down our throats. Fear was a big thing in my life that kept me down for a long time; I hid behind drugs so I didn't have to be myself. I know that fear of parents, government, and all these smaller factors confine a lot of people to roles they feel they must play. Like going to school even though you really don't want to be there. You're going 'cause you think you really need that piece of paper that isn't going to do anything right now, or you're going 'cause your parents will kick you out of the house if you drop out. Cut the cord to get out on your own. "Subjugate", hmm. We don't play that song anymore. You see it everywhere you go, you're forced to work for someone, make enough money to get by and pay the bills. Where does all this money go? It goes to maybe two or three percent of the population. It's not just here in America; we've moved to other supposedly underdeveloped countries and have started strip-mining them for our own purposes. Eventually it's all going to be gone, but they'll look for somewhere else to rip and destroy.

MRR: There's a strong anti-religion sentiment in your lyrics. Does the religious right have a large presence in Utica/Illion?

Jesse: I think it's like most places where people are partly religious. There aren't really any anti-abortion activists or anything like that. You can definitely feel the presence of religion, but it's not like the South where it's really vocal.

John: In Upstate, at least around us, people don't really proclaim their faith until you put their religion down. I was raised Catholic. I went to Catholic school for eight years, and my mother thought she was this great Christian woman, but when she found out her son was a junkie, her Christian ways went out the door. I always thought it was turn-the-other-cheek or be-there-for-him but she totally turned her back on me. Yeah, I can understand I was a fucked up junkie. Still, that's not when religion went sour for me. It happened a long time before that. When I was in the 8th grade I used to drink vodka between classes because I couldn't take it.

MRR: What are your favorite H.P. Lovecraft Stories?

Jesse: 1) "The Dreams in the Witch-House", 2) "At the Mountains of Madness", 3) "The Call of Cthulhu", 4) "The Shadow over Innsmouth", 5) "Pickman's Model".

John: I got a good "Dreams in the Witch-House" story. I hadn't read it yet, but I used to live by this cemetery and I would always ride my bike or walk through there at night. One summer, I was coming through the cemetery and I heard these weird noises. It was this flicking sound that started getting louder the closer it got to me. The leaves also started moving, so I freaked out and started running. Then I started hearing these little kids' voices. When I got home I figured I'd email Jesse 'cause he'd appreciate how creepy this was and as I'm typing away I feel this cold chill on my back like I brought whatever it was in the house with me. When I woke up the next morning I found these strange puncture wounds on my leg. I finally read the Lovecraft story about a week later and got really freaked out because of the references to a small, furry Witch-familiar called "Brown Jenkin" who was involved in demonic rituals and drank blood. Children were also sacrificed in the story and were known to haunt the cemetery. I found out later that the mysterious sound was cards in a bicycle spoke and when the bike flew by me it made the leaves move.

MRR: Are there any non-fiction books you guys would like to recommend?

John: *Mad Cowboy* by Howard Lyman.

Jesse: *Lies My Teacher Told Me* by James W. Loewen, *Stupid White Men* by Michael Moore and *The Match* (a zine).

MRR: Anything else?

John: We should have a new 7" out in May before we go on tour. We'll be out for two months.

All: Thanks to Ned and everyone else who has helped us out.

Releases:
Demo tape
Self-titled EP
Split EP with Witch Hunt
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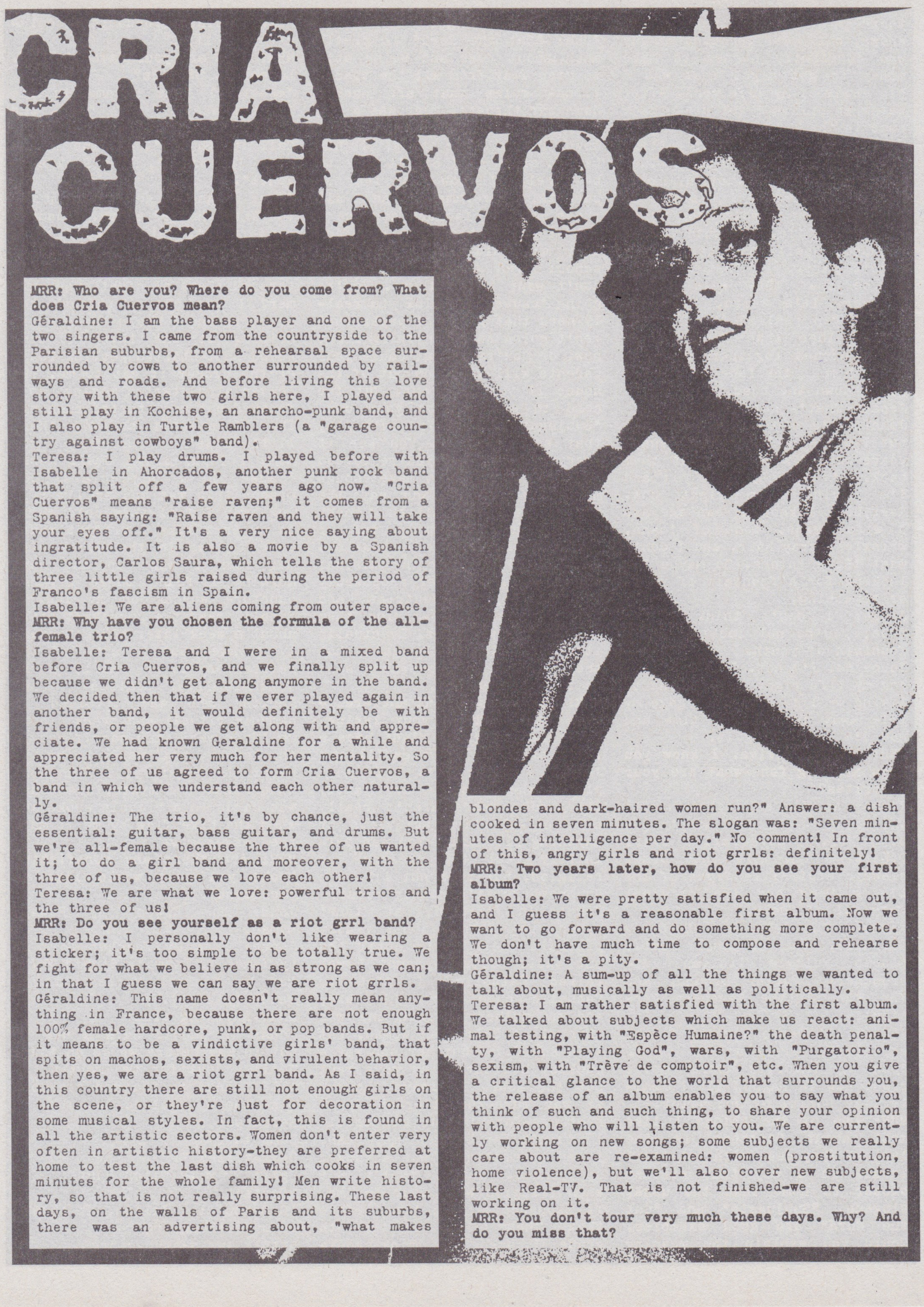
CRIA CUERVOS



MRR: Who are you? Where do you come from? What does Cria Cuervos mean?
Géraldine: I am the bass player and one of the two singers. I came from the countryside to the Parisian suburbs, from a rehearsal space surrounded by cows to another surrounded by railways and roads. And before living this love story with these two girls here, I played and still play in Kochise, an anarcho-punk band, and I also play in Turtle Ramblers (a "garage country against cowboys" band).
Teresa: I play drums. I played before with Isabelle in Ahorcados, another punk rock band that split off a few years ago now. "Cria Cuervos" means "raise raven;" it comes from a Spanish saying: "Raise raven and they will take your eyes off." It's a very nice saying about ingratitude. It is also a movie by a Spanish director, Carlos Saura, which tells the story of three little girls raised during the period of Franco's fascism in Spain.
Isabelle: We are aliens coming from outer space.
MRR: Why have you chosen the formula of the all-female trio?
Isabelle: Teresa and I were in a mixed band before Cria Cuervos, and we finally split up because we didn't get along anymore in the band. We decided then that if we ever played again in another band, it would definitely be with friends, or people we get along with and appreciate. We had known Geraldine for a while and appreciated her very much for her mentality. So the three of us agreed to form Cria Cuervos, a band in which we understand each other naturally.
Géraldine: The trio, it's by chance, just the essential: guitar, bass guitar, and drums. But we're all-female because the three of us wanted it; to do a girl band and moreover, with the three of us, because we love each other!
Teresa: We are what we love: powerful trios and the three of us!
MRR: Do you see yourself as a riot grrl band?
Isabelle: I personally don't like wearing a sticker; it's too simple to be totally true. We fight for what we believe in as strong as we can; in that I guess we can say we are riot grrls.
Géraldine: This name doesn't really mean anything in France, because there are not enough 100% female hardcore, punk, or pop bands. But if it means to be a vindictive girls' band, that spits on machos, sexists, and virulent behavior, then yes, we are a riot grrl band. As I said, in this country there are still not enough girls on the scene, or they're just for decoration in some musical styles. In fact, this is found in all the artistic sectors. Women don't enter very often in artistic history-they are preferred at home to test the last dish which cooks in seven minutes for the whole family! Men write history, so that is not really surprising. These last days, on the walls of Paris and its suburbs, there was an advertising about, "what makes blondes and dark-haired women run?" Answer: a dish cooked in seven minutes. The slogan was: "Seven minutes of intelligence per day." No comment! In front of this, angry girls and riot grrls: definitely!
MRR: Two years later, how do you see your first album?
Isabelle: We were pretty satisfied when it came out, and I guess it's a reasonable first album. Now we want to go forward and do something more complete. We don't have much time to compose and rehearse though; it's a pity.
Géraldine: A sum-up of all the things we wanted to talk about, musically as well as politically.
Teresa: I am rather satisfied with the first album. We talked about subjects which make us react: animal testing, with "Espèce Humaine?" the death penalty, with "Playing God", wars, with "Purgatorio", sexism, with "Trève de comptoir", etc. When you give a critical glance to the world that surrounds you, the release of an album enables you to say what you think of such and such thing, to share your opinion with people who will listen to you. We are currently working on new songs; some subjects we really care about are re-examined: women (prostitution, home violence), but we'll also cover new subjects, like Real-TV. That is not finished-we are still working on it.
MRR: You don't tour very much these days. Why? And do you miss that?

Isabelle: I live in Spain and the girls live in Paris. It's hard to see each other for long periods-long enough to rehearse and tour-because of our jobs. Besides, Teresa is having health problems with her shoulder and we had to cancel a few shows (she will be totally fine very soon). We miss it badly...

MRR: You have just released a split CD with Propagandhi on Diabolik Records. How did you meet them?

Isabelle: We had known about Propagandhi's music and activities for a long time and were fond of them. We used to organize shows with an association we had, Horca, and we organized a show for them a while ago. That's where we got to know the guys. Then we started thinking about doing music with them, as we feel very close to their way of thinking.

Teresa: Diabolik Records wanted to release a split between Cria Cuervos and another band, and we immediately thought of Propagandhi. We had exactly the same ideas on many political and social subjects, including discrimination against women and animal liberation. We asked them and were really happy that they agreed to do this CD with us. I am especially proud of sharing this record with them, because they are really nice, they care about the others, and we love their music too. So it was great.

MRR: Are you thinking of recording a new album?

Isabelle: Not for now; we hope to be able to record something later this year or next year.

Teresa: We are working on new songs for now, and as soon as we have enough, we will think about a new album of course, but it takes time…

MRR: We have heard you on many compilations, supporting different causes. What justifies your choices? Have you ever refused to give a song for a compilation?

Isabelle: We know some associations that have decided to make records to raise funds for certain causes. If we don't know the association, we try to get to know them better and see which bands are involved in it. And yes, we've already refused our participation to a few compilations because we lacked titles to give.

Géraldine: We choose to take part in a compilation according to its topic: women, solidarity with prisoners, antifascism, and animal liberation. We also ask with which bands we will be associated, because we refuse to be on the same compilation with a band if we reject their behavior or if they have lyrics that would go against our ideas.

MRR: You are considered a politically committed band. What do you think?

Isabelle: As I said before, people like it if you belong to a specific genre or group, and I understand you like to have an idea of what we are about…we are indeed politically committed, as we get involved in political ideas and acts. We care about the world we live in and the beings we share this planet with.

Géraldine: For my part, I assert it. The people to whom that sounds bad are assholes. We have a way of expressing our ideas and our emotions; why should we miss this opportunity? It happens that some people say we talk too much during our shows-I don't know, I think we are there to share the moment. I do not criticize bands that don't express their ideas in the music. I have played with bands considered politically committed but whose behavior did not reflect their speech at all. In their daily life, they totally forget their ideas-the ideas are for fashion and that is the worst, being politicized for people around you and for fashion, and concretely living in the opposite side of these same ideas. Of course, nobody can claim to live with 100% up to what it aspire to, but we try to be active as we can, and to have mutual respect.

MRR: Among the bands that you know, which seem to be closest to your ideas?

Géraldine: Other female bands, because they can feel what we feel.

Isabelle: Propagandhi, for instance, are really close to what we think, and are involved and concerned with many causes we're fighting for as well. There are other bands we share some political ideas with, but that disagree on the animal liberation and vegetarian/veganism way of life, which is essential for the three of us.

Teresa: To me, it would be a band who shares all of our ideas; they are all important to us-against racism and fascism, but also in support of feminism and animal liberation, for instance.

MRR: Do you thing there are "important" causes in the politically committed international musical scene, and other causes less "important"?

Géraldine: I don't think there is a politically committed international musical scene. There are bands all around the world which in various musical styles express revolt, convictions, and ideas, according to their own experiences of life. Now, if you are talking about the punk/hardcore scene in which we move, yes; at our shows or in our exchanges we really feel that two battles are not as "important" to some people as they are to others: feminism and animal liberation, which are not especially in agreement with the virility and the feeling of superiority of the average male in the punk/hardcore scene. But I must say that we are really happy to see a guy who does not agree with our speech, and leaves our show when we tell the story of a barmaid who set fire in the bar where she worked because she couldn't stand all the jerks that insulted or touched her anymore.

Isabelle: There are causes that gather every band, like antifascism, that seem to be basic in the punk rock scene, and then you have causes you might be concerned with, but that are considered to be personal, I guess, like feminism (sounds weird to sing a song about it if you are a man, logical if you're a woman), animal liberation (it won't change the world to fight for it, besides, it requires more energy because many times that means fighting against yourself and your stupid habit, conformism, and not against someone else).

Teresa: I agree with Isabelle and Geraldine: two causes are generally kept behind: animal liberation and feminism.

MRR: What do you think of bands who refuse to have a political committed speech?

Teresa: They do what they want. I can only say that for me it is essential to talk about problems I care about, and which are sometimes not very well known by most people. We have had the opportunity to play many kinds of shows: specific shows like Ladyfest, which is a festival for women, but also shows where the audience is not especially concerned by any subject. It's really interesting to talk about things that people don't know very much about, and then to see people come up to us after the show to talk about it. It's very important for me to talk to people. To me music is a way to share ideas and not just music.

Géraldine: I have nothing to say about those who sing only sad songs or love songs. I love their music or I don't. I love Edith Piaf, and I cannot say that she was a politically committed singer; she was herself, that's all. On the other hand, those who are always saying again and again that they are not political activists, but are completely the opposite-that is completely stupid, they should keep their mouth shut.

Isabelle: You don't *have* to be politically committed if you play in a band, and we don't want to impose that. We do hope that people feel concerned by what's going on in the world around them even if they don't shout it loud like us, as long as it's not conformism and fear that lead them to be apolitical.

MRR: Besides Cria Cuervos, are you involved in associations, supporting collectives? Which ones?

Géraldine: I am part of an anarchist infoshop in Paris, part of a center of solidarity where you can find associations of international solidarity, women, political refugees, antifascist groups, solidarity with immigrants, support for people without official papers... I have been a member of anarchist, antifascist, and feminist groups. More or less according to the moment. Because there is our band, too, and our jobs. Animal liberation is a fight which is part of our daily life when we try, for example, to make people aware of animal suffering; in particular with vegetarianism, because in France it is rather new that people do not look at you like an alien when you say that you are vegetarian.

Teresa: My work takes up a big part of my time. We used to organize shows with our association, Horca. They were "anti-commercial" shows, the ticket price was cheap, and sometimes the shows were done to raise funds for some cause. Geraldine still organizes shows to raise funds for others associations, and sometimes I help her in the organization, but I would like to have more time to be involved in an association for women, or for animal liberation, which are subjects less "popular" for now.

MRR: Musically, which band do you think you descend from: the Clash, Crass, Kortatu? And as far as ideas?

Géraldine: Musically, I have been very influenced by Conflict, Dead Kennedys, Kortatu (a Basque band) and Camera Silens (a French punk band from the 80s). For ideas and especially the political step, because they applied their ideas in concrete projects parallel to the band: Crass, definitely!

Isabelle: Musically, I feel like a product of punk rock bands from the 80s, Basque, American, British, and French. Regarding the ideas, Karate (for many of them), Bad Religion (they were one of the bands that inspired me to play music).

Teresa: As we shared the same childhood and teenage years, I have the same musical influences as Isabelle.

MRR: How do you see the USA today, especially during this war period?

Géraldine: From here, the foundation, even the construction of the USA seems to rest on warmongering. One people must take the place of another, so one must defend himself against his probable protests, or against any neighbor that wants the same thing nearby. Today, the media (whose capacity always grows) and the State always use that topic of aggression to attack. The USA is a recent country that was built on a lightning extermination of Indian people and the slavery of Black people. But that also concerns we Europeans, since we have the same origin. You cannot judge a people, which is composed of many individuals so different and so close at the same time. The American government, on the other hand, is like the other governments: an oppressor state which only cares about the defense of its own interests (the oil industry in Iraq and the international predominance), to preserve its seat at the Assembly or its throne, the feeling of power, the money...

Isabelle: The decision by the American government and Mr. Bush to attack Iraq is the logical continuation of their policy: "a story told by an idiot full of noise and fury, that doesn't mean a thing."

MRR: What do you think of the official pacifist position of France today?

Géraldine: France is identical to the other countries. The position of the French government is not pacifist-it is just that it does not find any interest in the war against Iraq. Chirac, a pacifist? Don't make me laugh! That's him, who restarted the nuclear trials a few years ago. It is his government that voted for extremely repressive laws against immigrants, nomadic people, squats, youth, prostitutes. Besides, the position of France these last weeks in the Ivory Coast shows that it is not at all a pacifist country. For the specific business that France has in the Middle East, it an interest in the situation remaining stable. Actually, Chirac is in love with, and dreams of looking like, the General de Gaulle. A pacifist State? That's an illusion…

Isabelle: France tries to keep good relationships in the Middle East, first of all, because it has economic interests in that area, and also because the Muslim community in France is important. It won't be useful to the French government to endorse the war; on the contrary, it could be prejudicial to them. For Mr. Chirac, it's also a good opportunity to face the USA as De Gaulle did before him.

Teresa: The three of us agree that Chirac is an impostor. He is against war because of his interests: economic, political, and personal, and definitely not because of his humanism. We share our opposition to war with many people in the world, but not with Chirac and his government, which has nothing to do with our ideas of respect for poor people and against discrimination. I just would like to add that of course Saddam Hussein is an horrible man, but a war against Iraq, before touching Saddam Hussein, will kill many civilian people, who are already victims of their own government, and will be also then victims of others governments.

MRR: To finish, what are your plans?

Isabelle: Go back to rehearsals, try to compose new songs, and tour very soon.

Teresa: Get married, have many children, stop working…be happy!

Géraldine: To die on stage.

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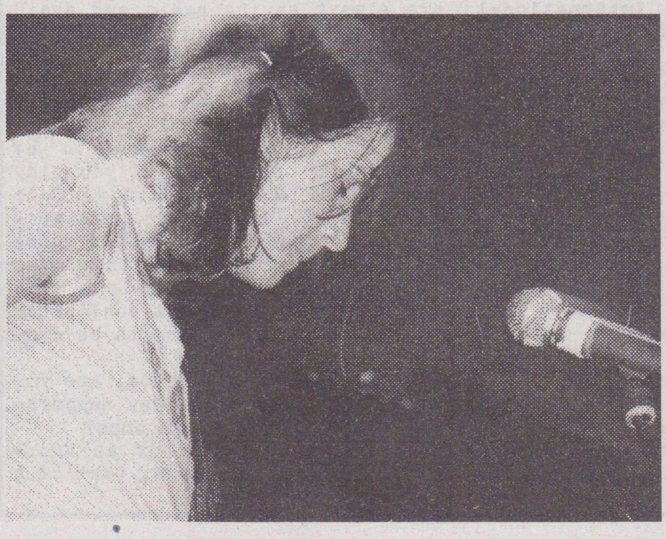

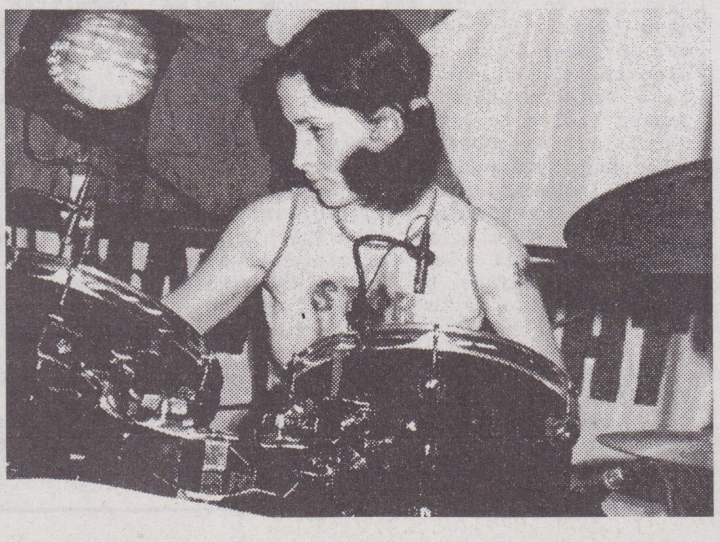

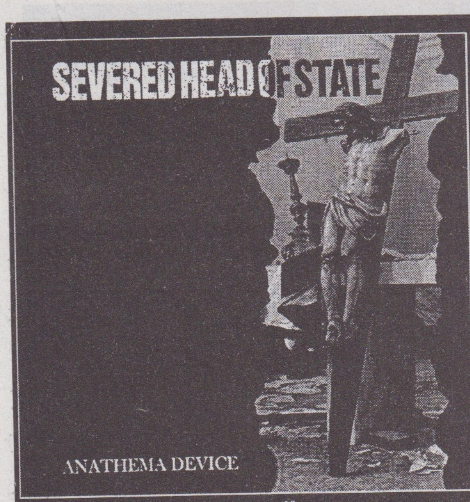
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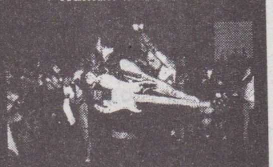

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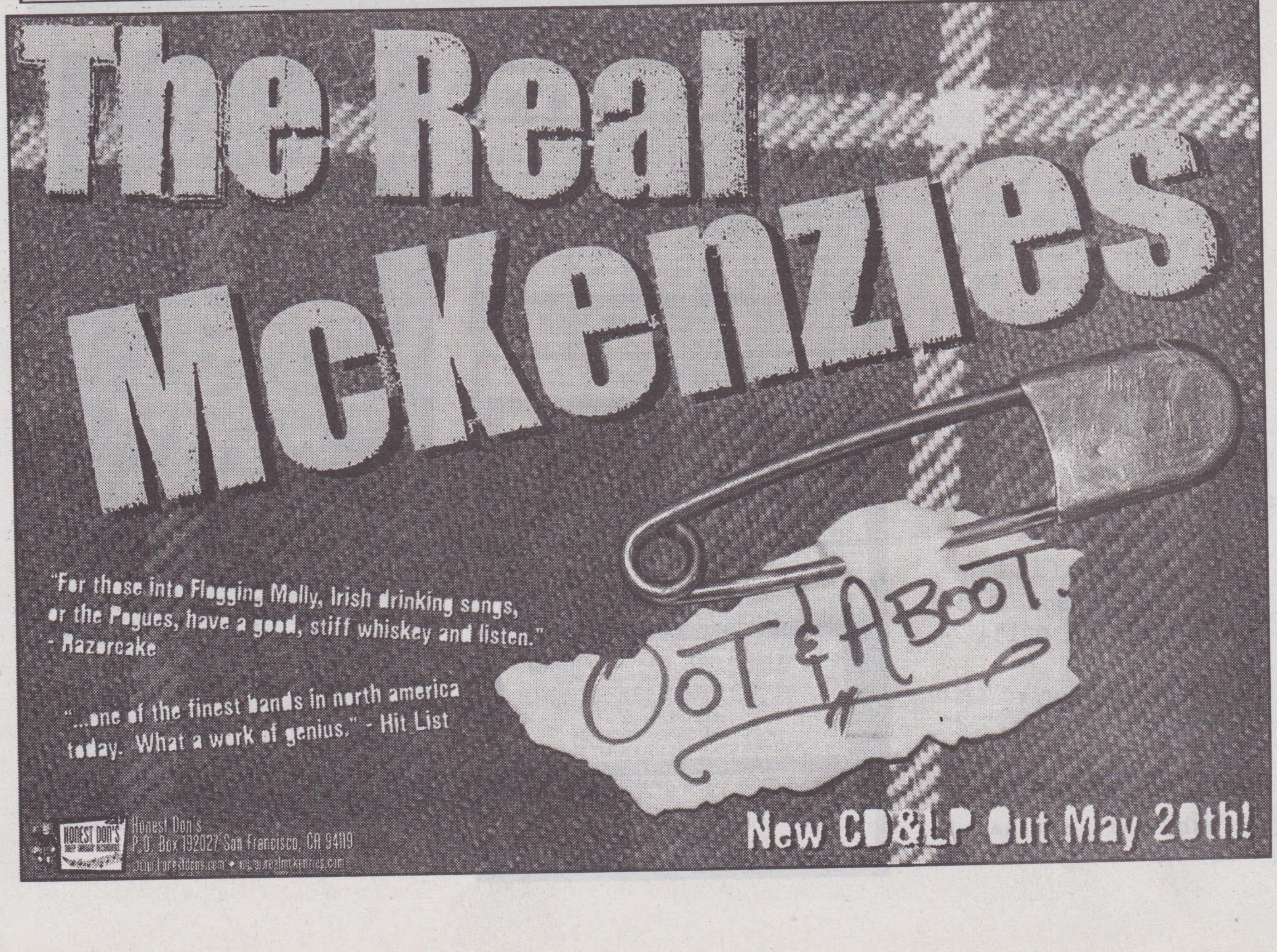
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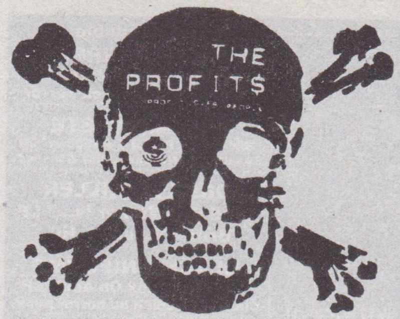

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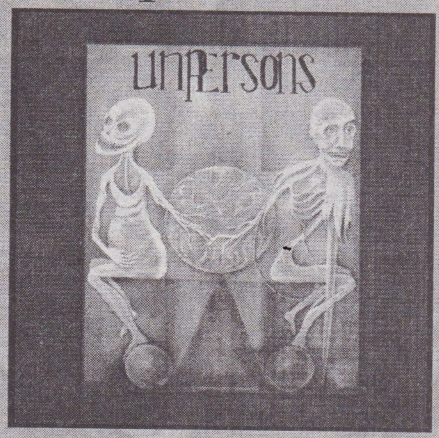

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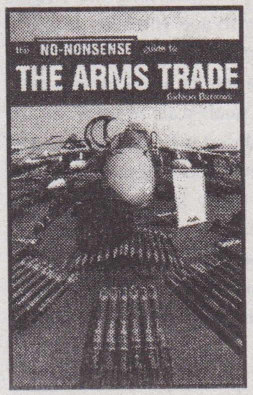


The No-Nonsense Guide to the Arms Trade
Gideon Burrows
144 pages • $10.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY 10014-4606
www.versobooks.com

This is a brief, cursory overview of the various ins and outs of the secretive world of the arms trade. Sadly, it never quite succeeds in delivering its, ahem, payload. There is a strange mix in the book between too little and too much information, which stems from the unfortunate denotation of this book as an introductory guide. It covers a great number of topics, but as this is just an introduction (and a short one at that) much of the information is vague and not treated in depth. Ironically, one of the primary targeted audiences consists of current and potential anti-arms trade campaigners. Burrows makes repeated mention of how certain arguments should be appropriated in their campaigns and protests, but much of the general advice is relatively obvious and so non-specific that it would be of questionable value to anyone already involved.

The *Guide* gives overviews of several interesting areas of the arms trade. From the macro-level of wide-scale impact on conflicts, human rights abuse, and development, to more complex financial dealings like government subsidies, export credit guarantees and bribery, to the more explicit nitty-gritty war stuff like child soldiers, landmines, and covert individual arms brokers, the Guide is certainly thorough in its scope, if nothing else.

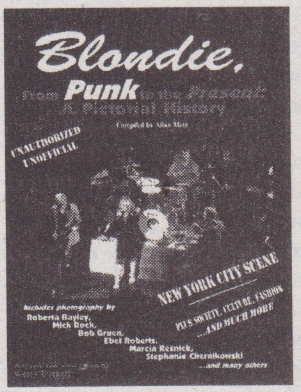
But even given the brevity implicit in any Intro to Guns and Death 101, the book seems unnecessarily unbalanced. Pages of unbacked generalities are interspersed with countless financial figures and sidebars, with little obvious indication of how these numbers relate to the concurrent subject or how they should be interpreted. When discussing a subject involving such astronomical figures as the arms trade, where the usual transaction figures run in the tens of billions, it's hard to reckon subsequent figures in say, the millions. When told that the Ministry of Defense spends $23 million a year on promoting defense exports, is that supposed to be noteworthy, next to $3.3 billion in foreign military financing? Of course, the feeling of most *MRR* readers would be yes, its still outrageous, but after being inundated by endless counts of spending in the billions, it's hard to keep track of what's more egregious than the rest.

Burrows repeatedly acknowledges the difficulty of obtaining concrete figures from countries reluctant to disclose their most sensitive military information. Nonetheless, with the use of so many statistics throughout the book, it's hard to overlook a few questionable numerical inaccuracies. Most glaringly and embarassingly, Burrows, a British author, seems to have trouble keeping his pounds versus dollars conversion straight, as in the charts and figures cited on pages 79 and 116. There are other matters not necessarily false but confusing, such as the repetiton of certain figures with slight variances—i.e. charts on pages 14 and 68, both listing leading world arms suppliers with differences of rankings and years reported. Granted, some of this is of minor concern, but enough of these easily correctable errors make one question the integrity, validity, and accuracy of the figures.

The primary reason I'm so critical of these disparities is that the subject matter covered is so damn appealing, you really want to sink your teeth in as deep as possible. It is therefore extremely frustrating to be stopped in your tracks, just as Burrows begins a subject like corporate bribes or the "War on Terror"'s impact on the arms trade, only to find an all-too-brief generality or a random continuity-killing statistic. A perfect example of this is "The Revolving Door," section of chapter seven, entitled "The Business of Death." When Burrows writes that the current Secretaries of Defense, Air Force and Navy all held previous positions as heads of major military weapons manufacturers, I was practically salivating at the prospect of getting some solid facts concerning this little-mentioned (in mainstream press) nefarious nepotism. The section ends after another two paragraphs, with little more than the initial mention. That's disappointing.

Overall, the *No-Nonsense Guide* serves as a decent introduction to the many facets of the arms trade, but sadly, it's little more than that. The occasionally contradictory statistics and lack of hard facts makes me loath to quote this as any sort of definitive reference point. Perhaps this book would be best used as a gift to your conservative parents who don't understand what's so wrong about war anyway.

—Elliot Lange



Blondie, From Punk to the Present: A Pictorial History
Allan Metz
Musical Legacy Publications
512 pages • $35

Maybe it was the glam of "Heart of Glass," or the toughness of "one way or another," there was definitely something that drew me to the charm of one of my favorite bands, Blondie, and their front woman, Debbie Harry. Seriously, in my mind Debbie is right there, proudly standing next to the other rock goddesses I looked up to, such as Joan Jett, Penelope Houston, Patti Smith, and Kathleen Hanna. But there's only one woman who has made me cry when she walked on stage, and that's Debbie.

It's true that my generation was not around to witness all of these women in action first hand, but it's important to note their influence on what is happening in the punk scene now.

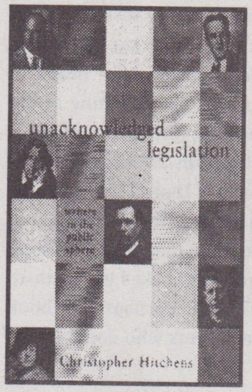
Blondie, From Punk To the Present: A Pictorial History, fills in the gaps, providing a much needed documentation of not only the band, but the climate of the music scene in which they played. The first section of the book does not really even talk about Blondie specifically. Instead, the reader is oriented through articles discussing the roots of punk culture and new wave in the New York scene and other artists of the time. Even though these compiled articles sound a bit too academic for the subject matter at times, they are very informative.

With this background in mind, the book goes on to talk about how Blondie fit into the music scene, and more specifically, about Debbie Harry.

In fact, the pictorial history sections of the book are mostly shots of Debbie charming the mic. Interviews and commentary from bandmates Chris Stein, Clement Berke, and Gary Valentine tell the story of Blondie, describing their experiences firsthand.

Instead of stopping there, like previous books such as *Making Tracks: The Rise of Blondie, Blondie, From Punk to the Present* continues with current photos of the band and articles about their reunion album, *No Exit*. Even though I'm glad that this chapter is included, I can't say that I find it all that interesting. Also, even though the last chapter, titled "Appreciations," proves Blondie's impact, I'm creeped out by the various cheesy watercolors and pencil drawings of Debbie, and the story about wearing Debbie Harry's undies is just weird.

If you idolize or appreciate the band Blondie, or just want to buff up on your New York Scene history, you're going to end up bullying someone into buying this book for you.
—Megan March



Unacknolwedged Legislation: Writers in the Public Sphere

Christopher Hitchens
430 pages • $14.00
Verso • 180 Varick Street
New York, NY 10014-4606

Do a writer's politics matter? How much should their private life matter? Is Ezra Pound's love of Benito Mussolini as grievous as Pablo Neruda's ode to the equally heinous Joseph Stalin? Does it matter that John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy used to call James Baldwin "Martin Luther Queen"? Does TS Eliot's Anglophile anti-semitism corrupt his poems? Is this too much to ask of books?

Such are the questions that Christopher Hitchens addresses in *Unacknowledged Legislation*. Hitchens, who has written unflinchingly about public figures as disparate as Henry Kissinger, Mother Theresa, George Orwell, and the Clintons, seems to relish the challenge. "What might now be the tasks, or the opportunities, for the latent political intelligence of literature?" he asks in the introduction. His style fits the subject matter: conversational and anecdotal, but still bitingly critical. You can hear the relish in his voice when he proclaims, "a crisp one-line comeback is among the least ephemeral things in the world."

The book compiles 38 book reviews and articles about other British and American writers. He admits that he'd "hesitate a hundred times before employing political standards as a device for the analysis and appreciation of poetry," but the issues are constantly raised. I understand that the voice employed in writing isn't necessarily the author's own viewpoint—most of the writers examined in the book are novelists and poets, not first person columnists. But racist, homophobic, sexist, and jingoist bullshit (even in a letter to a friend) warrants some sort of an explanation, no? How can I tell that Jorge Luis Borges was half-smirking when his writing coddled the military dictatorship?

There's an annoying tendency when such outside-the-text issues come up to either dismiss the concerns as irrelevant to literature, or to demand a complete disavowal of the writer because of an indefensible slip in their private life. Neither is really satisfying, or smart at all. The essay on Dorothy Parker was especially relevant—she willed her money, her future royalties, and her bodily remains to the NAACP. But Lillian Helmann, who had thought she would get the rights to the writing, had Parker's cremated remains put in a lawyer's file cabinet for 20 years.

I know, too, that aside from book nerds, the minutiae of writers' lives (whether the glorious Oscar Wilde's or uber-patriot Tom Clancy's) mean squat to most people. There's plenty of other things to worry about besides off-color party conversation. Still, Tom Clancy is a terrible, terrible writer on many, many levels. His massive popularity and full endorsement of the military-industrial complex make a review of his work necessary (or at least interesting). Similarly, Salman Rushdie survived the fatwa against his life, but his Japanese translator was mutilated and murdered, and his Norwegian publisher shot three times in the back and left to die in the snow. It's these details which better assess the continual questions of art and power.

Just as crushing, though, is the evident pattern among the writers examined to become increasingly reactionary with age. Hitchens seems to be no exception, given his recent, public departure from The Nation magazine. He feuded with Noam Chomsky over the merits of US foreign policy—Chomsky argued that the 9/11 attacks were small-scale in terms of our own "state terrorism" brutality; Hitchens considered it a false and dangerous analogy. There's a huge fucking leap to then condone invading a country when the rest of the world thinks it's a really bad idea. Shouldn't Hitchens maybe recognize the warning signs of fame and time to a self-proclaimed public intellectual? He still claims to be a Marxist (whatever that means, this century). But his continuing clamor for US military action abroad, and his dinner dates with David Horowitz, might warrant a section of his own in the next edition of this book.
—Travis Fristoe

LEGEND OF A ROCK STAR
THE LAST TESTAMENT OF DEE DEE RAMONE

Legend of a Rock Star: The Last Testament of Dee Dee Ramone

Dee Dee Ramone
Thunder's Mouth Press

Legend of a Rock Star is Dee Dee Ramone's last gasp, a tour diary about what ended up being his last European tour. Whereas The Andy Warhol Diaries successfully celebrated the minutiae of life, Dee Dee tries to play up the rock & roll circus of his life, which he did live up to the end, when he ODed at age 50. However, decadence is most glamorously worn by the young, so one cannot help but feel pity for Dee Dee when he does the grinding punk club circuit as an old man.

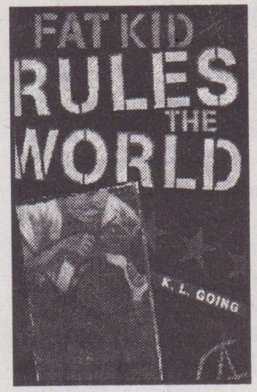
Thunder's Mouth Press tries very hard, arguably much too hard, to afford Dee Dee a deified status. The title of the book, *Legend of a Rock Star* would have been better reserved for the likes of Ramones leader Joey Ramone. The photo of Dee Dee used on the book cover is a caricature cross between a shirtless Iggy Pop-pose and a Keith Richards-pursed lip sneer, neither of whom Dee Dee approached. The forward, written by Neil Ortenburg, tries to compare Dee Dee to Gregory Corso, the beat poet. "And yes, Dee Dee was a poet," Neil urges. Lastly, the press release has lauds the book as the "rock 'n' roll equivalent of Dostoyevsky's *Notes from the Underground*." Perhaps these people copped Dee Dee's dope when he died and smoked it all at once!

As Dee Dee's tour diary unfolds, it becomes apparent that all of the fanfare and high-falutin' accolades heaped on the man and his writing is inappropriately placed. Dee Dee was really just a simple rock & roll rebel who lived on gut instinct and simple principles, not some renaissance rock star auteur. While that doesn't sound glamorous, it echoes the simplicity of the Ramones' music and its bubblegum-cum-dark lurking subject matter. With this in mind, the charm of Dee Dee Ramone begins to come through. Dee Dee's writing is somewhat erratic, bouncing between an 8th grade sensitivity ("It's not too bad being and old rock and roll star. It's like having a tear in your eye and a smile on your face at the same time") waxing pseudo-intellectually about current events such as Mad Cow's Disease, and then sinking into puerile punk rock fag-bashing ("Get the fuck away. I'm not a fucking faggot like you fucking are, motherfucker") and misogynistic raving about girls and relationships ("Blowjobs are not being unfaithful"). At the same time, his touching love and devotion for his wife Barbara is reiterated throughout the book and some of his rantings and observations are funny, particularly the rigors of touring the club circuit as seen through the eyes of a 50-year-old jaded punk.

The last third of the book is a hodgepodge of addendum to Dee Dee's diary, essentially homage to the dead man in the form of news clippings, quotes from friends, associates, contemporaries, and newspapers. This is interspersed with some of Dee Dee's drawings (Dee Dee had become an artist in his later years) done in a simple folk art style, and a full discography of the Ramones and Dee Dee's post-Ramones projects. For those of us who found punk with the Ramones, such as myself (*Rocket to Russia*, junior year in high school), it's a tearful ending, acknowledgement that our punk world will never be the same.

Dee Dee Ramone may have never been a real "rock star" or a legend, but *Legend of a Rock Star* does manage to capture the man who devoted his life to the satisfying simplicity of three-chord rock.

—Henry Yu



Fat Kid Rules the World • K. L. Going

192 pages • $17.99
G.P. Putnam's Sons • 345 Hudson Street • New York, NY 10014

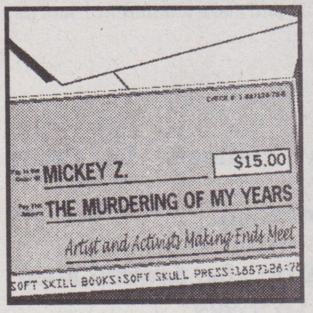
The woman who assigns book reviews once told me, that if possible, she likes to give books to reviewers who have knowledge or experience of the subject matter. Arwen assigned me *Fat Kid Rules the World.* And seeing how this fictional work is about a fat teenager, his introduction to the world of punk, and the growth and changes which happen to him because of punk rock, I guess I was a good choice of reviewer.

Troy is an under-confident, super fat high school kid with a mentally abusive father and a hateful jock of a little brother. He has no friends and is horny all the time. One day, as he is about to kill himself, he meets Curt, a legend in the NY punk rock scene. Troy and Curt somehow become friends, start a band, and play a gig. While all this shit is happening, Troy learns to play drums, Curt meets the brother and father of Troy, Troy meets a bunch of punks, and to his amazement, they don't seem to care that he is fat. Troy and his brother and father develop a more open, communicative relationship, Troy becomes sexually excited by the mere, glancing touch of some punk rock groupies and the kids at school begin to respect him because of his friendship with Curt. Troy starts to feel comfortable in his own skin, his fatness.

This book is an easy read, and even with its talk of hard-ons and breasts, it is written in a child's book fashion. You know—very interesting, with flowing, but stilted sentence structures and brief, but effective descriptions. This is a book I think anyone would dig having laying around on top of their toilet tank, ready for a read. Except the (fat) punks!

This author has a problem. I can't believe she was ever a punk, or has had anything to do with the NY punk scene. The author has a problem: I really don't think she was ever a fat boy growing up in this world. These two voids of knowledge make this book not at all about a fat boy becoming a punk and gaining acceptance into a community that doesn't care about his appearance. This is just a "young adult's" book, a modern *Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret?* It's cool, just not anything new to us.

—Jake "Fat Boy" Filth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The Murdering of My Years: Artists and Activists Making Ends Meet

Edited by Mickey Z.
245 pages • $15.00
Soft Skull Press, 71 Bond Street • Brooklyn, NY, 11217

In this handy paperback, leftist activist/author Mickey Z. (a.k.a. Michael *Zezima, author of Saving Private Power: The Hidden History of the "Good War"*) surveyed 24 artists/activists, including himself, about how they walk their own, creative path in the midst of the gross capitalist jungle that is modern American society.

It's an interesting question—we live in a society and a country that has blatantly turned its back on the concepts of both "individualism" and "community." Instead, our society values us only as consumers that are part of a target demographic. While this pathetic state of the nation has been exhaustively examined elsewhere, Zezima's informal survey of creative individuals (who are also members of well-defined and supportive communities) adds a vital and previously overlooked perspective to the commodification of daily existence in the US—how to successfully exist outside of the lines new millennium capital has drawn for us.

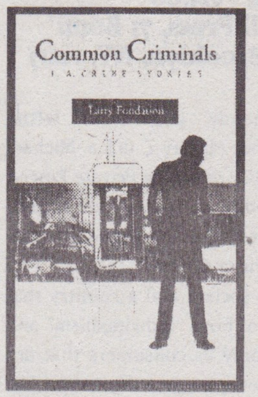
Both Zezima and Barbara Ehrenreich (in her excellent book *Nickel and Dimed*) directly experience (and inherently criticize) the modern employment scene. Ehrenreich, by taking a series of low-income mainstream jobs, examines the negatives of being an employee struggling in the mainstream. Zezima surveys the converse: the positives of non-mainstream workers successfully surviving inside of—and in spite of—the capitalist system.

The major difference between these two books is that Zezima goes much further into the non-work portions of his respondents' lives. In addition to the best job/worst job questions, and the job interview stories, there are also revealing responses about social lives, diet, family life, and more. Additionally, the interviewees talk about their individual philosophies of existence and the future of artists and activists in a hyper-capitalist system. That said, I don't want to give the reader the impression that Zezima's book is heavy with theory or five syllable words—it's not. Instead, each respondent replies in his or her own words, alternately entertaining and inspiring.

Respondents include a former coordinator of this magazine (Jen Angel, who name checks a couple of books by another *MRR* alum, Martin Sprouse), long-time homeless activists, disabled activists, book publishers, stuntmen, and anti-racism speakers. There's a broad range of ages, races, and occupations, although the responses often sound like they're coming from a much less diverse group. I'm not sure whether that's a result of Zezima's circle of respondents being fellow travelers, or if the non-mainstream creative workforce is shoehorned into very similar situations due to societal pressure. Personally, I would have loved to read about the experiences of some right-wing activists as well. For instance, Pat Buchanan's been an anti-NAFTA voice since day one, and his activists are as marginalized by the mainstream as the left's activists. Also, both the activist left and the activist right are united in defending civil rights against the tyranny of the apathetic middle and the near right. To me, such natural cross-ideological alliances point to another source of non-mainstream experiences. Are they identical to the leftists' experience? Maybe Zezima will extend his survey further for a new edition.

The reason I suggest this is that this book is clearly only useful for two things. One, it's a recognition of the activists' efforts to resist the mainstream (and a great ego boost) for the folks involved, and rightfully so. Two—and more importantly—it's an inspiration to the rest of us, whether we exist in the margins or not, to go forth and to be true to our inner creative selves. This book is an examination of how to be free in today's cap-

ital-über-alles society, and how to have fun and make a difference, and pay your bills at the same time.
—Jesse Luscious



Common Criminals: LA Crime Stories

Larry Fondation
86 pages • $12
Asylum Arts • 5847 Sawmill Road
Paradise CA 95969

This book is pretentious crap and that is being generous. It does highlight some aspects of the modern media topology that are worth exploring, so an experiment is in order. Expect an introduction and a review in three parts.

In many ways the book can be summed up in the first paragraph (I was tempted to put the thing down and write the review from there) of the first "story"—"Cuckold."

"I ask for money from a homeless man. He gives me fifty cents. Two quarters. I spend them at a peep show. It is humid just after a rain. The streetlights seem dim. I don't know where to go next."

A review of this text could evaluate the author's imagery (urban ennui), obsessions (fingernails, tits, and guns), and terseness (most of the pieces are bathroom visit short) but that would be to credit with value the form that the author occupies. That should be left to others (who do, of course, exist).

The Spectacle: In Debord's essential text "Society of the Spectacle," he states, "When the real world is transformed into mere images, mere images become real beings—dynamic figments that provide the direct motivations for a hypnotic behavior." This alludes to the truth of the partial-truth captured by a Fox News "Terror Alert" or the *Sopranos'* James Gandolfini expressing our most deeply held desires. Spectacular reality is not just images on a screen speaking more clearly about (or to) our lives than we are capable of. This reality is also the stitching that binds our interpersonal relations as economical, traditional, and imaginary. The spectacle is the instrumentation of disconnected lives, a living system whereby is its own negation.

Fondation writes with this myopia. Violence is the only honesty in a Los Angeles where total disconnect isn't just a coping mechanism, but the gateway to utter human tragedy. This distortion of the actual geographic and demographic location serves the author on his explicitly "perverse" journey. Life is not so different in a Los Angeles not touched by the lens of a superficial narrative. A story that has sold a million movie tickets and isn't worth telling yet.

Bukowski: A reasonable person hopes Bukowski is rolling in his grave for what he has wrought. What once seemed passionate and textured in bas-relief now fuels far too many spoken-word masturbations and publications like this one. While seeing the world through the eyes of a hangover is a poignant reminder of the daze we mostly stumble in, it also necessitates, at some point, answering the question, "what are you going to do about it?" Whether the answer is to drink another day, to set the ship straight, or to smash every bottle, the transition between passive and active voice charged the Beats and their inheritors. Today's post-neo-slam "poets" believe that the kinetic observation of a conditional form evokes that transition. They are the Glam Punk, the Trendy, and the Wannabe... Their only violence is that they are often successful.

Existentialism: It is reasonable to walk away from solutions when every option appears so polluted—whether the Russian Revolution, punk rock, or poetry. It seems that the safest bet is just sitting at home, judging it all, offering nothing. Existence could be defined as the search for the self. In a society transparent in its illusory options such a search seems to necessitate passing through solutions. And it does, but it is only meaningful to the extent that we understand that the journey itself is a solution. The wandering and casual mistakes of a discerning eye have much more "life potential" than the navel-gazing fieldwork of a salaryman (even if he is a "community organizer") harvesting Pulp Fiction stories of urban decay. The acceptance of the Existential view of human nature speaks more clearly of its subscriber than of humans.
—Aragorn!

One Hundred
Red Hot
Years
Preface by Eduardo Galeano
radicalhistory

One Hundred Red Hot Years: Big Moments of the 20th Century

Edited by Deborah Shnookal, preface by Eduardo Galeano
78 pages • $7.95
Ocean Press • GPO Box 3279
Melbourne, Victoria 3001 • Australia

It's easy to forget that history is a conscious act, a deliberate construct open to interpretation. I think of history mostly as a Fourth of July parade on a sweltering day: cops and armed forces marching past, lights flashing, badges gleaming; anxious parents watching their children drop batons or squawk sour notes on a clarinet; inexplicable, wrinkled men in fezzes and their tiny cars buzzing, while you sit there sweating and angry. Or History as traditionally taught in a similarly stupefying fashion in the American classroom.

One Hundred Red Hot Years gives none of the above. Instead, it presents a timeline (1898-2000) of defining moments: imperial conquests, labor uprisings, and continual, global independence struggles in a matter-of-fact manner. A not-so-surprising pattern of colonial aggression and American dominance emerges. But an equally important lineage of successful contest appears as well.

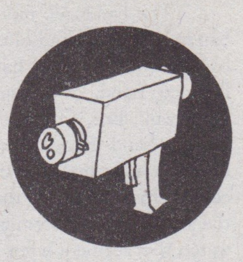
History writ this way—contextualized beyond traditional borders of nation, state, and class, becomes a much livelier idea. As lively as freedom and resistance! Which are large, abstract notions easily given to sloganeering, I know. The timeline does a better job of being specific rather than catchy. The events themselves are revelatory enough. When read in succession, such history becomes a thing of hope rather than overwhelming despair.

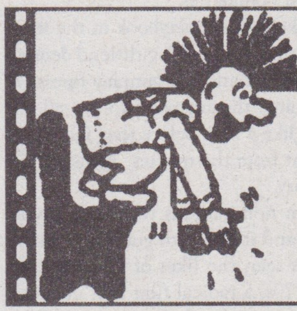
Graphically, there's a satisfying directness to the book: a clean layout that's the visual equivalent of the events presented. The OSPAAL (Organization in Solidarity with the Peoples of Africa, Asia and Latin America) posters, reprinted with their bold and unmistakeable messages, provide a fine counterpoint to the timeline. The book is also peppered with larger, relevant quotes.

Eduardo Galeano writes a brief, cleaving preface in his typical style. "Let us leave pessimism for better times," he transcribes, from graffitti in Bogota. Editor Deborah Shnookal gives us a similarly terse (but no less incendiary) introduction, dismissing Y2K notions of "the end of history" in favor of the possibilities of this new century.

The book is part of the Radical History series, which "seeks to revive events, struggles and people erased from conventional (and conservative) media and memory, providing invaluable resources for a new generation of political activists." A tall order, but with the thrifty cover price ($7.95, the same as an LP, dude) and concise, accessible writing, it's an ideal well within our reach.
—Travis Fristoe

MOVIES





BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

You know the children of punk rockers are going to end up Republicans or some other conservative thing. Face it; if your mom forced you from the day you grew hair to start wearing it as a mohawk (no matter how cute everyone around you thought you were), there is no way you'd want one when you grew up. Kids rebel against their parents. That's the way it is. **Laurel Canyon** gets the parent/offspring dynamic right, with the story of a relationship between Jane, a cool, tough, sexy, record-producing mother, and Sam, her uptight, conservative, Harvard graduate son.

Sam is engaged to wealthy, sheltered Alex. Apparently, Alex has never listened to a record, never mind met a musician. In the opening scene, the two engage in methodological, straightforward sex. Sam gets upset when Alex tries to give him a blowjob. The couple is moving to Los Angeles so psychiatrist-in-training Sam can begin his residency. Alex is finishing up her doctorate thesis.

When they arrive at Jane's house, it is not empty as was planned. Jane is producing an English band's record, and because the record company complained that there was no single, they are back in the studio to make one. The recording studio is located in the house, and Jane has given the beach house where she is supposed to be staying to her ex-boyfriend because she felt bad for him. So there's the dilemma. Sam is forced to live with his mother, who embarrasses him. Alex gets an introduction to the world of rock & roll.

Laurel Canyon's writer/ director, Lisa Cholodenko, likes to keep things balanced, even while attempting to shift the playing field. Alex is tempted, but so is Sam. Alex starts hanging around the recording studio, adding a few opinions. Ian, the singer of the English band, flirts with her by paying extra attention to her comments. He even writes a song that seems directed at her. Sara, another intern at the hospital, pursues Sam. She offers to carpool with him to the hospital so Alex can use the car to find another place for them to live.

What **Laurel Canyon** has going for it is Jane, played excellently by Frances McDormand. It is refreshing to see a woman in a role that would normally be given to a man. She is a record producer who is having an affair with a much younger rock singer. She is interesting, strong, no-nonsense, and hardworking. A woman even plays the record executive. After arguing with her on the phone and hanging up, Jane comments on how much she loves her. It is nice to see professional women portrayed in a positive (i.e. non-backstabbing) light.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for **Candy Von Dewd. Candy Von Dewd** comes across like a porn film without the nudity. The minimal story—of a group of male Earthlings who need to reproduce in order to save their race, compelling them to head into outer space to find fertile females—is just there to show off the nicely costumed ladies. I couldn't stop thinking that these guys shouldn't reproduce. They are kind of dumb. I have to wonder if the people in the theater with me were watching the same film as I was. They were laughing up a storm to drug references and any mention of a penis. The guy in front of me was really enjoying his popcorn. I probably should have gotten some. Maybe it would have helped.

Candy Von Dewd is an excuse to get women dancing in skimpy latex costumes. The women don't really have characters or lines. Even the leader of the planet, who brainwashes the captain, doesn't really seem to have a motive. Heroine and title character Candy Von Dewd doesn't even show up until the end after rolling around on the floor feeling her faux fur carpeting. Then she saves the day by agreeing to be a surrogate mother. That's all fine and good, just don't try to pass if off as a film when it's just a stage reel.

It's really too bad, actually, since there was a lot of energy and time put into making the film look good. It's got a great kitschy sci-fi thing going. The special effects were super low budget, but worked. I really enjoyed the scene were the robot was putting the fetus into Candy's uterus. It had just the right level of gore. **Candy Von Dewd** could have been so much better if they just worked more on a developing a good story.

CBGB Punk From The Bowery is a DVD collection to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the infamous New York City club. I wasn't really excited about any of the bands, but what really caught my eye was the 30-minute tour of CBGB, hosted by Hilly Kristal. Hilly Kristal opened CBGB in December 1973 in the Bowery. The Bowery, at the time, was mostly bars for derelicts and flophouses. CBGB was a drunk's haven when Kristal took over. People would be waiting to get in when the bar opened at 8 am. Then CBGB made its name in the rock & roll world by booking the first wave of New York punk bands: Ramones, Television, Blondie, etc.

The tour of CBGB is a letdown. For some reason, they use the club's video system, normally used to record band's performances for internet streaming. The cameras are mounted on the ceiling and the person operating it has a hard time focusing in on what Kristal is talking about. He starts with the front door, and the camera operator can't even seem to get a shot of it. It's obvious they are just trying to do it themselves which is great, but I can't imagine he didn't know someone with a camcorder who could have followed him around the club. A few close-ups of the bar, front door, and maybe even the famous bathrooms Kristal mentions a few times would have been nice.It is interesting to hear Kristal reminisce about the start of the club. He's really seen it all and you can tell he still enjoys it. His ad-libbed narration for the tour is the best part. When mentioning a few of his favorite bands, the Bad Brains come up. You can tell he really admired them. Then they broke up and he jokes that all bands break up, "except the Stones. They keep getting back together."

The live footage in **CBGB Punk From The Bowery** is probably what most people are interested in. The bands are mostly popular, aging, white male hardcore bands: Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags, Madball, H2O, Poison Idea, UK Subs. There are a couple of exceptions, with the female-fronted Even Worse and the pop punk jokiness of Furious George. I assume all the footage was shot very recently, though no dates are mentioned. In this live footage, you get to see how the club's video system really works. The overhead shots have a nice view of the pit during the popular bands. The not-so-popular bands get a more close-up view of the stage. The transitions are done smoothly and they are always in focus. The sound is great, too. It's too bad they didn't have this set up in 1975. Seeing some of the early bands in their prime would have made this collection.

The complete opposite of the CBGB DVD is a video collection of bands that have played in Chattanooga, Tennessee's (seemingly) only two venues, Father Abraham's and Rear Entry. It's called **The First Attempt: Shows at Chattanooga Take #1**. Now, this has what the CBGB collection seems to be missing: kids going crazy and having fun. During a Municipal Waste set, the singer tries to get a mosh contest going. He yells to the crowd to start a circle pit. After a half-assed attempt, everyone goes back to dancing. He tries to get them going again, but then it seems obvious that they don't know what a circle pit is. That's one of the very refreshing feelings you get from this collection. I bet the kids at CBGB could do one in their sleep.

The First Attempt is very low budget. There are messy edits and poor sound quality, but it stills holds together as an interesting cohesive piece. These are the types of shows I like. One of the venues looks like an office. During one band, someone starts blinking the overhead fluorescent lights, reminding me of when there used to be shows at a Kinko's in San Francisco. The juxtaposition of venues and punk bands is nice.

The bands are more diverse as well. There are hardcore bands, emo bands, pop punk bands, local bands, bands from out of town, bands with girls, bands with boys, and bands with both. Some of the bands are the Jack Palance Band, Whoremonger, Municipal Waste, Les Turdz, Sadville, Queerwulf, Bris, Cocaine Summer Splash, Menstrual Tramps, and my new favorite band, Social Lies. Social Lies are a two-piece band with a female drummer and a male guitar player. Both sing like there is no tomorrow so they come across as a one of the meanest hardcore bands you've ever seen. When the set ended, the drummer stood up and walked out of the room. I had to watch that segment a few times in a row. It's that great.

I wish I could have given **The First Attempt** a bad review, since I received the following threat from Daniel and Scott, "Give a good review or die." That's not very nice. Fortunately, it captures everything that is great about punk rock: the great bands and people having fun watching them. Daniel and Scott are lucky I liked it.

More information on the films reviewed can be found at:

Candy Von Dewd: http://www.werepad.com/candy.html

CBGB Punk From The Bowery: http://www.cbgb.com/

The First Attempt: Shows at Chattanooga Take #1: http://www.geocities.com/trailertrashunlabeled/ The video is available from Trailer Trash/ This Here, 2703 Long St., Chattanooga, TN 37408, $5 ppd.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by e-mail at carolynmrr@juno.com

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

A NEW BERLIN WALL

At times, Elia Suleiman's Academy Award-nominated **Divine Intervention** comes off like a series of mordantly comic set pieces, each seemingly unrelated and ever-so-skewed. As a Palestinian filmmaker, he may very well have felt the need to disguise his message; but for any vigilant filmgoer, this is a straight-faced comedy cum allegory for things left unsaid.

One thing's for certain: **Divine Intervention** doesn't have anything close to a conventional plot. In the opening scene, Santa Claus is fleeing through the hills; gifts spilling from his sack—his reindeer long having since deserted him—as street hoods close in. We're in Nazareth. The last we see of Jolly Saint Nick is a desperate image—a knife in his belly, as he slumps to the ground. Nobody seems to want the presents. You have to assume they're after something else.

That unarticulated "something else" rears its head again and again as the "plot" formally unfolds. A robust old man (Nayef Fahoum Daher) drives through the streets with a smile on his face and a special curse for everyone he passes. Everyone waves and smiles back to him—but the joke is on him, because the endless line of passing drivers—all of whom wave just as cordially as the old man—are likely saying the same things about him.

As with so much of this film, a drama is unfolding, but half of it occurs just out of earshot.

Everyone seems happiest when, like the old man, they're darting from place to place. But once they arrive at their homes, all hell threatens to break loose. One fat old man meticulously collects empty bottles and lines them up by the hundreds on his roof. When cops come to arrest him, he throws one after another, the neighborhood filled with the sound of broken glass. It turns out that his neighbor has used the arrest to build up a concrete border to the front of his driveway. But no sooner does the old man come back then he takes a pick and begins demolishing the drying concrete. It apparently infringed on too many centimeters of his own property.

It's a land obsessed with borders. In one segment entitled, "Beat the Motherfucker," four men armed with wooden poles beat some poor soul just under our line of sight. This goes on for several minutes. But the joke is on the audience: the intruder was a snake, yet another trespasser on private land.

The director himself, with a face like a middle-eastern Buster Keaton, appears in the last section of the film, as "E.S." His lovely girlfriend (Manal Khader) and he have cast themselves in the roles of spies, parking their car just above an Israeli checkpoint (yet another border). With martial precision, E.S. fills a red balloon with helium and lets it float from the sunroof his car. It has a cartoon-face of Yasser Arafat on it. As the balloon floats past the border guards, they radio an all-points alert, readying themselves for offensive combat. The balloon drifts away over temple and mosque, its cartoon face smiling, immune from attack, free from boundaries.

Suleiman steals a page from the Miike Takashi playbook in the film's outrageous conclusion. On an Israeli shooting range, E.S.'s girlfriend demonstrates the levitating skills of a Crouching Tiger and the gunplay finesse of Chow Yun Fat in **The Killer**. At one point, she manages to get all the marksmen's fired rounds to circle her head like a halo before they fall harmlessly to the ground, a killing machine right from the movies. As usual, the dreams of Palestinian liberation are a fantasy.

Unlike any of the other foreign film nominations this year, **Divine Intervention** is both surreal and political, and it's hard to guess how mainstream audiences will react to it, I haven't seen the likes of this since the great Latin-American protest films of the 70s, a radical film that demands something from its audience. Maybe you're up to the challenge.

While **Divine Intervention** couldn't possibly be more oblique, the chilling documentary **Gaza Strip** speaks with disconcerting directness. It's safe to say that recent events are going to make this difficult to find in local theaters, but it's worth seeking out.

James Longley bites off a lot for his first film. With a digital video camera and few preconceptions, he made his way to the Gaza Strip, a tinderbox of dissent against Israeli occupation.

Longley focuses primarily on the plight of the Palestinians. A young newspaper boy, Mohammed Hejazi, is the main subject for the film. Barely into his teens, he works as the family breadwinner, selling newspapers, and has already lost all but one of his friends to Israeli military attacks. He reads off headlines, spilling his anger equally for Sharon, Barak, and Arafat. Inflamed by the very news he sells, he only way he can think of venting his outrage is to throw stones.

It's the protest of choice for angry boys, done on a barren stretch of earth on the edge of the Palestinian border, the nearest structures are miles away, so their protest is largely impotent. When there's gunfire, the crowd cowers and scatters like pigeons. Their fear is justified; they admit to having seen too many of their friends and family killed by these bullets not to take them seriously. The stone walls are pockmarked with bullet holes.

The next sequence takes us to a nighttime conflict. Colored gas canisters have been shot into the Palestinian crowd. Minutes later, in the hospital, victims are being dragged in, clutching and scratching, their spines twisted. These people know pepper spray and tear gas, and this is something different. According to the victims, its effects can last from several hours to a week or more, with recurring episodes that can last a lifetime. Doctors determine it's likely nerve gas, albeit non-lethal. News agencies ignore the story.

At the same moment that the US is pressing Iraq to surrender its stores of chemical weapons, Israel is using them.

Later, also under cover of night, Israeli bulldozers move into the edges of residential areas—uprooting the olive and date trees the residents use for survival—and crush a number of the flimsy homes at random. The next day, some women, now homeless and weeping, hover at the rubble of their former home.

The camera does a slow, 360-degree pan of the Palestinian town; rubble piled everywhere, the echo of gunfire in the air. It seems ironic that an area tagged for its terrorism should itself be so terrorized.

Gaza Strip tells of a state of mind at a certain time and place, one that's largely insulated from media attention. There's no narration; Longley lets the people speak for themselves. Of course, it's an approach that robs the events of any historical context (we don't know, for example, whether the Israelis are acting from a standpoint of retaliation, social control, or sheer desperation). Ultimately, it's all academic. So far as the man or woman in the street is concerned, it's just one tragedy after another.

"I want to die," Mohammed says when he loses his last and only friend to Israeli gunfire. Not even thirteen, and the boy has graduated from cynicism to fatalism. You get the feeling that he's already part of the body count. Feedback? Email me at **sjspinali@yahoo.com**.

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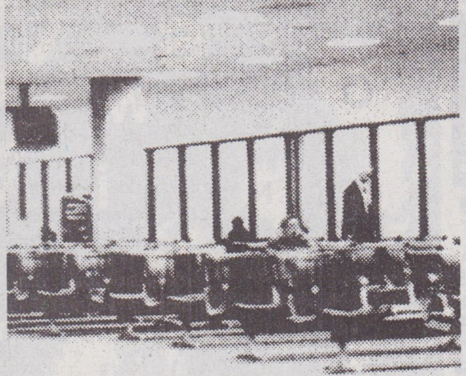

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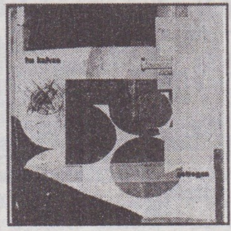

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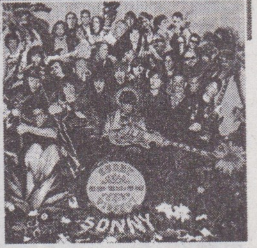

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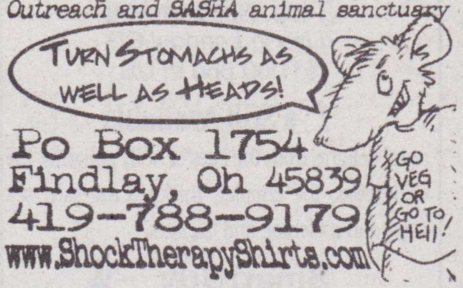
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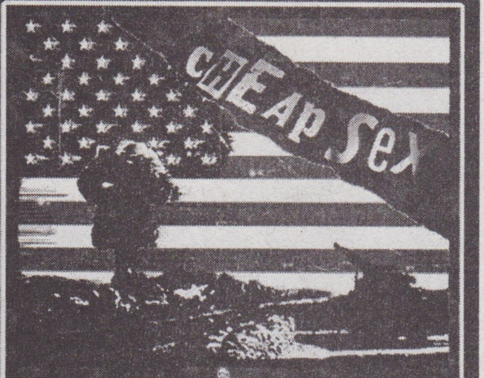

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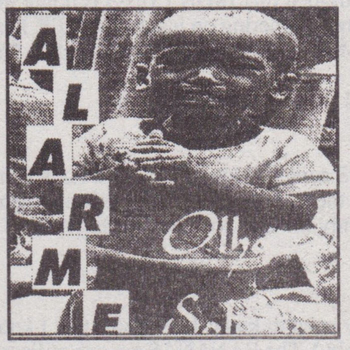
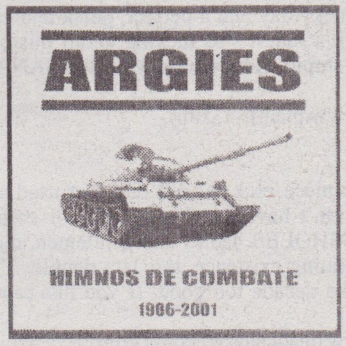


ÄÄRITILA – "110901" EP

The 10000 DB label has put out its share of superior re-releases recently. This brand new release comes from the ashes of RIISTETYT. This debut turns out to be a pleasantly familiar 8-song EP. The basics haven't changed much since their early days: intense, riff-driven HC with shouted choruses. Their basic song structures owe a lot to early DISCHARGE, albeit filtered through that uniquely mid-80s Finnish sound. Comes on marbled purple vinyl. (SS)
(10000 DB, Box 5204, S102.45 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

ALARM CLOCKS/WITNESSES – split EP

A 12" EP (something of a rarity around the marble corridors of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*), and a split at that. The ALARM CLOCKS are a busy, cold kind of guitar-based new wave—and turn out two tracks of wily pop with a clear sense of purpose. Choppy synths, neat twists and turns. The WITNESSES sound like a drunk TEENAGE HEAD and are probably trussed up in corduroy flares as I type this…it's honest enough rock & roll but marred by BLACK CROWES/crushed velvet excess that no amount of nail polish can disguise. I'm dressed to kill myself. I can imagine both bands walking off the precipice if not carefully supervised. (JH)
(Brains on Fire)

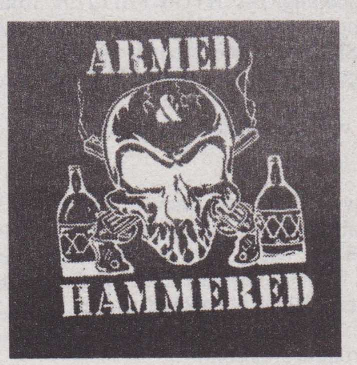


ALARME – "Olhos de Solidão" EP

Grimly serious package here from this Brazilian hardcore combo that couldn't be further away from the feather boas and smudged eyeliner I've been subjected to lately. Seven tracks of 1980s-style hardcore, played with the pedal to the proverbial metal and all caution to the breeze—the accompanying literature makes a lot of the band's political motivation. Fortunately the music carries enough *oomph* to back up the words (in Portuguese). "Culpa" dates back to dark days of 1990, making this something of career-spanning retrospective. (JH)
(Decibéis c/o Quadra 22, Conjunto A, Casa 13 Setor Central-Gama-DF, BRAZIL 72405-220)

ANNIHILATION TIME – "This One's For You God" LP

Full on BLACK FLAG by way of B'LAST worship from these SoCal ragers. It's totally ripping stuff even if they do blatantly wear their influences on their sleeves, from the Pettibon cover art to the vocal attack and the desperate lyrics. It could use a bit less precision and more schizo in the guitar work (more early BLACK FLAG and less B'LAST) but the energy is there enough to make it forgivable. Snarling and pissed off metallic punk, that gets the job done. (MT)
(DeadAlive, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101, www.deadaliverecords.com)

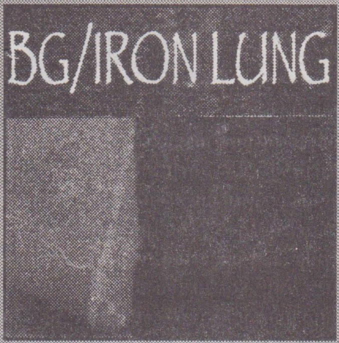


APERS – "The Buzz Electric" CD

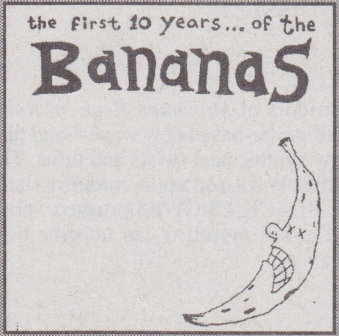
The latest full-length from the Netherlands' answer to SCREECHING WEASEL and the QUEERS. No change in sound here as these guys keep it simple and catchy. One of Europe's best at this stuff. (RL)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

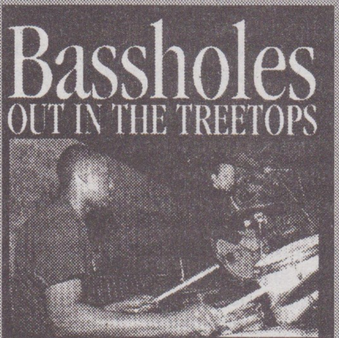
ARGIES – "Himnos de Combate 1986-2001" CD

This is fucking excellent melodic punk from Argentina, with a splash of reggae here and there. It's super catchy and kept my foot tappin' all the way through. These guys rule—they play free shows for kids with Down's Syndrome. How's that for punk community service? I love it! (SR)
(Coche Bomba, PO Box 546, Randolph, MA 02368, www.argies.net)



BAD BRAINS
SOUL
MUSIC
FOR
BAD
PEOPLE





ARMED & HAMMERED – "Go to Hell" CD

Tough, speedy punk from Nevada. ARMED & HAMMERED have been around for a while now, though this is the first time that I've heard them. I remember liking the way they used the Arm & Hammer corporate logo. They remind me of GBH, BILLY CLUB, BREZHNEV, and bands like that—fast and pissed off without being necessarily political. Good solid shit. (AD)

(Turn, PO Box 784, Santa Clara, CA 95952)

AUDIO KOLLAPS – "Ultima Ratio" LP

This is an interesting mix of crust and dirty metal. One minute they will be hammering along with some harsh pounding punk, and the next they blast into some crazy fast metal with lots of wild guitar riffs leading the way. Deep, growling vocals spit out angry rants that deal with subjects like addiction, war, and politics. This copy is on red vinyl and the release is limited to 666 copies (but of course). A fine release from...(RC)

(Epistrophy, PF 312 30003 Hannover, GERMANY, www.epistrophy.de)

BG/IRON LUNG - split EP

An awesome match-up between Fort Smith, Arkansas's BG and Reno, Nevada's IRON LUNG. This is by far BG's best moment on vinyl yet—hey get better every record released thus far. Two songs of what I would call "Crushingcore," thick, heavy, overwhelming layers of warm distortion, driving rhythms and galloping riffs with a touch of that old metallic feel; burly hardcore reminiscent of the HIS HERO IS GONE style but nowhere even near being derivative. BG are definitely doing their own thing and it kills—check 'me out live, they are devastating. IRON LUNG on the flip can do wrong. Three songs of raging über-pummel-core. Take the crushing power of CROSSED OUT and mix in the obsessive lyric style of *Cacophony*-era RUDIMENTARY PENI (in IRON LUNG's case their obsession is medical technology) as well as RUDIMENTARY PENI's daring attempt (success) to experiment with song structures on the same LP, and you might get an idea that IRON LUNG is doing things far more unique than your average hardcore band. Instead of me blathering on just buy this EP. I can't recommend it any more highly for both bands. Also note that the cover is an actual X-ray while the inserts are acetates. Nice. (WM)

(Born To Die, 1904 NW 31st ST. Oklahoma City, OK 73118, www.borntodie.com)

BAD BRAINS – "Soul Music for Bad People" – EP

Two live recordings of a few of old BAD BRAINS songs: "How Low Can a Punk Get?" "Re-Ignition," and "You." A completely unessential bootleg of these three songs. You've heard them before with the same quality on their previous releases. This is only for true collector nerds. (AS)

(Mumboclaat)

THE BANANAS – "The First 10 Years…" CD

The BANANAS are amazing. That's all you really need to know, but I know that I know more than you, so I'm going to share what I know, if you don't mind. The BANANAS are one of Sacramento, California's many, many great bands. Their brand of fucked-up garage punk has been cranking out for ten years now, and this commemorative CD combines their first Plan-It-X album as well as a slew of their many great 7" and comp tracks. This is everyone's lucky day and a perfect, quick and easy way to get to know your favorite yellow fruit band. It's zany, it's fun, it's so fucking unfair this band can rock this hard, suck this much, be this brilliant and be this stupid. Hooooraaaaay for the BANANAS!!! (BM)

(Plan-It-X, 5810, W. Willis Rd, Georgetown, IN 47122, www.plan-it-x.com)

BASSHOLES – "Out in the Treetops" EP

Back in the old days, like 1997, there was a two-piece rock 'n' roll duo that used a simple approach to thump the listener into submission. They didn't have matching outfits or color-coded equipment, except for the uniform sweat stains. The BASSHOLES, ladies and gentlemen, did it first and continue to do it best. As if to underscore their continuing existence, this is a double 7", one of those 90s packaging concepts that really didn't survive the decade too good. If you like raw garage rock, like, totally buy this booze-soaked urinal cake. (RW)

(Dead Canary, PO Box 10276, Columbus, OH 43201, www.deadcanaryrecords.com)

BATHTUB SHITTER – "Fertilizer" EP

Ah yes, just what I wanted, more songs about pooping. BATHTUB SHITTER, from Japan, assaults the listener with seven more songs of fast thumping grindcore, complete with harsh vocals filled with growls and chirps. Check these lyrics out: "Shit and peace, straight one is cool/Shit and peace, dump on your worth." In all honesty, this is pretty generic, but I know people dig them, so happy shitting. (RC)

(First Blood Family, PO Box 1766, Madison, WI 53701, www.firstbloodfamily.com)

BEERZONE/THE MISGUIDED – split LP

77 RPM Records presents a split LP featuring a live BEERZONE show from October 31, 2000 at Runwayz in Buffalo, New York. This show was probably a lot of fun for the punks in attendance (BEERZONE was opening for the DROPKICK MURPHYS), but the live sound on this side is very muffled. Turn this LP over and you get studio recordings from the MISGUIDED. The recorded sound on this side is just fine. The music falls somewhere between ONE MAN ARMY and BAD RELIGION. This is punk rock with pure pop sensibilities. (BR)

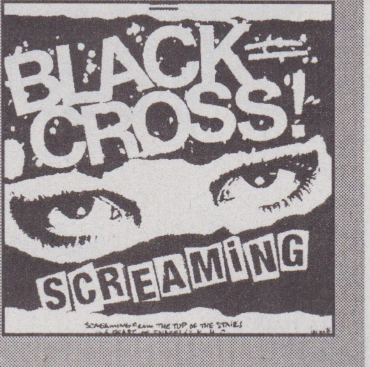
(77 RPM , PO Box 9186, Glendale, CA 91226, www.77rpmrecords.com)

BELLRAYS – "Raw Collection" CD

A collection of EP, comp, and other tracks. 15 selected songs which sounded good the first time around on vinyl. Although I wish they had included all the tracks, this is certainly a strong collection from these punk 'n' soul LA vets. (RL)
(Uppercut, 4470 Sunset Blvd. #195, Los Angeles, CA 90027, www.uppercutrecords.com)

BLACK CROSS – "Screaming" EP

Three tracks of killer SWIZ-influenced hardcore from these Kentucky hardcore vets. Well-produced and well-played punk heavily influenced by that mid to late 80s era Dischord/DC sound that just radiates energy—certainly blows away their previous effort by miles. (MT)
(Initial, PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY 40217)



BLACK FRIDAY '29 - "Blackout" EP

Germany's BLACK FRIDAY '29 provides us with a solid and good hardcore record here. The vocals remind me somewhat of Eric Ozenne of the NERVE AGENTS and REDEMPTION 87. Musically, it falls somewhere between NEGATIVE APPROACH and YOUTH OF TODAY, with a touch of melody and heavier NYC-style breakdowns. They mix things up a little, which makes this more interesting than a lot of the American hardcore coming out recently. The record doesn't quite have the energy to put it over the top, but it's a good release nonetheless. (WR)
(Crucial Response, Kaiserfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

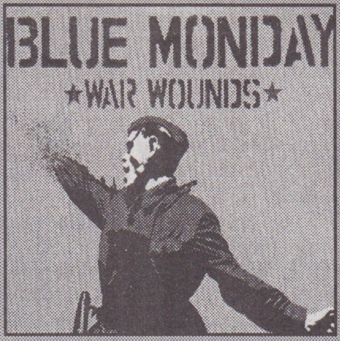
BLACK FRIDAY '29
BLACKOUT

BLACK RICE – "Rice Lightning" CD

Screw Mutant Pop, this is one of the nerdiest bands I've heard in a long time. The music has that Q AND NOT U guitar-bass intricacy that could only come from being a true guitar nerd, and the lyrics, while rather emotional, contain references to dragons and math. There's no dance here, though, and it carries a good bit of MTV-mo (do I get credit for coining that term? I'm not even sure I want the credit) baggage. More intensity, more urgency please. (MX)
(Flyer, flyerrecords.com)

BLUE MONDAY – "War Wounds" EP

This Canadian 4-piece brings us well-executed straight edge hardcore with a heavy CARRY ON influence. "Heavy" as in very prevalent, and "heavy" as in lots of slow mosh beginnings and breakdowns (could be overkill for some). Sandwiched in between all the monkey mosh parts are some really catchy choruses and verses. I am actually bugged more by the twangy bass sound than anything else. The ever-so-popular military-themed artwork complements their sound and the title of the record. My favorite tracks are actually the two on the flipside. Minor complaints aside, this record still brings the mosh, so get into it. (CC)
(www.bluexmonday.com)



THE BOILS – "Pride and Persecution" LP

West Chester, Pennsylvania's BOILS are finally getting the recognition they deserve. TKO Records has put out a storming new LP by these Keystone State stalwarts. The back of the LP reads: "Long live East Coast punk rock—in our hearts, in our minds!" This summarizes the rock & roll code that the BOILS have been living up to for so many years. With powerful punk rock anthems like "On My Own", "One More Face in the Crowd", "Another Tragic Story", "Eyes Hit The Floor", and "Hourglass", the BOILS leave no doubt in your mind—they are among the best of the veteran punk rock bands playing in the Northeast! (BR)
(TKO, 3126 W. Cary St., #303, Richmond, VA 23221, www.tkorecords.com)

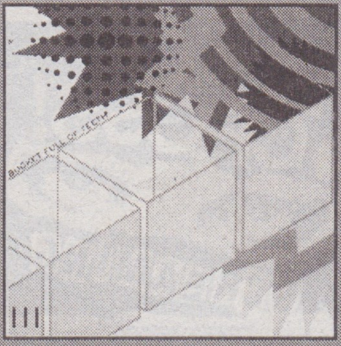
BOMBAST/SPEEDFREAKS – split EP

BOMBAST lead off this raging metal-tinged-punk rock split EP with "Buyin' the Farm". After a blast of COSMIC PSYCHOS-style guitar fueled venom, BOMBAST crank out "She Do It", complete with POISON IDEA-type of instrumentals and ANTiSEEN-flavored vocals. On the flip side of the EP, you have the SPEEDFREAKS from Sweden with the MOTORHEAD influenced "Ballistic" and "Devil's Little Helper". This is good hard rock with punk attitude and tastefully done metal guitar dressing. A good split EP for you headbangers! (BR)
(Bad Reputation , PO Box 67516, 280 Spadina Ave, Toronto, Ontario, MST 3A5, CANADA, www.badreputationrecords.com)

Bombäst
buyin' the farm · she do it

BREAD AND CIRCUITS/FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN - split LP

The long wait is over! Being a huge fan of both BREAD AND CIRCUITS and FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, this record is quite a welcome release. It was recorded four years ago, and only now sees the light of day. I'll get straight to it: BREAD AND CIRCUITS deliver four tracks of their great, DC-inspired—yet gritty and distorted—pure fucking power punk rock. Not conventional by any means, but the songs have enough structure to make them stand the test of time. BREAD AND CIRCUITS has the sound that has kind of become known as a trademark of guitarist Mike Kirsch. The stylings and rhythms that made TORCHES TO ROME, JOHN HENRY WEST, FUEL, and most recently, PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK (not to mention countless others) so special, are all present on these songs. If you like their LP on Ebullition, you will surely like this. FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, a band who I think shone most brightly on their split LP on Phyte, delivers four tracks as well, and they are no disappointment. Sounding like nothing that had come before them, the band created punk rock songs which were catchy in a whole new way, with personally political lyrics that weren't cliché. The layout on this record also beautiful. I may not know all my history all that well, but I do know that this record is a great introduction to two bands who I think were without a doubt some of the better bands to come out of the later part of the 90s. (WR)
(El Grito, PO Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018)



BUCKET FULL OF TEETH – "I, II, III" CD

BUCKET FULL OF TEETH exists as a conscious effort to move forward with the sound of hardcore and the way that it is played; as a sociopolitical statement. There are a lot of good discussions to be had in there. BFOT play beyond what the typical trend/fad in punk is at the moment (retro-early 80s, in case you haven't been paying attention) and instead go for a heady brew of post-chaotic 90s hardcore—a continuation and exploration of where the end of the 90s left some of us. Two-thirds of BFOT were in ORCHID, and that part of their sound is still evident, but not redundant. I've listened to this repeatedly in a very critical manner because their liner notes, consciously or otherwise, welcomed me to do so. What I found was definitely good, but it wasn't groundbreaking or particularly new (at times they remind me of a less chaotic GASP mixed with some COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN and ORCHID). That in no way detracts from what they have accomplished with this release—I think that they were only pushing themselves and their own personal limits. I'm not sure if they'll succeed in terms of popularity with the general punk population, not right now with this release anyway, but I think that independent, underground music has benefited on a whole from their participation and that given time they will probably turn in a fair share of amazingly good, progressive hardcore releases. Check 'em out and think for yourself. (WM)

(Youth Attack, available through Ebullition)

BULLDOG SPIRIT – CD

Gnarly Australian skinhead oi with growly vocals and tough guy stance. It's not too slow, and they mix it up with covers as diverse as TOM PETTY's "Won't Back Down" (which they manage to make sound quite daunting) and AGNOSTIC FRONT's "Last Warning." I like this better than a lot of European and American oi, as they keep it upbeat. This will appeal to fans of NYC-style hardcore as well. The lyrics are a little reactionary for me, personally—I have little time for songs about welfare scroungers (then again, in the same song they attack the banks, so…) and junkies. This is the first Aussie skin band I've ever heard, (except maybe for the group in *Romper Stomper,* but I don't think that was even a real band) and I must say, they're not bad. (AD)

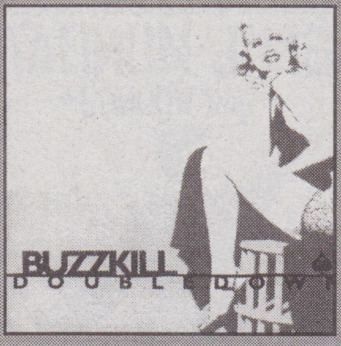
(Brutus, www.brutusrecords.com)

BULLET OF DIPLOMACY
WE ARE THE RASCAL MULTITUDE

BULLET OF DIPLOMACY – "We are the Rascal Multitude" CD

This is like some crazy, guitar-noodling, dissonant BAD RELIGION meets NOMEANSNO punk. BULLET OF DIPLOMACY are all learned, spewing intelligent, political lyrics, and they feature a long Chomsky quote explaining the whole Rascal Multitude concept. Six crucial and urgent tunes. (HM)

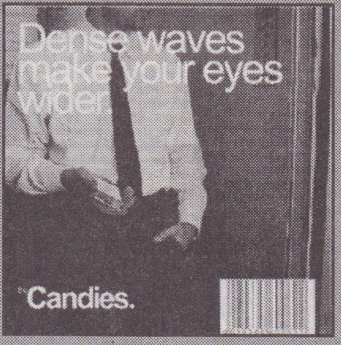
(Who Killed Culture?, 86 Kelsey Ln, Balsall Common, Coventry, CV7 7GT, ENGLAND, www.geocities.com/whokilledculture/1.html)



BUZZKILL – "Double Down" CD

Scared of this already (twenty seconds into track one, *what* was it called?). Lumpy herk and jerk from a British outfit that incorporates trumpet and both alto and tenor sax. The high-school marching band on cider and mothballs. Opening track "Mr. Furious" thumps. "Casino" wins by advantage of the punchy horns (in fact it all hearkens back to the SAINTS' *Eternally Yours* LP, which also used a brass section to good effect). The singer's got a gasping yelp of a voice that perhaps rubs me the wrong direction—but at least the band has a vaguely unique trip happening, and they grate a hell of a lot less than other bands of *musicians*. Best track: "I'll Take the Alcohol". (JH)

(In the Deep End, 82 Barlow Dr., South Ainsworth, Notts., NG16 2TD, UK, www.inthedeependrecords.co.uk)


Dense waves make your eyes wider
Candies.

CANDIES – "Dense Waves Make Your Eyes Wider" CD

With the exception of the slower, extended MILEMARKER-esque jam that is "No Edge," this Italian band plays lively, straight-forward dance punk, with a greater emphasis on the "punk" than eighty percent of the other bands playing this stuff. Comparisons momentarily escape me, but the singer resembles Thom Yorke somewhat, and I detect a hint of FUGAZI, all with really cool, sparse arrangements (i.e. virtually no guitar overdubs). Supreme. (MX)

(Turn, www.turnrecords.com)

CARPET BOMBERS FOR PEACE/CONFLICT – "Salt in the Wound" split 45

Two songs point the finger at American militarism and imperialism from Puerto Rico to Iraq. The CARPET BOMBERS' song, "Allah Save Queens", guest stars Jello Biafra as "The Cowboy President from Hell." It's a weird thing, this song, with sarcasm, detail, and big sound like CHUMBAWAMBA. British. "A Gaping Hole", from CONFLICT's new single, *Carlo Giuliani*, is a good addition to the rest of their work, still pissed and compelling. I half expected this to be a benefit single or something; it has a sort of random, "project" feel that remains unexplained, but then again, that project could just be stopping the war... (AC)

(Jungle, 62 Chalk Farm Rd, London, NW1 8AN, UK, www.jungle-records.com)

CATHOLIC BOYS – "Brainwash City" EP

Four song EP of no-frills, no-BS garage punk punk punk. Title track is the stand-out, but the others are just a teenie notch below. Let's hear it for four song EPs that deliver the goods; like my new best friends, the CATHOLIC BOYS! (RW)

(Kryptonite, 2324 W. Wisconsin Ave #53, Milwaukee, WI 53233)

CAUSTIC CHRIST/RAMBO – split EP

Right on! Busted Heads nails it again with this smashing release of hard-charging punk rock. By now, most people should be in tune with both of these bands. If you are not, expect some fist-pumping, circle pit-worthy punk rock. Both bands crank out hard and fast punk that is full of fast tempos, thrashing guitars, hard-growling vocals, and smart lyrics. On top of it all, both bands put on great live shows, so be sure to pick this EP up and check them out the next time either one of them rolls through your town, (RC)

(Busted Heads, Box 275, 901 06 Umea, SWEDEN, bustedheads.com)

CINEMA EYE/AUDION – split 10"

The white belt kids must be excited about this one. THE CIEMA EYE reminds me of MILEMARKER, while AUDION sound like the RED LIGHT STING. Keyboards, keybords, and more keyboards. (MM)

(Sound Virus, PO Box 55783 Valencia, CA 91385)

CLANCY 6/VINCET PRICE'S ORPHAN POWERED DEATH MACHINE - split EP

Cool looking cover—skulls always say PUNK ROCK! CLANCY 6 went to hardcore school w/ COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN and ORCHID—it is obvious but not derivative—just similar. Fast, chaotic, distortion on everything, multiple screaming vocals, feedback breakdowns. Harsh in a good way. I really like these guys. Their lyrics bring to mind IRON LUNG's fascination with medical technologies. On the flip, VINCET PRICE'S ORPHAN POWERED DEATH MACHINE are much of the same thing but with a strange recording/mix. The snare drum is so much more incredibly louder than everything else. Weird. Their second song is an interesting SONIC YOUTH styled breakdown, which eventually culminates in some screaming and blast beats. They would be a lot better over all if they had a proper mix. It'll be interesting to see/hear if both these bands stick around for a while to develop their musical muscles. (WM)

(McCarthyism, 7209 25th Ave., Hyattsville, MD 20783-2752, www.mccarthyism.org)

THE CLASH – "Cl(a)sh in Hamburg" LP

The kings of the unofficial punk rock bootlegs get another reincarnation on what I guess to be German label, No Rock Stars. Recorded in May 1980 at the legendary Riot show in Markthalle, Hamburg, unless these Krauts are bunch of lying bastards. Consisting mainly of material from the first two long plays, gladly free from that world-music-disco-funk-new-wave hullabaloo they ended up nosediving into—what were they thinking? All in all, an average recording, decent packaging, but just not enough to encourage a midnight purse-raiding session on your poor drunken Ma, and a three-week wait on Postman Plop. (SD)

(No Rock Stars, no address)

LOS COBARDOS – "Hot as a Bitch" EP

Jesus, where do I start with this gem? I'd try to cut them some slack cuz they're German—so maybe they're a little out of touch, but I just reviewed a German record that was pretty good. So no slack. These guys play kind of tuff guy music, like if the SIDEKICKS and MENTORS sucked and were slower, they'd sound like this. Their lyrics are really off too, like they didn't translate them well. For example: in describing their band in a song, they sing, "LOS COBARDOS...We're as Hot as a Bitch!" Huh? Then on the song "Punk Rock Queen," they talk about this girl who gives the "Hottest Action." Very confusing. Anyway, these bitches aren't hot, and this record is poop. (AS)

(C-Town Muzique, Lessingstr. 12, 09130, Chemnitz, GERMANY, www.los-cobardos.com)'

COMRADES – "Rebels Today..." EP

It takes a lot for me to tolerate that awful Cookie Monster vocal style so many grindcore bands use. The COMRADES are all about the Cookie Monster vocals. The screams on this record are fucking great; they have a raw intensity that bands rarely get right. But there aren't enough of them! The fast parts aren't interesting or energetic, and well, aren't that fast. The COMRADES can pull of the mid-paced groove thing. But I personally couldn't care less—leave that stuff for the stoner-rock dudes. Their pessimistic, judgmental lyrics might be all right if they had something to back it up with, but I can't figure out what that is. (VH)

(Skud, BP 515, 33001 Bordeaux Cedex, France, skud-rds@voila.fr)

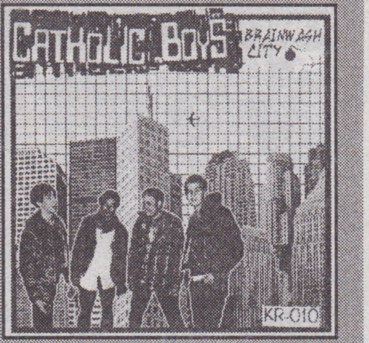
CONDOR – "A Big One" CD

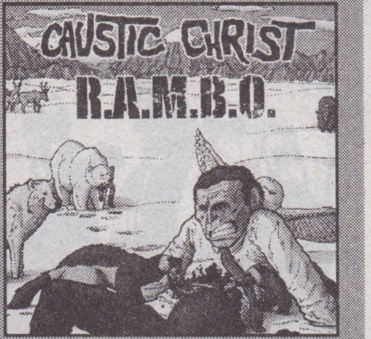
Inscrutable package here, birthed in some urban mudhut off the beaten track and away from public scrutiny. CONDOR aren't easily understood or compartmentalized: I hear buzzy new wave with odd vocal effects, slowly building menace, warm analog vibrations. Rock by nerds, for some. Resolutely uncool. The warbling voice that leads "Pokerface" could alienate unwilling or close-minded listeners, but I think it's totally appropriate. "Metrognome" buzzes. It's got sort of a tight-assed RESIDENTS austic charm, with its wandering keyboards and unexpected guitar squall. Are CONDOR friends with San Francisco's NUMBERS? They oughtta trade ICQ addresses, if they haven't already. (JH)

(Narnack, 381 Broadway, 4th Fl., Ste.3, New York, NY 10013, www.narnackrecords.com)

CONFLICT – "Carlo Giuliani/War"

To be honest, I was very much the latecomer to this band, never realizing how much of a potent force and powerful voice they provided to a disenchanted bunch of rebel rousers, cider swaggers, and dog-on-a-string lovers. Anyway, better late than never. Going straight for the jugular with cover art displaying the blooded body of Carlo Giuliani (the young Italian anarchist brutally murdered by the





condor
a big one

CONFLICT
CARLO GIULIANI

CONSUME
FORKED TONGUE

dawn treader

DEADLY WEAPONS

Italian paramilitaries at one of the anti-IMF demonstrations) The smack-it-right-in-your-kisser approach continues with a powerful call to arms for all you armchair radicals and sidewalk goggle gaukers. Classic CONFLICT, unrelenting, gut-wrenching, thought-provoking, and musically downright brutal. Side two brings it down a notch or two with a well-composed folkie anti-war piece. No compromise, no giving up, and no giving in, still convincing old hasbeens like myself that the revolution is just round that corner. (SD)
(Mortarhate, PO Box 448, London SE9 2QS, UK)

CONSUME – "Forked Tongue" EP
This is the six song debut EP from CONSUME and it's fucking ripping! Intense hardcore from this Seattle foursome featuring ex-members of STATE OF FEAR and SHITLIST. They play powerful Scandinavian influenced D-beat hardcore with ferocious dueling male vocals and heavy guitars. Lyrics deal with the deterioration of the environment, material greed, and Native Americans. I just saw these guys earlier this week and they played with maddening intensity. Be sure to pick this one up. (LG)
(Consume, 1916 Pike Place, Suite #719, Seattle, WA 98101-1097)

NIKKI CORVETTE – "Love Me/What's on My Mind"
Are we gonna buy into this latest effort of a cute girl doing power pop circa LA 1980? You're damn right we are! Good power pop by girl singer…you now the sound, you know the look. Just get it already. Lonely awkward guys to the left please. (RL)
(Rabid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460)

CREAM ABDUL BABAR/KYLESA – split CD
A split release thick with gloom. CREAM ABDUL BABAR churns out five mid-tempo hardcore songs that could be filed next to the keyboard-infused sounds of the LOCUST mixed with the darker and heavier guitar workings of NEUROSIS. While on the digital flip side, Georgia punks KYLESA take the noise of their DAMAD roots a step further into the abyss. This shit is dark—four songs of heavy and unrelenting black molten hardcore lava (also) comparable to NEUROSIS and HIS HERO IS GONE. This is a great CD. (AS)
(At A Loss, PO Box 582, Eastlake, CO. 80614, www.atalossrecordings.com)

CRESTFALLEN – "Streaks of Terror" LP
What we have here is a slightly odd combination of PG-99 styled hardcore, droning epic metal, and early 80s thrash (the last song in particular—maybe VIOLENCE or EXODUS inspired?). The concept is pretty interesting, but the recording really leaves much to be desired and after a while things really start to drag. (SP)
(Handstand, PO Box 16281, Alexandria, VA 22302)

CRUDE – "Immortality" LP
Ohh, shit. CRUDE don't waste any time getting to the wanky guitar solos. Immortality, their third LP, comes at you full force with ten songs of raging, guitar driven, Japanese hardcore. A great recording... So much fucking energy! Their best yet! (VH)
(Deranged)

CRUDE B.E./GYL - "Benefiz - Split EP Fur Die EZLN" split EP
This is the first time I've listened to either bands, thusly, I don't know a whole lot about them, but I can tell you that CRUDE B.E. are a name I've seen before and that they play a noisy hardcore grind—raw and vicious. GYL or GEMEINER YUF LATTICH are a four-piece primitive hardcore unit with a female singer and some power-violence tendencies (slow, fast, slow). The recording quality either lends to or detracts from their sound, depending on what side of the fence you stand on. They seem to sing in a German and provide English translations. (WM)
(TVG, c/o Axel Brandt, E. - Thalmannstr. 2, 14974 Ludwigsfelde, GERMANY)

DANA SIXTY & THE PISTOL GRIPS/PUBLIC EXECUTION – split EP
DANA SIXTY have an 80s LA punk sound that sounds better at 45 rpm, but the vocals sound right at 33 rpm…maybe they took a page from the BUTTHOLE SURFERS. PUBLIC EXECUTION's tunes were originally recorded in '87 and were eventually completed in this form in '99. Yeah, who gives? The important thing is that PUBLIC EXECUTION serve up some tightly executed metal hardcore. Maybe a bit more metal…I can dig it. (HM)
(Ben Ihde, 2029 Tate, Cleveland, OH 44145, www.angelfire.com/or/dana60)

DAWN TREADER – CD
Heartfelt screamo from Columbia, Maryland. DAWN TREADER has a sound that takes the listener through the emotional ups and downs of emo; ranging from the mellower stylings of TEXAS IS THE REASON and MODEST MOUSE to the more hardcore crunching assaults used by SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA or BREAD & CIRCUITS. A fine sampling of all the blends, melded together, that today represent the sub-genre of punk rock music that is emo. A keeper. (AS)
(Robot Winter, 129 36th St. NE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52404, www.robotwinter.com)

DEAD CITY PSYCHOS – "Babylon" CD
Something about this band bothers me, and I just can't quite place it. It's like the *Stepford Wives*, where every thing is perfect, but is it really? Every song is perfectly well written, every solo perfect, the production is perfect—it just sets my teeth on edge. I need a little sloppiness in my music. Fans

of gearhead rock who think it's a good idea to spend weeks in the studio might like this, but people who think you can make a record in a day probably won't. (DP)
(www.deadcitypsychos.com)

DEADLY SNAKES – "Ode to Joy" LP

The DEADLY SNAKES always manage to blend the conventional garage sound that is continually being peddled by their peers and stablemates, and the less generic sounds of piano and horns. I'll always tip my hat to that. Definitely the most polished of their releases and maybe the catchiest—a quality sometimes lacking in the DEADLY SNAKES. Just the right combo of blues-ridden angst, white boy Southern soul, bottom-hugging pants, and enough respect without wedging their tongues right up the asses of their R&B grandparents. Sorta of a bingbangbosh ten-rounder with the STONES, COACHWHIPS, and any given bottle of whiskey under ten bucks. Christ, where would we be without comparisons. (SD)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com)

DEADLY WEAPONS – "Backstabber" EP

Aah, you can just smell the club when you listen to this single—I mean everyone's sweat and beer, your own sweat and beer, the old puke in the corner, the rats in the walls. Sex! Perfect to stagger-dance or pogo to, also to make out in the corner to. Tina from TINA & THE TOTAL BABES and the BOBBYTEENS on the mic. The four tunes are simple and dirty and ditto the guitar. Definitely check them out live, but don't bother asking permission—your parents would die if they knew. (AC)
(Lipstick, 1154 Powell St, Oakland, CA 94608)

the DRIVE-INS

DEATH SLAM – "Jesus Christ..." CD

Well, if DEATH SLAM is their name, by default we'll use pro-wrestling as the analogy. COLERA and RATOS DE PORAO were the Andre the Giants and the Hulk Hogans. The WWF greats. The fucking best there was. The titans of 80s Brazilian hardcore... DEATH SLAM is the New World Order of Brazilian hardcore. Playing short, fast, politically charged songs. They get the job done. They deliver the body slams. But they're just not able to pull together the fury and passion to create anything memorable. (VH)
(Independencia, QNJ 21 cs 11, Taguatinga-DF, CEP: 72140-210, BRAZIL)

DEKADENT/PERUUTUS – split EP

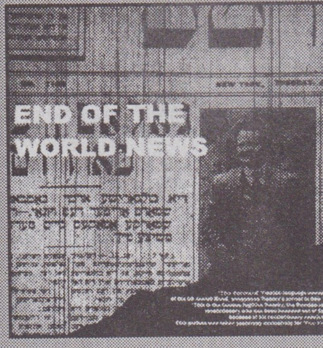
A two-sided feast of Euro fest-core. DEKADENT includes three songs of girl-fronted peace crust from Germany—think CONTRAVENE or PEACE OF MIND. Generally drum-heavy and not too fast. The spooky/pretty song with vocal effects doesn't really work too well, though I can see what they're driving at. PERUUTUS lays down eight tracks on their side, of sloppy and spastic punk. The songs are anti-system along the usual lines, and also take on Finnish society in particular. These lyrics are from "Finnish Male": "At a sausage kiosk you beat up / Someone who's too different for you." The label likes trading. (AC)
(Civilisation, Oliver Schwarz, Parkstrasse 39, 89312 Günzburg, GERMANY)

THE DRIVE-INS – "Punk Shit Up" CD

Street punk that seems musically inspired by ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE. There's something good here sometimes—the songs are catchy—but the lyrics are just shouted and don't really say anything, certainly not inspiring any fist pumping sing-alongs. (DP)
(Dirty Punk, BP 302, 59666 Villenueve D'Ascq Cedex, FRANCE, perso.wanadoo.fr/dirtypunk/)

E-150/ZANUSSI – split EP

Fuck yeah! E-150 kicks down the door and comes busting through the other side with a whirlwind of fast, thrashed-out punk. These all go/no slow songs flow together nicely, with no spaces between the songs, and leave you winded by the end of their side. ZANUSSI hold their own on the flipside, with some brutal grinding punk. Their music is incredibly aggressive, with crazed drumming and brutal vocals taking charge This one damn near tore my head off! Fucking awesome! (RC)
(El Grito, PO Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018)



THE EASYS – "I Want You Back/Baby Don't Do It"

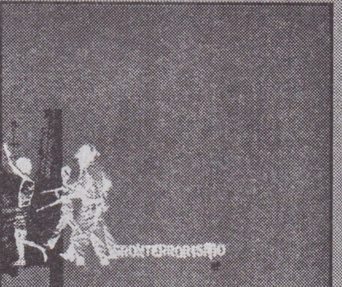
Another great single from this San Francisco garage band which now has become a four piece. "I Want You Back" is an original which really rocks. A catchy, fast paced 60s style tune with nice deep vocals stretching to the limit. "Baby Don't Do It" is a nice version of the MARVIN GAYE tune, but doesn't really live up to the potential of the A side. Their debut 7" was the same way. The original was great. I don't get to say this often, but the EASYS should keep writing their own great tunes. (CK)
(Just Add Water, PO Box 420661, San Francisco, CA 94142)

END OF THE WORLD NEWS – "1917" EP

This already surreal EP is almost incomprehensible with the addition of 32 ounces of Tecate, but I'll do my best. This 7" is inspired by *The End of the World News*—a book that is mostly about Trotsky's two-month stay in the Bronx. It takes wordy intellectual punk to perverse new heights. The prolific Aaron Cometbus is on drums, and it shows. Sounds a bit like his recent bands such as ASTRID OTO, but also, it's like a cross between PROPAGANDHI and the ADOLESCENTS. The premise for this EP is pretty fruity, but it's pulled off with aplomb and is actually very impressive. For Trotskyites and fans of quality hardcore alike. It killed my buzz, but you should go get it anyway. (JB)
(Recess , PO Box 1666, San Pedro, CA 90733)

THE
FIX
Vengeance
In This Town

FLESHIES - THE SICILIAN



THE ENDS – "Teenage Detox" EP

From Texas, the ENDS (featuring a member of the RITCHIE WHITES, among other bands) sound like a cross between the STITCHES and old US BOMBS, playing '77-influenced punk rock with snarly vocals, group back-ups, and a fuck you attitude. My favorite track of the three is a great cover of EATER's "Room for One," but it's all good. The sound could be a little better, though... (AD)
(Super Secret, PO Box 1585, Austin, TX 78767)

THE FANGS – "Metal Garage" LP

There's nothing about this record that screams punk. It is straight-up rock & roll, and mediocre rock & roll at that. There is way too much wanking for my comfort, making this part of the stoner genre or even crossing into TED NUGENT territory. Striped shirts and studded belts do not a punk record make. (DP)
(Bad Reputation, PO Box 67516, Dragon City Postal Outlet, 280 Spadina Avenue, Toronto ON, M5T 3A5, CANADA)

FATAL FLYING GUILOTEENS – "Get Knifed" CD

Fancy presentation conceals some interesting ideas, a Young Lions Conspiracy Stamp of Approval, and lurching delta blues as purveyed by bands both young, old, and middling. "Onward Electric" maybe ain't the strongest foot to set out on: I've heard it in garages, art lofts and rock 'n' roll clubs more times than I care to forget. Jazzy rhythms, nasal whine, Iggy iguana shrieks and shivers. Hell, the FATAL FLYING GUILOTEENS do manage to ratchet up some urgency and aren't anywhere near as bad as you'd guess from the name. Horn section, for the second time this issue. "New Arsenal" dabbles in military chic draped over a loose-limbed rave. The MAKERS on art school: you decide if that works or not. (JH)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

FAZED – "Monster" LP

Political punk rock with protesting dual female vocals. The well thought-out lyrics are all in German. I like the clean cut mid-song tempo changes throughout the album. (SR)
(Micheal Stephen, Robplatz 10, 99628 Buttstadt, GERMANY, stepmi@gmx.de)

FEAST OR FAMINE/SOCIAL OUTCAST – "Assembly Of Extinction" split LP

Two bands, both from Detroit, one old, one new—now all we need is something borrowed and something blue! Ha! Starting things off we have the new kids on the block, FEAST OR FAMINE, in their second commitment to vinyl, unleashing a crust whirlwind of relentless full throttle drumming and anguished vocals. Still going after the studs and spikes approach that I love so much, this is quite the amazing improvement over their EP from last year. On the flipside we have old Detroit punks SOCIAL OUTCAST's 1994 recordings (originally slated for a split LP with HELLKRUSHER) finally seeing the light of day. Ranting dual vocal delivery layered over anthemic and pogo-riffic punk rock that more than stands the test of time. (MT)
(Battle Kry, PO Box 381224, Clinton TWP., MI 48038)

THE FIX – "Vengence/In This Town"

Well here it is, the crown jewel of Midwestern collector geek lustings, bootleged so the masses can finally experience it in all its beauty. For those of you unfamiliar with this classic hardcore record, think *Kings Of Punk*-era POISON IDEA combined with the nailgun to the head intensity of NEGATIVE APPOACH's first EP. A vicious punk attack that few have had the pleasure hearing till now. Amen. (MT)
(no address)

THE FLESHIES – "The Sicilian" CD

If you don't think the FLESHIES are one of the Bay Area's best bands then you are an absolute fucking idiot. No band can intertwine the drunken punk rock madness of the GERMS and the rock & roll brilliance of, say, TURBONEGRO, the way these cats can. Yet another brilliant album under their belts (and, they ain't no white belts either, motherfucker). That's all I gotta say 'bout that. (BM)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092, www.alternativetentacles.com)

FM KNIVES – "Useless & Modern" LP

Hailing from Sacramento, the FM KNIVES have been turning heads around here recently. I'm going to try my hardest to write this review without mentioning the BUZZCOCKS...doh! Yeah, they sound a lot like Mr. Pete Shelley & Co., and maybe I'm crazy, but they also remind me a little of the DICKIES (albeit a slowed down, sober, well-adjusted, less cartoony DICKIES). There's also a slight mod revival thing going on—all that's missing in a couple of songs is the hand claps. The sound is clean, a far cry from the legions of garagey '77-influenced bands out there (which I take as a breath of fresh air, actually) and the FM KNIVES have hit on a rich vein which they could take pretty far; even appealing to a crossover/pop/college audience. "16 D.O.A." could be a bonefide radio hit, no shit. Clear vinyl, 20 tracks, good stuff. (AD)
(Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146)

FRONTERRORISMO – "No Puede Ser" EP

Seven tracks of venomous and frenzied hardcore from Los Angeles. Female vocals in Spanish spat out rapid-fire over a musical assault, which brings to mind the first CRUDOS single in its intensi-

ty. Right-on lyrical attack, taking on racism, machismo, and nationalism. Fucking great. (MT)
(El Grito, PO Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018)

FUCKGODINTHEFACE/AHSIMA – split LP

AHSIMA start things off here with a savage attack of heavy duty grind that mixes together a variety of tempos and styles. From slowed down choppy doomcore to to fast grinding metal, they try to pack it all in. And they effectively use quiet breaks for effect and momentum build-up. At times I really liked them, but it dragged a bit during certain parts. FUCKGODINTHEFACE go for more of a straightforward rocking punk thing. Long intros lead you into some throbbing, dark rhythms. They occasionally pick the speed up and get things rocking, but I found most of it to be on the boring side. The songs were long and they just didn't have much kick to them. Something tells me that there music would come off a lot better on stage than on vinyl. (RC)
(Eve Of Destruction, 1714 North 12th, Boise, ID 83702)

fvses
sex crimes

THE FUSES – "Sex Crimes/Me, I Disconnect from You" 45

This is a great single. The original ("Sex Crimes") is a brilliant slice of late 70s-style melodic/art punk—like WIRE in their poppier moments perhaps. The flip is a disposable, feedback-swathed TUBEWAY ARMY cover, but this 7" is worth picking up for the A-side alone. (AM)
(Shit Sandwich, 3107 N Rockwell, Chicago, IL 60618; www.shitsandwichrecords.com)

the futures
WEST COAST TOUR NOV 2002
NEW EP

THE FUTURES/WAG PLATY – split CD

I picked this split up when the FUTURES toured through the Bay Area a while back, so it is good to see it come through for review. If you have not heard the FUTURES, then you should expect to hear some explosive punk that jerks and jumps all over the place. The music is wound really tight and super spastic, pulling in influences from all corners. And the high-pitched whiny vocals complement the music really well. WAG PLATY slow things down for more of a straightforward approach. They play rocking mid-tempo stuff along the lines of JESUS LIZARD. This CD also contains a few bonus tracks, which are decent quality live songs from each band. (RC)
(Jerk Off, 203 1-15-20 Kishinosato Higashi, Nishinari-Ku 557-0042, Osaka, JAPAN)

GALLERY OF MITES – "Bugs on the Bluefish" CD

This is not a band. This is 11 hard rockers having a jam session and recording it. There are five people credited with lead guitar on this CD, and with all the noodling going on here, I think they're playing all at once. (DP)
(Meteor City, PO Box 40322, Albuquerque, NM 87196, www.meteorcity.com)

GO KART GO – "Flying" CD

Produced by the legendary Kevin Army, these guys have a good pop mix of early GOO GOO DOLLS and the pop sounds of PROMISE RING. Strong tuneful stuff with personal lyrics and some decent rhythm chops to boot. A good trio with chemistry and material. (RL)
(House Of Records, 550 Fourth St, San Francisco, CA 94107, www.gocartgo.com)

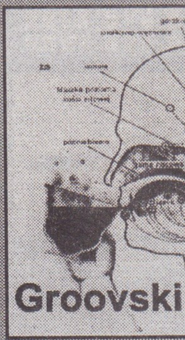
GRABBIES
"I Wanna Be Blind"

GRABBIES – "I Wanna Be Blind" EP

San Francisco's punkest band play Spin the Bottle and come out lucky winners. Noisy MURDER JUNKIES sort of trash played fast, with little regard for careful musicianship or studio-quality sound. "I Wanna Be Blind" updates the ANGRY SAMOANS "Lights Out" for a new generation of overworked and underpaid punk rockers. Think of 'em as FANG played on 45, with a whiskey-drunk Italian kid in place of Sammy. "It's time to fuck or leave," they say. Make your decision wisely. (JH)
(Proud to be Idiot, PO Box 410323, San Francisco, CA 94141-0325)

GRAVY TRAIN – "Hello Doctor" CD

These local gals and a guy dish out some sloppy new wave techo and rap with lyrics that will make you laugh and blush. Dare I say an X-rated ATOM & HIS PACKAGE? A full on party live, these guys make LE TIGRE look good-natured. A cool new combo. (RL)
(Kill Rock Stars, PO Box 418, 120 NE State, Olympia, WA 98501, www.killrockstars.com)



GROOVSKI – "Groovski vs. Godzilla" CD

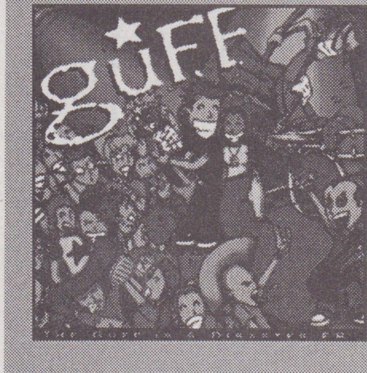
GROOVSKI's deliciously simple pop brings to mind cuddle-core superstars CUB, and then plops a male singer on top who sounds rather like Ernst of THE GODS HATE KANSAS and PIRX THE PILOT fame. While a feeling of repetition does set in after about the sixth song, the lyrics are weird enough to keep me interested. I adore this kind of thing, and you should too. (MX)
(Groovski, 106 Dartmouth Ave, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742)

GUFF - "The Guff Is A Disaster" CD

An EP here from a band that sounds like a fourth-rate PARASITES, with no soul. I'm sick of shitty punk rock bands diluting the special thing that we have going. I don't know if Go Kart Records is just trying to make a quick buck or what. The bad computer art just makes this all the more terrible. All these bands need to fucking burn their BLINK 182 albums and listen to more HICKEY!!!! Fuckerzzzzzzzz. (WR)
(Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012, www.gokartrecords.com)

GUITAR WOLF – "UFO Romantics" LP

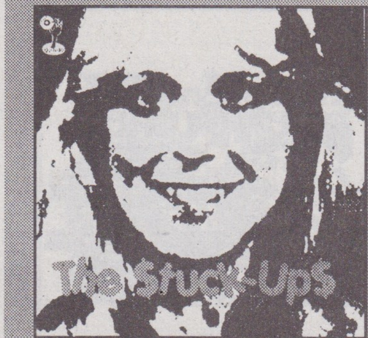
I don't know how these guys do it. They epitomize everything I hate about rock and roll including leather pants. Yet somehow they make it work without coming off like a bunch of poseurs. Their



musical style or subject matter never changes from album to album, yet always sounds fresh and fun. Write another song about JOAN JETT, I don't care. Play another guitar solo, it doesn't bother me. Just keep playing your fucked up, over-distorted rock and roll. (CK)
(Narnack)

HAGGARD – "…With Haley" EP

I saw them recently with the impressive DOMINATRIX from Brazil. Right now I can't remember if the used-to-be two-piece (guitar and drums) played with their new bassist at that show, or not, but they sounded good and maintained an intensity I remember from previous shows. The self-described "bike punk dyke" band plays erratically structured hardcore relying heavily on emotional build-up and tempo changes, like a THIS MACHINE KILLS or an ANTI-PRODUCT, perhaps. They actually sound more cohesive live than recorded—I'm thinking the recording itself is responsible: it's pretty lo-fi while the music is complex; demanding a bit more articulation (especially vocals and drums). Still, four solid songs here, on self-medicating, selling body image to girls, ditto patriotism to Americans in wartime, and more. (AC)
(16, PO Box 40821, Portland, OR 97240, www.16records.com)



HIGHBEAMS/STUCK-UPS – split 45

Hmm, maybe I have just spent too much time in San Francisco bars, but this split 45 just reminds me of a lot of the negative. The HIGHBEAMS will probably go over well with the kids who wear their STOOGES or DEAD BOYS shirts in the year 2003, and sound just a stylishly fake as that. The STUCK UPS aren't as bad, and have a lot more of that new wavey punk sound that Dirtnap seems to specialize in. Buy it for the person trying to relive the 80s near you. Or save your money and order the new TRIGGERS LP instead. (JF)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

THE HIGH-STEPPIN NICKEL KIDS

HIGH-STEPPIN' NICKEL KIDS – "Is It Wrong to Imagine..." EP

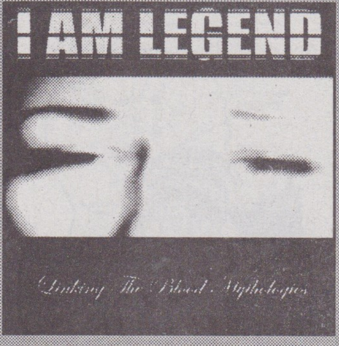
I like the name, I like the photocopied-insert aesthetic, I like the sarcasm of the liner notes, I like the PROPAGANDHI-esque political skate punk. Normally, this would only come off as "enjoyable" as opposed to "really fucking great," but consider that one of the songs has parts written for a chorus like old Greek plays, and that they say that "Brandon Cruz and his 'Dead Kennedys' can get the bozack." I'm not sure what that means, but it's damn funny, and provides just enough personality to make me want to see 'em live and hear more. (MX)
(Revolutionary Plastics, nickelkids@yahoo.com)

HOOTEN 3 CAR – CD

Damn, what a deal! Everything by HOOTEN 3 CAR on one awesome two-disc set. 46 tracks about half-produced by Sir Frankie Stubbs. A band that fits well with LEATHERFACE and MIDWAY STILL. Great songs, great guitar, a little emo, and strong tuneful vocals. Classic 90s UK melodic punk. Now how about a MIDWAY STILL collection? (RL)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, ENGLAND, crackle@freeuk.com)

HORRORS – "Vent" LP

Remember those good old days when everyone was bitching about three piece bands who didn't have a bass player instead of two piece ones that don't? Well, here are HORRORS to bring you all the way back to the mid-90s. These guys get about as close to the genius of the CHEATER SLICKS as any band willing or able could. Rockin' tunes that turn up the distortion to a nice level and keep the beat going for just long enough. A little bit more cleaned up than their first LP, but these guys still get it. Great record. (CK)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050)



I AM LEGEND – "Linking the Blood Mythologies" CD

Anybody up for some melodic metalcore from Nebraska? The music here is generally mid-paced, with lots of serious guitar noodling. The music occasionally cuts out for those quiet moments and the vocals are pretty scathing, which are pretty typical elements of this style. While it wasn't bad, it didn't really have any kick to it that grabbed my attention. (RC)
(I am Legend c/o Jordan Brand, PO Box 45242, Omaha, NE 68145, www.nebraskahardcore.com/iamlegend)

INFECT – "Lado Meninas" EP

Let me just start off by saying that this has to be one of the thickest pieces of vinyl I have ever seen. Unlike other INFECT releases which are more thrashier, this has an almost straight edge youth crew sound to it. It's still pretty political however, as I get a very VITAMIN X feel when listening to it and trying to decipher the lyrics with what little Portuguese I know. This is by far their best release. My only complaint is that there is no English translation for the lyrics. So there you have it: a solid all girl youth crew band out of Brazil. Did I mention that one of the girls is wearing a BOLD shirt on the A side label? Posi-Fest 2003 anyone? (CC)
(Rua Baturite, 267, cep 01530-030 Sao Paulo BRAZIL)

INTENSITY/ANTICHRIST – split EP

The side of the record with the Asian character is INTENSITY, a Swedish band pounding out four songs of brutal American sXe style hardcore. It's fast, not too jock-core or too metal, and yes, it's intense. Plenty of room to mosh it up and do those crazy windmill dances. ANTICHRIST from Poland

plays three songs of heavy heavy heavy mosh mayhem. Powerful double bass and blast beats. This is fucking evil music. And those vocals could raise the dead. (VH)
(Trujaca Fala, P.O. Box 13, 81-806 Sopot 6, Poland, fala@bg.univ.gda.pl)

THE INVERSIONS – "Domestic Disturbance" EP

Rapid Pulse's latest offering. More of that catchy retro-77 stuff Jim loves so much. Kinda reminds me of a slower, more abrasive FLIP TOPS, which is a very good thing in my book. The A-side is a sonic blast of snot and snarl. The first song on the B-side is a slower and groovier piss and moan tune that doesn't suck at all, surprisingly, and the third and final track is another snot punk tune about not liking blonde chicks, which I wholeheartedly agree with: "she's blonde? I'm gone!" Word. This is totally worth a spin. (BM)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box Milford, CT 06460, www.rapidpulserecords.com)

THE INVERSIONS – "Hung by the Phone" EP

This has that late 70s/early 80s power-pop/punk sound that many are trying to pull off these days. The A-side is excellent, and reminds me a great deal of RED PLANET. It's almost shamelessly catchy. The B-side continues along the same road, but doesn't achieve the same quality. (KK)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460, www.rapidpulserecords.com)

JACK FLUSTER
disconstructed

JACK FLUSTER - "Disconstructed" CD

Shitty sentimental pop punk which belongs on Honest Don's Records. The best parts make me go "Whoa, that one line sounded like FUN PEOPLE," not to equate this, in any way, with that band. The best part of this album is that the guitarist is wearing a cool NOFX shirt that I have never seen before. (WR)
(Protons, Cx. Postal 2095, 70259-970, BRAZIL)

JESUS & THE DEVIL/TWIN WRECKS THE MEMORY – split EP

Only one song from each band here. Both bands have a somewhat minimalist sound and long, meandering songs. The JESUS & THE DEVIL track never really seems to get going—it's fairly pleasant and tuneful, but it just doesn't seem to kick in. TWIN WRECKS THE MEMORY have a JESUS & MARY CHAIN thing going on—droning guitars and subdued vocals over a repetitive beat (drum machine?). This isn't a bad introduction for these bands but it's nothing special either. (AM)
(Fudge Sickill, PO Box 7052, Villa Park, IL 60181, fudgesickill@yahoo.com)

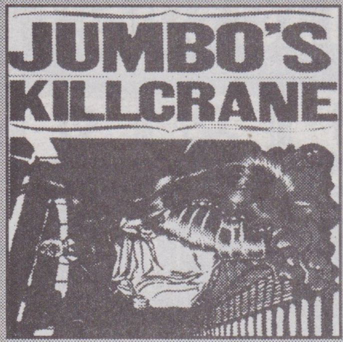
JESUS
and the
DEVIL

JUGGLING JUGULARS/ANGER OF BACTERIAS - split EP

Finland's JUGGLING JUGULARS play some faster and slightly repetitive punk hardcore, which could get stuck in my head if played enough. The lyrics are of a political nature. I imagine they were a good live band. Germany's ANGER OF BACTERIAS play some good straightforward punk rock with political lyrics. Neither band is doing too much for me, but I would have certainly gone to check out JUGGLING JUGULARS live. (WR)
(Ruin Nation, Stefan Willenborg, Vossberger Ring 54, 49393 Lohne, GERMANY)

JUMBO'S KILLCRANE – "Carnaval De Carne" CD

Bruising, heavy and hard, dark rock-core that mainly brings to mind more recent -(16)-, mixed with a bit of the hammer-thud tempo of late period UNSANE and occasionally spiced with the near epic attitude of ISIS' songwriting. There's thought put into what JUMBO'S KILLCRANE are playing, where they're going, and how they're getting there, resulting in a crushing bulldozer style attack, relentless and constantly moving forward. It's full of enough twists and turns to keep things interesting, but not so overly complex that it would make you scratch your feeble head. It's a damn good solid ride into the land of heavy. Six songs in 23 min./53 sec. was a perfect length as well. (WM)
(Crucial Blast, PO Box 364, Hagerstown, MD 21741-0364, www.crucialblast.net)



JUMPIN' BEANS & WILLIE – "The Milwaukee Sessions" LP

Oh yeah! This album is amazing. Dissonant, trashy rock and roll which always reminds one of my friends of HAPPY FLOWERS. I agree though not stylistically, but in the "I'm having a great time, I don't give fuck if I'm out of tune or if I feel like playing "Louie, Louie", I'm just going to rock way." It's bluesy, but it's very punk. "I Can't See Straight" is one of my all-time favorite tunes. I could listen to it a million times without ever getting bored. I have a great tape of six JUMPIN' BEANS 7"s and this LP that I keep in my desk at work so when someone starts pisses me off or I'm just having a bad day I can pop it in the office stereo and blast my troubles away. It also knocks the socks off my co-workers every time. They love it and I do too. You will too. (CK)
(Ball, PO Box 152, Gardiner, ME 04345)

KAUNIIT POLIISIT/ARSYKE – split EP

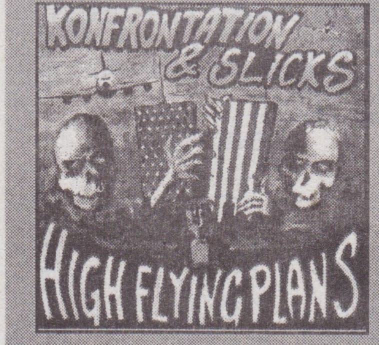
Though Finnish, ARSYKE often seems closer in style to a spirited mid-80s Italian punk band, with aggressive female vocals that sound as if they came fresh from a protest rally, abetted by a hard-riffing guitar backdrop. It's distinctive if ordinary, though there's a good chance they'd be better live. KAUNIIT POLIISIT, on the other hand, are an incredibly tight but standard HC outfit, spitting out seven fairly generic tunes with vocals that closely mimic the guitar riffs. (SS)
(Hauralantie 23, 37500 Lempaala, FINLAND)

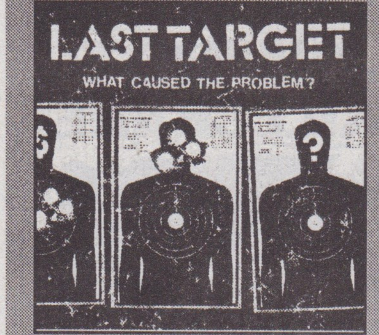
KELLERASSELN/TODSCHICKER – split EP

Yelled vocals. Tight drums. German. Humming guitars. Plucky bass. Scales! This is TODSCHICKER. Mini solos. I like this band, and wish I read German. Talking breakdowns. *Holy shit!*

KILL-A-WATTS
THEN & NOW

K-LINE
LESSONS LEARNED





They sound like AGRESSION! They are German, but they are as if unto Mystic Records! Whoa. I dig it when bands write songs on sociopolitical topics, then throw in a little twist in order show us a slightly askew and personal side to the world. And stuff. KELLERASSELN do this, seven times on half a 7". This Deutsch band (who translated their lyrics into English—thank you) are basically a thrash band. If they were American, it would probably be boring as shit. Punk is better in German and these guys throw in enough tricky drum work, slower bits in odd parts, and early GREEN DAY guitar harmonics to make it interesting. I listened to this record six times as I sat here, and it just got better each time. Go ahead. (JA)
(Michael Stephan, Rossplatz 1o, 99628 Buttstadt, GERMANY)

THE KIDNAPPERS – "Ransom Notes and Telephone Calls" LP

12 above-average catchy punk rocky tunes from Germany. Sounds like they were into TEENGENERATE (which is really just the Japanese interpretation of the Australian sounds of RADIO BIRDMAN, SCIENTISTS, and the SAINTS). Which is cool by me cuz I am too. They even throw in a LOLI & THE CHONES cover. Pretty solid release. I gotta say, I'd be a lot more into it if it was packaged in a plastic bag with a xeroxed paper cover. I just don't understand why Europeans have to over-slick their packaging. (AS)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)

THE KIDNAPPERS – "Ransom Notes and Telephone Calls" LP

I dare anyone to make a better record this year. Seriously, this LP is the embodiment of what makes rock & roll great. It's catchy, it's trashy, it's fun, and it's so fucking good that I am jealous. The KIDNAPPERS are the all-grown-up incarnation of Germany's HIGH SCHOOL ROCKERS. Beat-It, Chris and Steve, they aren't as lo-fi and have incorporated the MURDER CITY DEVILS' boom-swagger brand of rock and roll (as well as their keyboard lines) to their Rip Off records sound. They even throw in a LOLI & THE CHONES cover that exceeds my expectations. This band can do no wrong in my book. This band could well be one of my all-time favorites. (BM)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)

KILL-A-WATTS – "Then & Now" EP

Hormone-poisoned punk rock for the (post) John Hughes Generation—I wouldn't mind spending a Saturday detention with the KILL-A-WATTS. Two tracks recorded during the bands' infancy in the late Clinton era; another two laid down by an older and wiser band during the summer of 2002. The early tunes are stiff and stupid ("I Hate School", and so should you). By comparison, the mature and growed-up line-up boasts a sort of TEENGENERATE intensity that can't be denied. "Mace Can" rules. Suitably crap-looking Xeroxed cover. (JH)
(Kryponite, 2324 W. Wisconsin Ave. #53, Milwaukee, WI 53233-2117)

K-LINE – "Lessons Learned" EP

A while ago, I reviewed a three song CD by these guys and said that it should have been on vinyl and that they sounded like DILLINGER FOUR and AT THE DRIVE-IN. Well, they certainly did learn their lesson, since this time their three-song release is on the heaviest fucking vinyl I've ever seen. In terms of their sound, it's totally flipped from what I remember, and I can no longer detect either of the bands I once compared them to. It's much simpler melodic hardcore that contains little tidbits of AFI and JAWBREAKER. This is hard to describe, but it sounds aged in a way that is really appealing to my ears. I approve. (MX)
(Does Everyone Stare, P.O. Box 1006, Edison, NJ 08818, www.doeseveryonestare.com)

KONFRONTATION/SLICKS – split EP

KONFRONTATION play aggressive, political, Swedish hardcore. The two singers deliver a wretching bombardment of hellish screams. Think ARTIMUS PYLE with screamier vocals. I would love to hear more from this band. SLICKS play angry pubescent hardcore with catchy hooks and a melodic edge. Both bands hail from Sweden. (LG)
(www.konfrontation.cjb.net, http://hem.passagen.se/slicks1)

LAGWAGON - "Blaze" LP

LAGWAGON is a band that I have written off for as long as I have known of them (the past six years or so) as another NOFX clone band. But just the other day I saw this LP sitting in the "to be reviewed" bin and said to my pals Max and Tony, "hey, maybe I've never given that band a fair chance, I should check them out." Well, as it turns out, I got the LP to review. And it is pretty much as I remembered them. The band's songs fall somewhere in between NOFX and a TV theme song (*Family Ties*, maybe)/gum commercial. They're not nearly as offensive as most of the poppier "emo" stuff coming out recently, but this record represents the homogenized product that is LAGWAGON, which has been shoved in my face at nearly every opportunity since I was 12. (WR)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

LAST TARGET – "What Caused the Problem/God's Gamble"

Sounding like a cross between early 80s English oi/hardcore and the LOUDMOUTHS, these guys have laid down two pretty damn good tracks here. It's catchy and toe-tapping and all that, but it's also got these great, growling female vocals that make you pay attention. They indulge a bit—with guitar solos and whispery vocals—on the B-side, but you could argue that that's what B-sides are for. (I say that's what an LP is for.) Still, the A-side is strong enough to earn a recommendation. (KK)
(TKO, 3126 W. Cary St. #303, Richmond, VA 23221, www.tkorecords.com)

LEIF ERICSSON/MILLOY – split LP

I swear if Crackle! Records were a football club instead of a record label, they would win the Primership every year. This split LP just further proves that point. The LEIF ERICSSON come out of the box with four songs of J-CHURCH meets SNUFF pop punk numbers that remind me of the finer moments of both bands. MILLOY, meanwhile, kick off their side with a song that sounds very reminiscent of LEATHERFACE, especially on the vocals. The rest of MILLOY songs follow this trend, with maybe a touch of JAWBREAKER or more melodic HOT WATER MUSIC in the mix. This is so good, you should buy one for yourself and one for a friend. (JF)
(Crackle! PO Box 309, Leeds, LS2 7AH, ENGLAND)

THE LETTERS ORGANIZE – "The Cure" EP

Wow, this was over quick. Two brisk rockers from this Atlanta hardcore outfit. The songs have a bump and grind similar to someone like THIS MACHINE KILLS mixed with SHELLAC-esque guitar work. The drums really drive the songs here. I would really recommend this to anyone who digs bands on Level Plane or like-minded labels. Well done. (SP)
(Brand Name, PO Box 17533, Atlanta, GA 30316, www.theletters organize.com)

LIM – "Snutas" EP

Seven raw blasts of Swedish hardcore fill this small blue platter. Reminds me a bit of SKITSYSTEM in its rampaging bulldozer approach, though, without the "punk band in a metal studio" style recording. Pummeling. (MT)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

THE LOCOMOTIONS – LP

......three-piece, sloppy....punk rock band, whom I suppose are German, but I can't prove it......this is the kinda punk that comes out on Rip Off records these days.....some of it's good, some of it's shit...!!!!! What can you do.....?? Ever try drinking a glass of your own piss???? Or what about sucking a turd outta your sister's butthole???? How's about cutting off your own cock and feeding to your dog????? Now *that's* punk rock!!!!!!!!(SW)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY, www.aliensnstch.de)

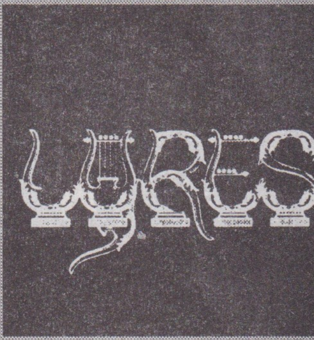
THE LOW BUDGETS – "Go for Broke" CDs

The LOW BUDGETS deliver quirky, mid-tempo alterna-pop punk. The DEAD MILKMEN's guitarist plays a prominent keyboard in this MILKMEN-esque CD. No, he only wrote one of the fifteen tunes, but the rest of the band certainly has some similar ideas and solid chops. Some pretty entertaining stuff. (HM)
(Akhenation, 1025 Hamilton St, Philadelphia, PA 19123, www.akhenation.com)

THE LOW BUDGETS
GO FOR BROKE

THE LYRES – "Tear You Up/Felice Noddydood"

Jeff Conolly, older but (thankfully) still no wiser, offers up a release as strong as any the LYRES have had (and stronger than many). "Felice..." is a frattish instro punctuated by some angry phone abuse (always good). (DD)
(Detroit Underground, PO Box 46073, Mt. Clemens, MI 48046, www.DUIrecords.com)

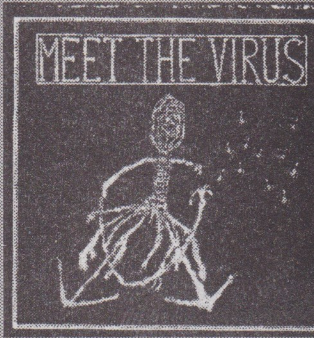


MXS – "24 Simples Canciones De Una Simple Banda De Punk Rock" CD

Basic melodic punk rock from Argentina that reminds me of the stuff that used to be on Dr. Strange back when Dr. Strange was a melodic punk label that put out stuff like SINKHOLE and JUGHEAD'S REVENGE. All of the stuff on this CD is competent, but nothing really stands out. (JF)
(Patea, P.D.C.: c/c 1768 (1000), Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA, patea_discos@yahoo.com)

MASTER MECHANIC – "It's More Fun to Compete/You've Got a Lot"

What the fuck? Is this some kind of RUSH bullshit that somebody's trying to slip by me, here? I can hear it now, "We are the priests, of the temple, of..." I've only listened to thirty seconds of this, but have nearly come to the conclusion that this is complete shit. OK, now I've listened to the entire thing and my opinion has only slightly changed. The B-side has some female vocals that make the song almost listenable. (KK)
($6 ppd: Sock-It, PO Box 4247, Pittsburgh, PA 15203, www.mastermechanicusa.org)

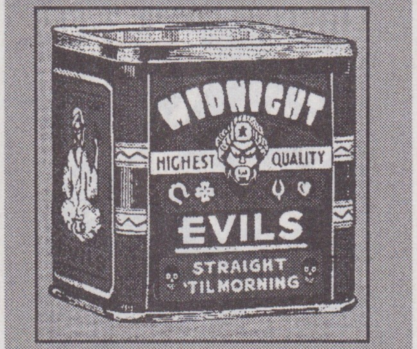


MATCHES – "E.Von Dahl Killed the Locals" CD

When an album's credits freely admit that it was mastered by some guy at Capitol Records, you can pretty much bet that said album is some kind of bid for mainstream superstardom. Is it punk? Fuck if I know. I hear the ALL-AMERICAN REJECTS, WEEZER and even SUGAR RAY (a more accurate reference for local kids would be resident Bay Area dumbasses HEADBOARD) when they try to do hip-hop. It's totally catchy, and even kind of clever at times, but ultimately it's just uutterly soulless. (MX)
(www.thematches.com)

MAXIMUM RNR – "Switchblade/Cutthroat"

.....five piece hard rock scumbags from Toronto....heavy sound, but it's easy to see their cocks ain't too big...!!!! Nothing at all going on here musically.....not even a good prostate orgasm!!!! (SW)
(MRR, PO Box P62-275 King St. East, Toronto M5A1K2, CANADA, www.maximumrnr.com)



MEET THE VIRUS – "Meet the Virus" CD

Fully charged political punk rock with the familiar ex-NAKED AGGRESSION female vocalist. Taking a look at society's ills, they're yelling about redistributing the wealth, homelessness, money, and greed. The hidden track is "Breaking the Law". An enjoyable quality release. (SR)

(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809, www.knowrecords.com)

METHADONES – "Career Objective" CD

The follow-up to the album that came out on A-F Records a year or two ago. Featuring ex-members of the MOPES and SCREECHING WEASEL, among others I'm sure. Chicago's METHADONES play solid melodic punk akin to the RIVERDALES, the QUEERS, the GROOVIE GHOULIES, MANGES, SQUIRTGUN, TEEN IDOLS, the LILLINGTONS etc., etc., etc. This comes out of the starting gate louder, seemingly faster, and I think even better than their first; it has that great wall-of-sound guitar sound which typifies everything Mass Giorginni produces, along with plenty of hooks, great vocals, and strong songwriting. I'm a sucker for this stuff. If this band was on Lookout, they would already be playing large halls in your town, so get on the boat now. (AD)

(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

MILKMAN
IS THIS PUN

MIDNIGHT CREEPS – "Doomed from the Get-Go" CD

Fuckin' creeps. I like them more than I probably ought. Vocalist Jenny Hurricane clearly has studied the lessons left behind by Wendy O. Williams. More grubby spiked-belt GG-lionizing punk with a negative/feminist slant to lyrical content ("I'm a Cunt", "Menstrual Intuition"). Nothing breaks the cookie cutter, but it'll fulfill your recommended monthly requirement of pervo punk. (JH)

(Rodent Popsickle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134, www.rodentpopsickle.com)

MIDNIGHT EVILS – "Straight 'til Morning" CD

Ah, finally a band that plays lead-heavy hard rock but doesn't sound like they're stuck in a 70s time warp. There's just an energy and a little speeding up of the tempo that drag the MIDNIGHT EVILS ahead of the pack. Good but not too slick production quality puts the icing on this already tasty piece of rock & roll cake. (DP)

(Estrus, PO Box 2115, Bellingham, WA 98227, www.estrus.com)

MILKMAN – "Is This Punk Enough for You?" LP

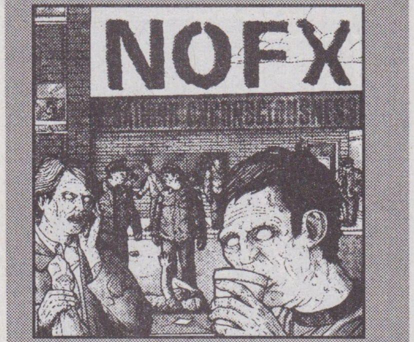
Researched this a bit. This seems to be their first full length on vinyl. Two CDs. A couple 7"s. Some comps. Ear-stripping fucking raving shit-hell thrash no-forgiveness punk. The entire band can do that early 80s thrash thing where no matter how fucking fast the beat is, all the musicians can still play complicated, interesting music and you can understand everything the singer says. Like early GANG-GREEN or JERRYS KIDS. Yeah, this is punk enough. Yet…I checked out the website and it all seems to be is an in-depth joke. A joke about bands emulating former eras of punk rock. Cool. Maybe. I don't know. (JA)

(Kangaroo, c/o Henk Smit, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

MR. ZIPPY - "Ambition Is Critical" CD

Sixth-rate love songs here from a band that should be tagging along on the Warped Tour. I don't know who likes this stuff. If you want your punk rock less offensive than LAGWAGON, and watered down to the point where you can't even taste it anymore… (WR)

(Golf c/o Plastic Head, PO Box 6, Wallingford D.O., 0X10 9FB, UK)



MOONDOGS – "The John Peel Sessions" CD

Hence by the title, you know what this is. Any MOONDOGS is better than no MOONDOGS. This circa-1980 Irish band has eight tracks here. This is more on the lighter side of punk compared to their early singles. This does come across as mod (Detour's baby) although I never considered them mod. Outside of a boot I wish the original releases were collected once and for all. You know Detour is gonna keep the golden oldies coming, so you won't be disappointed here. (RL)

(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU, ENGLAND)

NEUROOTTISET PELIMANNIT/TARTUNTA – split EP

Whoah! I've been hearing whispers about how amazing NEUROOTTISET PELIMANNIT was supposed to be, but fuck me, their rough and tumble approach to the tradional Finnish hardcore style (KAAOS, RIISTETYT, etc.) is probably the best I've heard in years! Fucking great! On the flip we have TARTUNTA roaring through four tracks of modern metallic crust. Cat and dog vocals, blown-out guitars, and 1000 mph drum assault—solid enough, but not as infectous as NEUROOTTISET PELIMANNIT (MT)

($5 ppd; SHJ, c/o Risto Eronen, Tunnilantie 186, 58920 Kolontaipale, FINLAND, r_eronen@hotmail.com)

NOFX – "Regaining Unconsciousness" EP

Everyone seems to be coming to the defense of NOFX and Fat Wreck Chords these days, so it shouldn't come as a shock to you that I, too, have a soft spot in my cold, cold heart for the kings of...you know, that kind of punk that NOFX plays. While they haven't really released anything that's grabbed me since *So Long and Thanks for all the Shoes*, this EP comes close to recapturing that lively spirit, and I'm anxious to hear their new full length. While side one, "Idiots Are Taking Over," is admittedly pretty shitty, side two has a slower song with keyboards and a, for lack of a better word, genre study called "Hardcore 84," which, as the title suggests, infuses the old school style of hardcore with NOFX's

melodic sense. This time around, the lyrics have a much more pissed off, political slant, and it brightens my heart that we have bands with as much clout as NOFX saying relevant things again. Does anybody else not see what the fucking big deal is about Michael Bukowski's artwork? (MX)
(Fat, www.nofx.org)

NO SHAME – "Rebound for Glory" CD
A two-disc set from this Finnish band. Great tuneful punk that reminds me of RANCID, NEWTOWN NEUROTICS, and PROPAGANDHI at different times. I'm guessing these are seasoned punk vets who know their stuff. 24 great tracks that could easily be mistaken as classic punk circa 1980. (RL)
(Fullsteam, Box 206, 00100 Helsinki, FINLAND, www.ifeelnoshameatall.com)

NO VIOLENCE – "Consensus" CD
NO VIOLENCE, from Brazil, combines a variety of styles here, making for an interesting release. I remember their first EP being thrashy and fast punk, but on this release they slow things down a bit and play mostly East Coast-style fast metallic hardcore. They mix in these blastbeat parts on a few songs, and occasionally sing in deep, crusty, grind-style vocals. The lyrics are very political, and there is a lengthy explanation for each song included with the CD. While I didn't find this particularly mind-blowing, I get the feeling there is a lot of passion behind this release and in this case, that seems to count for something. (RC)
(Cospe-Fogo Gravacoes, Rua Baturite, 267, cep 01530-030, São Paulo, BRAZIL)

NUMBERS – "Eh-Uh!" 12"
I will say this about the profusion of bands mining the sounds and desiccated 'tudes of early 80s synth action; some manage to play with way more aggression than their influences. Example: NUMBERS. They actually rock without forced hysteria or clinical iciness. They like the robot-talk, OK, I like remote control too. The live tracks on the flipside of this one are making me feel "filler." Half great. Your dime. Think I'll go play my *Up Another Octave* comp now… (RW)
(Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St, Bayonne, NJ 07002)

OFF MINOR – "The Heat Death Of The Universe" CD
Boring pretentious jazzy hardcore. If I was a musician, then maybe, maybe, I would find this technically entertaining. Instead, it just comes off as a bunch of people needlessly wanking. This band can't write a good song either. I hope they break up. (JF)
(Clean Plate, PO Box 9461, North Amherst, MA 01059)

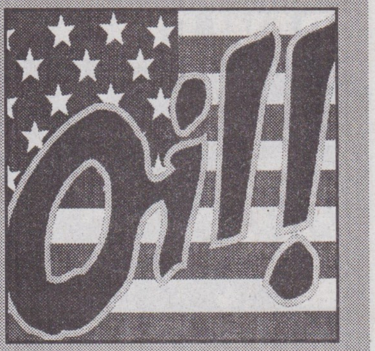
OIL – "Red, White and Boots" EP
Oi parody by a bunch of locals, which is, like most Oi parodies actually better than the bands they are poking fun at. Rough as fuck punk/oi, owing more to the WORKIN STIFFS than to the TEMPLARS. The A side sounds like the BASTARD SQUAD song on the ROMPER STOMPER soundtrack with hilarious dumb lyrics about skinhead pride, boots and being a working man. Knocks the shit out of 90% of the dirge that passes for Oi these days. (TB)
(Noma Beach, PO Box 735, Sonoma, CA 95476476)

ORPHANS – "Chinatown/Moscow Massage"
Fuck. I've managed to miss these guys twice recently—once because I was drunk, and once because I was hung over (there's a lesson there that I will undoubtedly fail to learn from). Great snotty punk rock from Los Angeles with female vocals, nasty guitars, and cool drumming, what else could you want? On nice clear and red vinyl, this reminds me of a less manic LOLI & THE CHONES. Rockin' with a bad attitude, I won't miss 'em next time. (AD)
(Kapow! PO Box 286, Fullerton, CA 92836)

THE PLOT TO BLOW UP THE EIFFEL TOWER – "Dissertation, Honey" CD
I was really ready to hate this CD. First, this band has a terrible moniker; second, it is a terrible album title; finally, it starts with a bad piece of spoken word. Yet in between, we have 11 tracks of joyous fun. PTBUET sound like the merging of NATION OF ULYSSES with Holland's EX, and you know kids, that is one pretty great combo. Great jazzy hardcore and for once, that isn't a contradiction. Rocking. I approve. (JF)
(Happy Couples Never Last, PO Box 36997, Indianapolis, IN 46236)

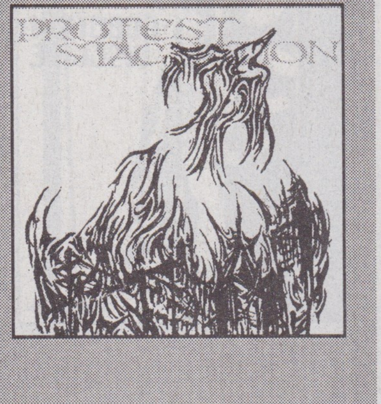
PONYS – "So Sentimental" EP
I freaked out while listening to this record because I could feel myself getting stupider from the boredom. With NEW YORK DOLLS-style vocals and songs entitled "I Wanna Fuck You", I found myself picking at scabs when trying to write this. (MM)
(Contaminated, www.geocities.com/contaminatedrecords)

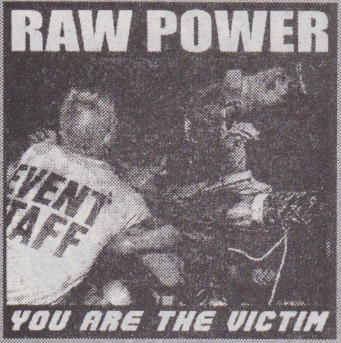
PROJECT HOPELESS – "Utsatt" EP
Grimy political punk from Sweden. Nasty vocals and punishing lyrics about pedophiles and politicians. Really raw production, nothing polished. They have an early 80s Swedish hardcore sound like MOB 47 or MODERAT LIKVIDATION. (LG)
(Not Enough , c/o Oskar Petersson, Tycho Brahes gata 22,S-415 17 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

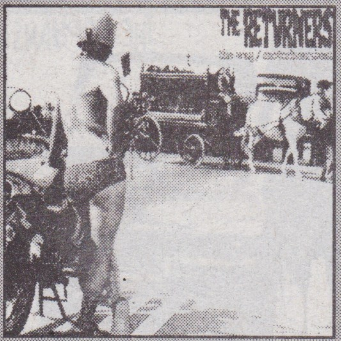


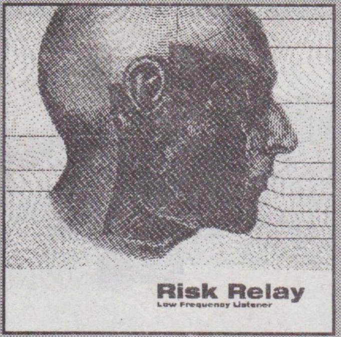
THE ORPHANS

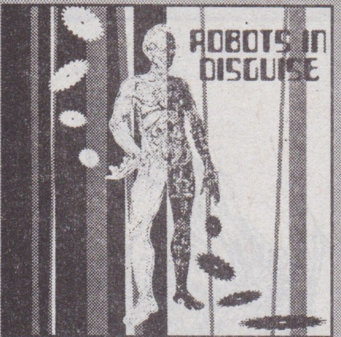
THE PLOT
TO BLOW
UP
THE
EIFFEL
TOWER
DISSERTATION, HONEY











PROTEST STAGNATION – "Dreams of the Blind" EP

Really dirgy political punk with guttural female vocals. This isn't bad. Ex-BROTHER INFERIOR member. (SR)

(Dissonant Sound Industries, PO Box 2353, Portland, OR 97208-2353, www.dissonantsoundindustries.com)

RASHIT – "Kapak Güzelleri" LP

Wow! These Turks start off with an Eastern European-sounding ditty embellished with a clarinet for authentic flavor. They kick into a spirited ska/punk number with a tromboney sounding trumpet, and then into a punk rock & roller. Not only are these blokes versatile, they lay on the political lyrics in three languages! So, if you want the French or Turkish translation, they're readily available next to the English lyrics. A very cool record. (HM)

($10 ppd: Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)

RAW POWER – "You Are the Victim" CD

This is Italian hardcore at it's finest! A fucking classic. Fourteen tracks of perfection. Repackaged. Remastered. If that's not enough, the thing has even got CD-ROM bonus tracks. That's right folks. Available for the first time in years, this is a CD-only release, but don't be a fucking baby... Even the elitist of the collector scum should jump at another chance to get a hold of this. What are you waiting for? (VH)

(MLP, Apartado De Correos 18199-28080, Madrid, SPAIN, www.soulforce-records.com)

RAW POWER - "Still Screaming (After 20 Years)" LP

Let me just quote the lyrics of the title song in full: "In the gutter we were and we're still there, A bunch of grown-up kids that are still looking for fun, You can keep all your new music and all that kind of shit, We're still playing what we like and we are proud of it, This is not about age, It's not about being brave, It's all to do with passion, It's got to give you satisfaction, Still screaming after 20 years, Give me my music anytime, Give me my hardcore till I die, Let me play, Let me smile, Give me hardcore till I die, This is something you cannot buy, Give me hardcore till I die, Still screaming after 20 years!" Fuckin' aye. This is already a classic right up there with the *Screams From the Gutter* LP. I saw them the last two times they came through and they were awesome, having not lost any energy or vitality over the years. Fast (but not too fast that it's a blur), distorted hardcore with character that sets it apart from so many bands that "try" to be original—I found their cover of NIRVANA to be a surprise—decent but necessary? Sadly, Guiseppe the guitarist passed away early this year and this is, as far as I know, his last recorded output with RAW POWER. This rules!! (WM)

(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Avenue, Cotati, CA 944931)

RAZZAPPARTE – "Servi O Ribelli" CD

12 average oi punk tunes from Italy. Catchy songs about political prisoners, lots of revolting, antifascism and such—all sung in their mother tongue. (SR)

(Lambrusko, Via N. Sauro 37/a, 46100 Mantova, 0376, 220820 ITALY, lambruskorecords@virgilio.it)

REDLINERS – "Either Way We're Screwed" LP

The REDLINERS are Mid-Life Marvin (36) on guitar and vocals and Jon Micro (16) on drums and vocals. Though this is a small-time affair, relatively speaking, they do thank Jack and Meg White prominently on their thank-you list, which should give you some idea of what they're into. The album insert includes pictures of Marvin & Jon, wearning Blues Brothers-style suits, hats, and dark glasses, hanging out on an old train and Jon, still in suit and hat, skateboarding. Kind of funny, kind of creepy-but-cute, like a dog in a sweater. Just thought I should let you know, before we moved on. So this is pretty good! It's basic, rootsy, bluesy stuff, pretty tuneful, until, *suddenly*, at the end of the first side, you get this really tight, radio-friendly, post-grunge style pop song, like a RADIOHEAD or WEEZER song, or something! I mean, really slick, like NIRVANA, or something! Lots of NIRVANA! Alert the majors! More to come on side B, though now we're really in WHITE STRIPES territory. These are good songs, but very strange—Is it primitive rock & roll? Or is it a (succesful) imitation of primitive rock & roll filtered through big production? You figure it out. (AC)

($9: Spat!, 835 4th Ave. S., Nashville, TN 37204, www.spatrecords.com)

RESOLVE/CONSUME – split EP

Just saw both these bands at my house a couple of days ago. Yes, it was great. This is a limited to 125 copies tour edition record. RESOLVE, even down to the vox, sound like NAUSEA did. However, the music ain't as metal (a good thing) and the woman singing isn't as witchkisser-style as Amy. I have often asked the metal to leave my punk alone. RESOLVE does it. Now. CONSUME. They are good. With folk from WHOREHOUSE OF REPRESENTITIVES, SHITLIST, and more, you get what they are sounding at. As at least two members of this band are closet crust-pop punx, little hints of unusual (for this heavy punk style) song structure are apparent. Great choruses, for example. This is a killing split, and I am sure it is available in a non-tour edition. Yah. Ryan is hot. (JA)

(Distort Reality, PO Box 80338, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE RETURNERS – "The Wag/Motorheartbeat"

.....four-piece punk rock boredom from somewhere in Europe....!!!!! And I do mean boredom!!!!! What is the point of all these useless singles that flood the market???? Very few of them are any good!!!!!! I say we make Mike Lucas the head of quality control around here!!!!! Let's get this mag working like a *machine*!!!!!!(SW)

(Swindlebra, www.swindlebra.de)

RISK RELAY – "Low Frequency Listener" CD

Mild math-rocky stuff from New Jersey. I was never too good with math in school, it just never kept my attention—kind of like this CD. Jerky guitars and repetitive off-tune solos with vocals yelled over it all. This is for the fans of PLAID RETINA, DISMEMBERMENT PLAN, or maybe even Q AND NOT U, and not for me. (AS).
(Ernest Jenning, 68 Cheever Pl. Apt. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231, www.ernestjenning.com)

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE – "The Sound of Music Dying" EP

This record is a bit hard to pin down. At times it sounds like a hardcore version of the NEED, but that might just be the Portland connection. At other times the cadence gives you the feeling that it could be the punk soundtrack to the Pirates of the Caribbean. Then again, some of the intricate guitar work gives it a real metal feel. Anyhow, you can throw that all together with a mixture of female vocals (that gain a sort of SIOUXSIE sound through the use of effects) and harsh, screamy male vocals. (PA)
(Dems My Rekids, 3937 NE 13th Ave, Portland, OR 97212, robotsindisguise1@yahoo.com)

ROCK N ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS - "Live On Berzerkeley Radio" LP

As the title indicates, this is a live broadcast of the local saviors of Spazz Stomp; side 2 is the same as side 1, but that's fine since you'll either hate this record or (if you've got any taste) wear it out from repeated listenings. As long as bands like this keep cropping up, there's hope for the youth of America. (DD)
($7 to Marcos, 2425 B. Channing Way #661, Berkeley, CA 94704, www.rocknrolladventurekids.com)

RUIDO DE ODIO/K.K.F. - split EP

Ecuador's RUIDO DE ODIO are a two man, guitar and drums, noise-core assault. Devastation and audio mayhem of the first order. A little too loose and directionless for my tastes—and I like noise and noise-core. K.K.F. are from Germany and are also a two-piece noise-core group and existed in 1995. Their recording is live and bloody and way too much on the vocals, the detraction point for me. Neither group came through to me but it could for you. (WM)
(TVG, c/o Axel Brandt, E. - Thalmannstr. 2, 14974 Ludwigsfelde, GERMANY)

RUIDO DE ODIO/KONTRAORDEN – split EP

Two South American hardcore powerhouses—both with many releases under their collective belts—continue to crank out the goods. KONTRAORDEN churn out four tracks of manic yet tuneful Columbian hardcore—with fuzzed-out guitars laying the foundation for tracks which are much more than just 300 mile per hour drummer endurance tests. My favorite stuff by them yet! On the flip we have the blast-beat frenzied assault of RUDIO DE ODIO, who are smart enough to mix things up and not over rely on their drummer's prowess for blasting away. Catchy hardcore punk from Ecuador, that brings to mind SIN ORDEN or DIOS HASTIO. (MT)
(Bajo Perfil, A.A. 772 Medellin, COLOMBIA)

RUTH'S HAT/SEWING WITH NANCY – split CD

This came out on Mutant Pop a couple of years ago with the packaging of the CDR series. One of the bands resubmitted this, pointing out that this was a pressed CD. So here's a review. Two pop punk bands covering the likes of WEEZER, REPLACEMENTS, MADONNA (my first mention of MADONNA in countless years of reviewing!) YAZ, and MEN WITHOUT HATS, to name a few. All covers, all fun, enough said. (RL)
(Ruth's Hat, www.ruthshat.com)

RYTMIHÄIRIÖ – "Surmaa Kännisä" CD

Last month I reviewed their *Surman Vuodet* CD, an early years collection from the late 80s into the 90s. This month brings with it the news that they're back together, with two of the original members, and that this is their newest release recorded in the year 2002. While the early years were characterized by thin recordings of über-raw thrash guitars, fast fast speeds, and some of the most deranged vocals since the dude from SAIRAAT MIELET or UNITED MUTATIONS, the newer recordings have slowed down the pace, replaced the sound with a fuller production, touched more of the metal to their sound (new guitarist), and replaced the old (genius) singer for another dude that just doesn't tear it up as much. This "version" of RYTMIHÄIRIÖ is good but different—like apples to oranges. I'm told that fans of FORCA MACABRA, which is a fair comparison of RYTMIHÄIRIÖ's current sound/style, should take note that these two bands share a member. (WM)
(HUKKALEVYT, Pekantie 26, FIN – 58500, Punkaharju, FINLAND, oitkonen@cc.joensuu.fi)

THE SCARLET LETTER – "Pure, Unadulterated-Adultery" EP

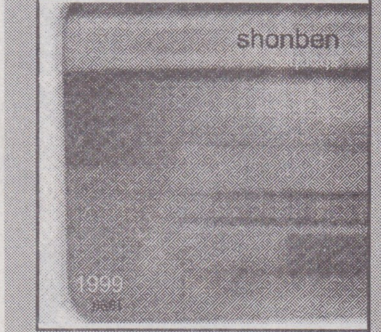
If I'm not mistaken, this is something like the third SCARLET LETTER record I've been assigned, and with that in mind I can easily say that this is their best record yet. For those who don't know, the SCARLET LETTER play a form of hardcore that manages to successfully incorporate all sorts of sub-genres into their songs. On Side A, what starts out as extrremely fast paced thrashcore with vocals akin to JOHN HENRY WEST quickly transforms into BROADWAYS-esque, gritty emotional punk. And that's not all—they end the side with an excellent RORSCHACH imitation. One would think that this juxtaposition of styles wouldn't work, but fuck, the SCARLET LETTER pulls it off with style. Very refreshing indeed. (SP)
(Assault, PO Box 102514, 28025 Bremen, GERMANY, www.assaultrecords.com)

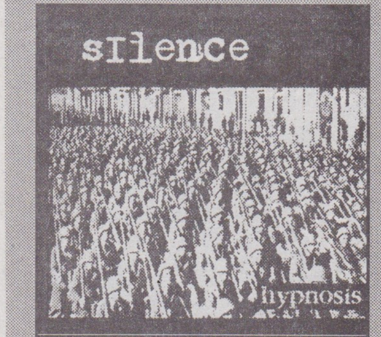
RUIDO DE ODIO

the ScarletLetter

Scat Rag Boosters
KR-008
"Boogie Man" EP

SHESUS
Loves You
Loves You Not
DEBUT CD/LP IN STORES
3/25/03





SKRUPEL
RUPTURE
the old and the new one

sonny
a temporary remedy

SCAT RAG BOOSTERS – "Boogie Man" EP

Probably the most satisfying release yet by these Canadian purveyors of noisy mutant blooz rock. "Boogie Man" is a scuzzy stomp, "Lonesome Party" a dirge that sounds like early CRAMPS sans vocals, while "I'll See You Dead" and "What You Do" sound halfway like songs from the *Back From the Grave* songbook. (DD)

(Kryptonite , 2324 W. Wisconsin Ave. #53, Milwaukee, WI 53233, www.KryptoniteRecords.com

SCUMBAG ROADS – "Bad Girl Attraction" 10"

This is totally what you'd expect from a band called the SCUMBAG ROADS: loud '77 guitar rock. It's all about bad girls, rock & roll, and more bad girls. This is actually quite good, despite how cliché it might sound. At times it reminds me of later (or should I say "newer") TURBONEGRO, despite the big production—the song structure is totally there. Good job, my brahs, you made a record of a worn-out style without fucking it up and looking like goofs. Right on. (BM)

(Swindlebra, Postgasse 12, 89312 Gunzburg, GERMANY, www.swindlebras.de)

SHESUS – "B-Side Radio/Hawaiian Love Song"

Two delightfully indie-inspired punk tunes, or is that punk-inspired indie humdiddlydumdums, who knows? Great girl vocals (I'm guessing by the godawful name, an entire female line up), nice harmonizing slightly reminiscent of the great heyday of indie pop, when TALULAH GOSH and the FLAT MATES helped this puny fringed teenager through torturous nights of homework, jilted love, Coranation Street, and boiled cabbage. I wouldn't be too shy to throw a little bit of PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES, SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES, and a healthy helping of SHESUS's own unique individual selves into the mix. The only downside is that both tracks are featured on the debut album, which is bit too much like a major label characteristic for my liking. (SD)

(Narnack, 381 Broadway, 4th Floor, Suite 3, New York, NY 10013, www.narnackrecords.com)

SHESUS – "Loves You…Loves You Not" CD

Your band name sucks. Next subject, the music; a confusing mix of indie bar band-garage and hooky new wave instincts that comes off like a weird "project" band on a Kill Rock Stars comp circa 1993. The vocals and production are totally solid, so it doesn't sound "bad," but something about the band just whiffs of formula. I dunno, it could be the profusion of "beep-beep" sounds in the background of so many glorified bar band records these days that has me feeling cynical. I will state, I think this band could put out a totally great single. (RW)

(Narnack, 381 Broadway, 4th Floor Suite 3, New York, NY 10013 www.narnackrecords.com)

THE SHIVERING - "To the Ground" 10"

The SHIVERING has been one of my favorite Bay Area bands for the past few years, since I got into them with the release of their split LP with FUNERAL DINER. At that point, they were writing faster, RITES OF SPRING, CURRENT and JAWBREAKER-inspired songs, which were awesome. At this point, they have slowed down quite a bit, writing less conventional songs, which instead of taking some chords and building a song around them, take a riff and kind of build the song around that, or so it seems. I like these songs in a different way than I like the earlier stuff, and I listen to them in a different way. These songs settle into a groove and stick with it. Like all of their releases, the layout on this one is beautiful, with beautiful photos and such. A fucking stellar record. The SHIVERING continues to impress me with their evolution, and I know I can expect something interesting from each release. (WR)

(Council, PO Box 220691, Chicago, IL 60622)

SHONBEN – "1999" CD

Poppy pop with a slight emo feel from England. This is a retrospective of the three-piece (they had a couple of guys from BROCCOLI in the band), which was around for only a year in '99/00 before splitting up and relocating to DC, Tokyo, and one stayed in London—that's not bad coverage for three people. Anyway, it's not bad, just a little wimpy for readers of this magazine. I'm sure they'd really like it at *Punk Planet* (meow!) (AD)

(Newest Industry, Unit 100, 61 Wellfield Rd, Cardiff, CF24 3DG, UK)

SILENCE – "Hypnosis" EP

Dark and heavy, charged, low-tuned hardcore much in the vein and style of HIS HERO IS GONE, ACURSED, FROM ASHES RISE, the country of Sweden and the city of Portland. Layered distortions; dual guitar attack; the bass a-throbbing, bottom-heavy propelled by tom-pummeling; galloping beats and double-kick drum action from their human/machine drummer; and crusty vocals in English, which I would've preferred in their own language. Damn good nonetheless. Nice packaging with lyrics written in both Polish and English, as well as three short essays written by the band, including a well-written but very depressing piece on the futility of existence, also translated in both languages. Quality through and through. (WM)

(Trujaca Fala, PO Box 13, 81 806 Sopot 6, POLAND, www.trujacafala.com)

SINE NOMINE – "This Machine is Malfunctioning" CD

This St. Louis, Missouri band punches their way through nine songs of emoish metal that utilizes a variety of styles, from a few touches of blast beat grind, to BOTCH style guitar riffage. The pace is mostly mid-tempo, with lots of time changes and harsh painful sounding vocals. This style is hugely popular right now, so if you are into it, check this release out. (RC)

(Robot Winter, 129 36th St. NE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52404, www.robotwinter.com)

$KRUPEL/RUPTURE - split EP

$KRUPEL sound very German—precision perfect double-kick grind, raw-growly vox, distortion riffs of violence, and a Neanderthalic delivery. RUPTURE hail from Australia and terrorize the world with wonton acts of audio-brutality and a known non-PC position in their lyrics. I've never really listened to much RUPTURE before this and after this EP I'll probably keep it that way. You probably already know whether you're into either band or not. (WM)

(R.S.R., S. Gessner, Str. D Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY, skrupel@web.de)

SO FUCKIN CONFUSED – "Try Harder" CD

I'm fuckin' confused why I don't have a back cover with the song listings or address for this rockin' disc. This is a good CD full of crankin' three chord head-bobbin' Italian punk rock. Seek out this one. (HM)

(no address)

SOIFASS – "Es ist Zeit" CD

More mid-tempo German oi for you. The lyrics are in German and sung gruffly, with choruses group-chanted over basic music. This is more to the skinhead side of things, as opposed to the punk side—if you know what I mean. (AD)

(Scumfuck Mucke, PSF 100709, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

SONNY – "A Temporary Remedy" CD

From Wilbraham, Mass, SONNY plays melodic punk with slight emo tendencies in the vein of mid-period Revelation Records, but maybe with more of a poppy touch. There's so much of this stuff around (and most of it comes in on CD) that I can hardly distinguish between any of the bands, but SONNY have moments that are at least good (if not great), and show their songwriting ability and capacity to pluck the heart strings. Fans of Deep Elm Records who would like something a little meatier could do a lot worse than SONNY. (AD)

(Fast Music, www.fastmusic.com)

STAR STRANGLED BASTARDS – "Whose War Is It?" CD

SSB have mohawks and spiked hair. They look older than you so they probably saw a ton of good shows back when punk was still young. SSB has featured members of BATTALION OF SAINTS A.D., DRI, and STATUE OF YOU. They thank people like DR. KNOW, CHAOS UK, and the VARUKERS. Gruff yelled vocals over some fast, thick buzzsaw guitar roar hardcore, like an amalgamation of what all the aforementioned bands might inspire in the punks-over-30 crowd (not a negative comment). John Maurer of SOCIAL DISTORTION produced these recordings and did a pretty damn good job considering this isn't anything like country punk. I can imagine that these guys are somewhat popular wherever it is that they plug in an amp and yell into a mic. Circle pits, not mosh pits. (WM)

(Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012, www.gokartrecords.com)

STREET TRASH – "Street Trash" EP

Holy shit! LA's STREET TRASH don't waste any time ripping your ears to shreds with these six songs of ultra-fast, totally raw hardcore. Every second of their dirty guitars, and snotty vocals resonating with energy and intensity, leaving you in complete shock and awe, with nothing to do but stare down blankly at the broken glass, burrito wrappers, empty coffee cups, and used condoms that are your life. (VH)

(Proud To Be Idiot, P.O. Box 410325, San Francisco, CA 94141-0325)

SUFFRAJETT – "Love Me More" CD

Memo to all bands: putting a burned CD on the cover of your album (e.g. SUBLIME, SYSTEM OF A DOWN, etc.) is ungodly stupid and to be avoided at all costs. Moving on, I would liken this to a lo-fi LETTERS TO CLEO, with a touch of the WHITE STRIPES' neo-blues. Like the aforementioned band, SUFFRAJETT are only a boy-girl two piece, but are infinitely less pretentious and a bit more fun (geeky fun, mind you). While I'm far from engaged or excited, I found myself enjoying it. (MX)

(In Music We Trust, 15213 SE Bevington Ave, Portland, OR 97267-3355)

SUNDAY MORNING EINSTEINS – "Swedish Hardcore Must Die" LP

What can be said about this Swedish hardcore supergroup? Classic Swedish D-beat assault with riffs ripped liberally straight off the likes of ABSURD, SVART SNO, ANTI-CIMEX, and DISARM. Played to perfection, with tongues planted firmly in their cheeks, "Rolling around on the floor, laughing at pictures of war." A great follow-up to their EP on Prank. (MT)

(Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

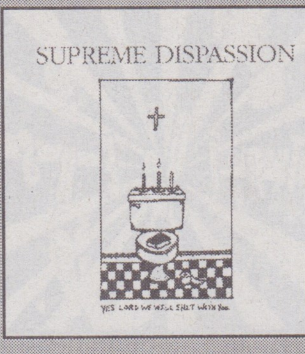
SUPREME DISPASSION – "Yes Lord We Will Shit with You" CD

This is either the stupidest or most brilliant thing I've ever heard. Sixteen songs in twenty minutes of funky, intricate riffs with lyrics that usually aren't longer than one sentence (sample full lyric: "take your bible to the toilet and pray that you do not shit blood."). Repeat listening probably won't reveal any hidden depth, but I thought it was damn funny. We need more songs with titles like "Partial Birth Abortion Baby Jesus" and "Painting With Horse Menstruation". (MX)

(www.supremedispassion.com)

STREET TRASH

SUFFRAJETT
700 MB
2003


SUPREME DISPASSION
YES LORD WE WILL SHIT WITH YOU

SYSTEM SHIT
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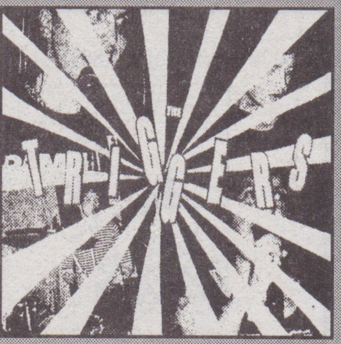
Embalming Theatre

THE TRIGGERS



SYSTEM SHIT - "Hell-O" EP

Canada's answer to a call for a mix of CRIPPLE BASTARDS, VIOLENT HEADACHE, and the COMRADES. SYSTEM SHIT lean a little more to the hardcore side of the fence with their grind stylings. The A-side is a bit more straightforward with their structures and shows a healthy respect for fast distortion while the B-side takes off a bit more into the realms of craziness getting grindier. Fair enough. (WM)
(Skud, BP 515, 33001 Bordeaux Cedex, FRANCE, skud-rds@voila.fr)

TAKARU/A LIGHT IN THE ATTIC – split LP

TAKARU play some pretty technical, heavy grind stuff. The vocals are in the same style as HIS HERO IS GONE, but the music is a bit more on the high end. Drums do a mix of blast beats, straight-up one/two stuff, and slow, moshy beats with a lot of double bass. The guitars are heavy but not too deep, and there is some pretty intricate work being done here. A LIGHT IN THE ATTIC plays some pretty impressive emoish stuff. Don't worry, they manage to keep it heavy, screamy, and fast, but in an emotional way. Tobia was even at one of their shows but she'll never admit to it. The drummer mixes traditional emo styles with blast beats and a double bass pedal. The guitar plays basic but driving stuff. The vocals are your typical screamy thing. They could lose some of that emo stigma if they left out the tired, slow, quiet, picked-out guitar parts. (PA)
(Sky of Ill Rule, PO Box 170516, San Francisco, CA 94117)

TERRORISM/EMBALMING THEATRE – split EP

Do you like fast metallic grind with deep guttural vocals that sound like the singer is trying to vomit his left lung onto the microphone? Do you like played-out cover art filled with decaying bodies, and lyrics about maggots and exploding corpses? Well if you do, then this release is waiting for you to go scrape some change out from under the couch cushions and buy, buy, buy. (RC)
(Morbid Reality, 314 North Gifford Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90063)

THREE FIFTEEN - "...The Heart Stops Beating" EP

A good EP here from these folks. Musically, it sounds like a rougher, less refined STRIKE ANYWHERE. The vocals are what really caught my attention. They sound very similar to the vocals in FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, but are more MINOR THREAT in their phrasing. The lyrics are sentimental and terribly bitter, but hopeful, as well. A nice looking record, too. A fine record, here. (WR)
(Solution: Stab It, 74 Dodge Ave, Pittsfield, MA 01201)

TOTAL FURY – "Committed to the Core" 10" EP

I love TOTAL FURY, so I'll say that right off the bat. Their LP is fucking amazing—perfectly executed DC-style thrash. Enough said. As far as *this* record goes, its really too bad that they have to fall victim to Youth Attack's "lets put one recording on multiple formats" policy. I mean, come on, this is getting ridiculous. *These are the same songs that were released recently on 7" format.* I will say that this version does sound much better than the 7", which may be the reasoning for the re-release, but then again, something tells me there may be some ulterior motives at work. Oh yeah, it's also too bad that this record just doesn't quite match the greatness of the aforementioned LP. Sure, it's hectic, hurried, raw as all hell, but I think there is a lot more to be said for the cohesion present on the LP. I'm sure others will disagree. Different strokes for different folks, I suppose. (SP)
(Youth Attack)

THE TRIGGERS – "Medicine" EP

When you get to my ripe old age you have an attitude when you see bands like, "OK, impress me..." When I saw the TRIGGERS recently I was not only impressed but awed. I liked them so much that I bought three 7"s from them...and I don't even have a record player. From Portland, the TRIGGERS play great trashy punk with female vocals and male back-ups. Reminiscent of but better than BLATZ, the FONDLED, and ASTRID OTO, they kick ass on this record, but I urge you to go see them play some dingy club and, if need be, have your faith in punk rock restored. Super. (AD)
(Jonny Cat, PO Box 61, Estacada, OR 97023)

THE TRIGGERS – "Shoot Your Mouth Off" LP

The TRIGGERS are the belle of the ball of Portland punk. A shadow of LOLI & THE CHONES is hovering over this band like the black cloud over Charlie Brown's head. If they cut out a few of the mid-tempo numbers, this would be a classic. Still, they have style out the wazoo and you would be doing yourself a favor to slap this on your turntable. (JB)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

THE TRIGGERS/THE FLIP-TOPS – split EP

No wonder there's a mass exodus to Portland. That's where all the good music is. I had the opportunity recently to see the TRIGGERS and live they are truly awesome, as is this EP. Lotsa raucous energy, girl singer, four chords, not too much production. The FLIP-TOPS are a perfect complement, a little faster tempo, boy singer, a little solo action. I'm packing my bags. (DP)
(Jonny Cat, no address)

UNHOLY GRAVE/GANG UP ON AGAINST - split EP

UNHOLY GRAVE step up to the plate again with 3 songs of hardcore grinding hardcore grind. Thick distortion, high and low vocals, fast beats and not a single care whether you like them or not—

as indicated by the subject matter of the first song, "Iron Resolution." Up to par with their many other releases. GANG UP ON AGAINST also hail from Japan. Theirs is a SUPPRESSION style noise attack on power-violence with a slower SLIGHT SLAPPERS feel. The bass comes through really thick and punchy. Lots of feedback and gargly raw throat vocals. Punishing the weak is this EP's strong points. (WM)

(Mink, c/o Mariko Ohkawa, 17-59 Shimoimaike Morioka, Higashiura-cho, Chita-gun, Aichi 470-2101 JAPAN)

UWHARRIA – "Fury in the Foothills" CD

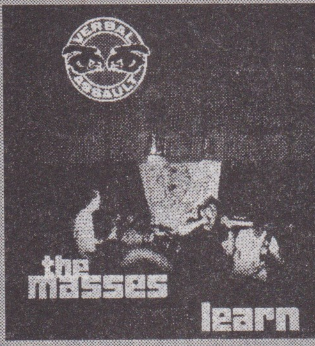
Interesting concept of a band coming together to celebrate the natural wealth of the bioregion they live in, in this case being UWHARRIA, located in North Carolina. All their songs are about local birds, animals, trees, insects, and the struggles to protect them all set to a metallic hardcore reminiscent of *Technocracy*-era CORROSION OF CONFORMITY with the singer from COC's *Eye For An Eye* LP growling and twisting, screaming and yelling over speeding crossover hardcore. In between some of the songs are field recordings that I thought were cool to add in for extra effect. I'm not so keen on some of the overtly metal aspects, like goofy little leads, but I think they pull it off well enough that it doesn't really detract, for me. Features members of OI POLLOI, BLOWNAPART BASTARDS and FACEDOWNINSHIT. (WM)

(Slave, PO Box 10093, Greensboro, NC 27404, www.slavemagazine.com)

VERBAL ASSAULT – "The Masses and Learn" CD

This CD contains both the *Masses* demo tape and the *Learn* LP on one CD. Now, this is good stuff and brings back a lot of memories, but is it really necessary? Look, VERBAL ASSAULT was always an above average band, but the fact remains that their stuff was never on the same level as a MINOR THREAT, 7 SECONDS, or BAD BRAINS, and today the difference is even more exaggerated. This CD is good for the memories, but hardly what I would call essential. (JF)

(Mend It, PO Box 1096, New York, NY 10003)



VICTIMS – "Neverendinglasting" LP

Domestic release of this Swedish stormer of a couple of years back, with new swanky full color artwork. Blistering from beginning to end these folks once again prove the Swedes top of the game when it comes to paint peeling hardcore. Falling somewhere between country mates ACURSED, SKITSYSTEM and WOLFBRIGADE with their unrelenting abrasive hardcore. Still as essential as it was when it came out....Hail Sweden! (TB)

(Deadalive, PO Box 42593, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

WALKEN/SENNEVAL – split EP

WALKEN play mid-paced technical metal-core along the lines of COALESCE or CONVERGE. I've seen them live a few times and remember them pulling off the raw chaotic RORSCHACH sound really well. This record is a lot heavier on the BLACK SABBATH/LED ZEP groove thing that is not at all punk, but somehow always ends up being the exception to the rule... Not at all bad, but not the pile driver I was hoping for. SENNEVAL go all out with quirky, angular guitar parts, odd timing, and chaotic vocal arrangements, and come up with an interesting song. Yet throughout the entire song, the clean guitar tone, and those fluffy guitar riffs hover inches away from the whinny emo break down I'm expecting in my head... The emo break down never comes, and I gotta give SENNEVAL a lot of credit for their restraint. But the intensity, energy of their songs never really seems to come either. After a few plays it can get a little obnoxious. (VH)

(Velvet Black, 106 West 3rd South St, Summerville, SC 29483)

WALKEN
SENNEVAL

WAR OF DESTRUCTION – "Nazisvin" EP

This reissue of the classic 1983 debut EP is a *KBD* must-have for fans of Scandanavian punk and HC. The guitars are like a drill bit set on a repeating riff, with tunes not unlike early (and rawer) TERVEET KADET. In other words, this is an enormously appealing slice of early hardcore, with primitive production to boot. Recommeded, of course. (SS)

(Kick n Punch, Postboks 578, 2200 Kobenhavn N., DENMARK)

THE WHIP – "Freelance Liasion/Sheep and Goat Judgement"

Somebody goddamn knows my tastes—thanks little one. Hold on to them breeches, folks, 'cause the WHIPS will whip them clean off that stinking behind with a huge wall of bass-heavy steroid-pumping, head-nodding, riff-peppered skulldoggery. Two grateful slabs of unadulterated rocktastic perfection. Imagine, if you can, a SEPULTURA stripped right down to its bare bones, the guys from METROSHIFTER writing the tunes, jamming out with early MONSTER MAGNET, the once-mighty KYUSS twiddling the knobs behind the desk, and not a joint in sight. I'm never ashamed to rock and grip each opportunity with unbridled baboonery. THE challenge is down, come knock this off my single of the year. Oh, I just heard a rumor that this is maybe ex-KARP. (SD)

(Wantage USA, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807, www.wantageusa.com)

WHITE FLAG – "R is for Rocket, U is for Unreleased" CD

If there is an LA early 80s band I take for granted, it's WHITE FLAG (sorry guys), but listening to this CD of their first 1982 LP fully reminds me just how good they sound today. It turns out that certain smart-ass bands age pretty well. Tacked on to this package are unreleased tracks from the LP and their first ever live show from June of '82 with decent sound. There's also a radio interview that I didn't listen to, eh. Qwality. (RW)

(Artifix , PO Box 641, Moreno Valley, CA 92556, www.artifixrecords.com)

WHITE FLAG
THE LOST 1982 ALBUM
SESSIONS & OUTTAKES
PLUS THEIR VERY FIRST LIVE SHOW EVER!
WHITE
FLAG
R IS FOR ROCKET

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH – "The Art of Self Destruction" EP

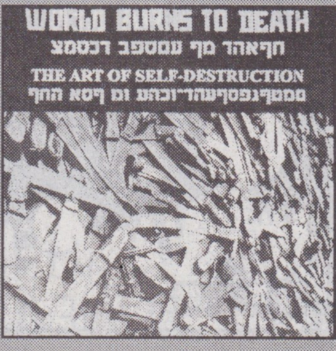
This is more savage distorted mayhem from this Texas group. Frontman Jack Control (SEVERED HEAD OF STATE) delivers gruff wretching vocals over brutal driving guitars, and a thick wall of bass. Scandinavian and Japanese crust influences are apparent. This is diabolical D-beat at its best. Killer. (LG)

(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

ZEMEZLUC – "Live in UK" LP

Anthemic punk with a slight UK HC '82 flavor from the Czech Republic. They are vets of the scene with a mountain of releases under their belts, best of all being their split EP with the Slovakian band DAVOVA PSYCOZA. It's really catchy punk that sounds great on their studio recordings, but this record would make for a mediocre intro for this rather powerful band. Seek out their other releases first! (MT)

(Papagájuv Hlasatel, Pavel Friml., Mrstíkova 393, 664 82 Ricany U Brna., CZECH REPUBLIC, www.phr.cz)



ZINC- "Old Mundo Punk" CD

Aside from the excess of blast beats, this female fronted punk band from Spain is amazing. LUNACHICKS mixed with hardcore. Learn Spanish so you can understand these lyrics, 'cause they're pretty powerful. (MM)

(Soulforce, www.soulforce-records.com)

V/A – "Black on Black – a Tribute to Black Flag" LP

Tribute records are the weirdest things. Why anyone would think that having a bunch of lesser, later bands play second-rate covers of some seminal bands' songs would be a fitting tribute, I'll never know. Anyway, the latest band to get the treatment is BLACK FLAG, in their earlier incarnations one of the most incendiary and important punk bands ever. I consider myself a die-hard BLACK FLAG fan, as (I'm sure) do the people involved with this record. No doubt it was fun to put together, and the bands probably had fun picking their favorite songs and recording them. Unfortunately, this is a total pain to listen to. The straight covers lack the energy and tension that made the originals so great, and the bands who attempted to instill something of their own sound into the classic songs mostly just turned them into nü-metal. I hate to say it, but I think the ROLLINS-produced BLACK FLAG covers album that came out recently is probably better than this. At least it's for a good cause, not just collector scum. I know that this review is a little on the harsh side. I just think that if you consider this a viable way to carry on the BLACK FLAG legacy, you missed the fucking point. Oh yeah, the bands: AMERICAN NOTHING, ANODYNE, BURNT BY THE SUN, COALESCE, CONVERGE, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, HOPE CONSPIRACY, PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS (who delivered the most listenable stuff on here), and PLAYING ENEMY. (AM)

(Initial , PO Box 17131, Louisville, KY, 40217, www.initialrecords.com)

ZINC
OLD
MUNDO
PUNK!

V/A – "Chickenhead Records: Compilation #2: Mein Comp" CD

This plethora of punk bands from around the country reminds me that there are about a million different types of "punk." Featuring bands like KUNG-FU CHICKEN, EMPTY HANDED, and DIRTY OLD MEN, I would have liked to see more of an effort to include more female bands in this project. Three cheers for the witty insert. (MM)

(Chickenhead , 7438 Etiwanda Reseda, CA 91335)

CHICKEN HEAD RECORDS: COMPILATION #2!
Mein Comp
MEAT-O
50 different types of punk rockers that taste like shit together

V/A – "The Cretins Wanna Dance" LP

This compilation features eight bands: RETARDED, SCUMBAG ROAD, the CAVE 4, BACKWOOD CREATURES, the REEKYS, DIRTSHAKES, the APERS, and CURLEE WURLEE, doing two songs apiece. With the exception of CAVE 4's surf-inspired track and CURLEE WURLEE sounding like they have a foot in the HEADCOATS' camp, all the bands have a distinct RAMONES fell to them. The thing is, all these bands seem to be able to pull off this sound quite well, and certainly had my toe a tappin'. Note: the date listed on this LP is 2001, so it may have been out for a while. (JF)

(Swindlebra, Postgasse 12, 89312 Günzburg, GERMANY, www.swindlebra.de)

V/A – "The Creatures Wanna Dance" LP

Similar to the *The Cretins Wanna Dance* LP that is also reviewed in this issue, this is some pretty amazing punk rock. Again, you've got your punk, your garage, your pop... and again, this shit fucking rocks. Two tracks each by the DRIVERS, the REETURNERS, BRAIN EATERS, RODRIGUEZ, the ELEKTRAS, POT BELLY, the HI-TOPS, the GRIZZLY ADAMS BAND, and LOS BANDITOS. If you must choose between the two compilations, it'd be impossible to do it based on quality, as both are outstanding. I'd say this one leans more towards the garage than the other, if that helps you. Very highly recommended. (KK)

(Swindlebra, Postgasse 12, 89312 Günzburg, GERMANY, www.swindlebra.de)

V/A – "Death to Hardcore, Death to Reagan" LP

20 bands test the louder, shorter, faster ethic with a frequently amazing set of tunes, most of which skewer the Reagan era with covers that in some cases surpass the originals. Among the best: CRUCIAL UNIT clocks in with a bunch of screaming HC tunes, including covers of YOUTH BRIGADE and LÄRM; THE ULTIMATE WARRIORS interpret CAPITAL PUNISHMENT like DRI with their electric cover of "El Salvador"; IDOL PUNCH is like a great stretch of HC static

in their tunes.... And there are equally strong tracks by the FUTURES, BLOOD LOTS OF BLOOD, and others. Recommended. (SS)
(X-Mike Fitzgerald, 652 Evelyn Ave, East Meadow, NY 11554)

V/A – "European Poppunk Virus Volume 2" CD

The second set of pop punkers such as TRAVOLTAS, POPSTERS, MANGES, and APERS, as well as many new bands, doing their thing for Stardumb. 28 tracks of good unreleased stuff. (RL)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

V/A – "For You from the Underground" CD

The English Language cannot sufficiently capture the depths of my hatred. Apart from DARRYL'S GROCERY BAG, who have just enough life in them to rock *and* be sappy, this label compilation peddles the worst kind of derivative dreck. Half STRUNG OUT clones, and ALKALINE TRIO rip-off, and a DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL junior, this CD rubbed me the wrong way so many times that I've lost count. To the seventh level of hell it goes! (MX)
(Meter, PO. Box 368, 440-10816 Macleod Trail SE, Calgary, Alberta T2J 5N8, CANADA, www.meterrecords.com)

V/A – "I Was a Teenage Plasmatic—7 Songs for Wendy O. Williams" EP

The PLASMATICS' Wendy Orleans Williams was an interesting gal—even after her band had peaked (the proto hardcore blitz of *New Hope for the Wretched)* and descended into weak-assed *Mad Max* metal (*Coup d' Etat).* Odd that a tribute record would hit the stands five years after her untimely demise, but I say "better late than never" and shut my mouth afterward. Tough tunes from the NEARLY DEADS, BLACK REBELS, BB SLAGS, *belles du jour* the SPITS, TRIGGERS, ancient icons DAYGLO ABORTIONS, and LOUDMOUTHS (recorded when?) Ms. Williams would be touched if she could hear it: tell me, can the dead bang their heads? (JH)
(Johnny Cat, PO Box 61, Estacada, OR 97023)

V/A – "The International Language of Love" CD

This is a four way split between the ZATOPEKS from the UK, the 20BELOWS from Denmark, the APERS from Holland, and TWENTYEARSOLD from Spain. All the bands play that pop punk sound that the kids go ga-ga over. It's pretty hit and miss—the ZATOPEKS pull off the traditional RAMONES/SCREECHING WEASEL sound, the 20BELOWS do the nerdy high voiced Mutant Pop wussy stuff and add keys for a nice touch (reminds me of EGGHEAD at times), the APERS draw a heavy influence from Lookout! '96 bands (not their best tunes here, but still the highlight of the CD), and finally, TWENTYEARSOLD does a combination of the three previous bands. This is great for a pop punk kid who wants to hear what other countries have to offer without having to pay huge import prices. (BM)
(Whoa Oh, 52 Mcloughlin St, Glen Cove, NY 11542, www.whoaohrecords.com)

V/A – "Knock 'Em While They're Down Vol. 2" CD

A rather ho-hum comp. Mostly unapologetic pop punk and snot punk (the QUEERS, DWARVES, DAYGLO ABORTIONS, MORAL CRUX, the REGULARS and the NADS to name just a few [but don't go thinking that this is a "who's who o' punk rock" because those are the only names you'll probably recognize]). I'm filing this in the "sell to record store" pile on my desk. (BM)
(Goblin, theriptides@hotmail.com, www.theriptides.com)

V/A – "Senza Tregua" LP

Wow, the folks who have been reissuing the old BCT releases have done it again! This release originally came out back in 1983 and it was a testament to how strong the Italian punk scene was at the time. It is obvious, listening to this 20 years after it originally came out, that these bands have truly stood the test of time. You'll find CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS, STATO DI POLIZIA, WARDOGS, PUTRID FEVER, I REFUSE IT!, TRAUMATIC, and JUGGERNAUT all rocking it hard on this release. So if you like raw aggressive punk from the early 80s (as you should), then pick this up and enjoy. This is limited to 1000 copies on vinyl, but will be released on CD as well at some point. Oh yeah, and the cover art is a great piece by Winston Smith. This is well worth your hard-earned cash. (RC)
(Enterruption, PO Box 884626, San Francisco, CA 94188-4626)

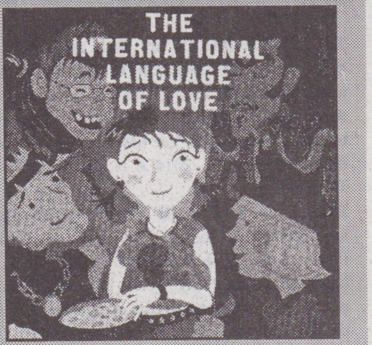
V/A – "True Horror" LP

A compilation of four bands from the other OC. OC, New York, that is. MURDERSHIFT, TROUBLEBOUND, the EMERGENCY, the ANTI-SOCIALS all contribute songs that vary in styles from youth crew to rockabilly to art damage. (DP)
(FDH, johnnynokeys@hotmail.com, PO Box 1155, Millbrook, NY 12545)

V/A – "We Still Keep on Running with DOA" CD

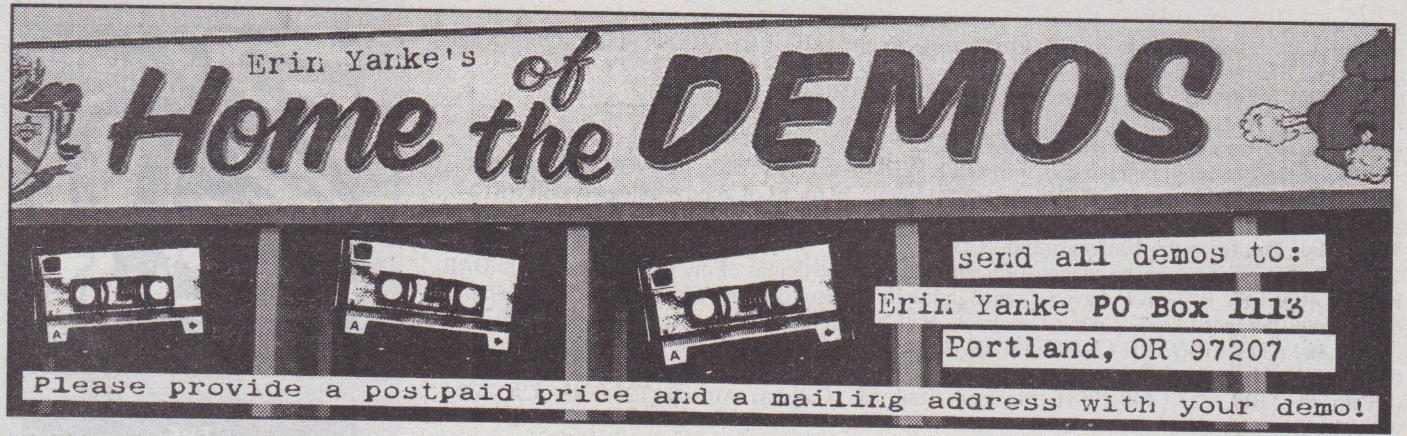
This is interesting. Here's a tribute album to the Canadian DOA with six Japanese bands: CONTRICTED, WAGPLATY, FIRST ALERT, TOTAL FURY, SMASH YOUR FACE, and GO. DOA is on it too, apparently playing tribute to themselves. This is good for fans only. (SR)
(Mangrove, Base: ACP Bldg 3F, 4-23-5, Koenji Minami, Suginami, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN, Mangrove@recordshopbase.com)

WAS A TEENAGE PLASMATIC
7 SONGS FOR
WENDY O. WILLIAMS


THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE OF LOVE

KICK 'EM WHILE THEY'RE DOWN 2
VOLUME
31 BANDS!
OVER 75 minutes!

D.O.A.
6 JAPANESE BANDS and D.O.A. COMP
The Great CANADIAN Punk Legend



Erin Yanke's Home of the DEMOS

send all demos to:

Erin Yanke PO Box 1113
Portland, OR 97207

Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo!

THE BLUE BALLS are back again with their lo-fi-don't-give-a-fuck rockaroll! I seem to remember more of a one-man band feel to this, but it sounds like there's more than one person involved in the angry rockin' mid-tempo shouted punk. Yee haw! ($1 ppd. 9 song cassette, no lyrics included. 2014 A N. Buffum St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.)

BOB URH AND THE BAREBONES play moodier, almost acoustic sounding electric songs, like they listened to the VELVET UNDERGROUND, and other bands who were going back to basics, a lot, and then they punch it up a tiny bit on the second song with harmonica. It's still pretty slow and rootsy, though. (2 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 1821, Murry Hill Sta., New York City, NY 10156.)

CEREBRAL TURBULENCY initiated a discussion of the fine lines between power violence, death metal, and grindcore. The songs are complicated with lots of parts and tempo changes, incorporating elements of all three, mixing it up equally. Vocals are from hell, screaming and growling. (26 song cassette, lyrics included are in English and Czech, and in one case, Spanish! PO Box 6, 501 01 Hradec Kralove 2, Czech Republic.)

A DAY IN BLACK AND WHITE have two long songs, which have lots of different styles going on, but I'd say it's a pretty good mix of screamo stuff and other emo sub-genres, including quirky stops and starts, a variety of pacing going on, excellent drumming keeping it all together, but that guy singing is actually just ripping up the lining of his lungs the whole time. ($2 ppd. 2 song CD, no lyrics included. 950 25th St., NW. Washington, DC 20037.)

DEAD RECKONING combine the power and politics of hardcore, with good rocking, cathartic rockaroll, and play great guitar-driven punk that's slow enough to dance to but fast enough to shake it. The vocals are shouted and sort of spit out, but some singing slips in there, too. Get this. ($2 ppd. 6 song cassette, lyrics included. 5815 N. Sheridan #603, Chicago, IL 60660.)

DEATHKILL is great rocking tough hardcore, without metal roots. They're totally powerful, with straightforward guitar driving the thing along. There is a subtle difference between headbanging hardcore, and fist-throwing hardcore, if you think about it, and this is fist-in-the-air style, full on. Vocals are mostly shouted, sounding like they might resemble the guy's real voice. ($2 ppd. 6 song CD, lyrics included. 285 Lipton St, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 2H2, Canada.)

DESPOT HUT blaze through their songs with distorted fury. This shit is fast and tight, with shouting vocals that match the music's intensity. Total hardcore. ($2 ppd. 7 song cassette, lyrics included. 3410 Regalwoods Dr., Doraville, GA 30340.)

THE DHS MUSIC CLUB is actually a high school club in DeWitt, Michigan. This guy who teaches English there I guess is the advisor, and has recorded all these high school bands. It's a great idea, with straightforward metal and techno forming the majority of it. So, this is not maximum rocknroll, but it's for the kids, and that's fine by me. ($2 ppd. 13 song CD, no lyrics included. 6240 Hardy Ave. #2C4, East Lansing, MI 48823.)

THE ELECTRIC KISSES is a slow to mid-tempo band, playing simple poppy punk. The vocals are cool, really restrained like she's barely crossed the line for talking into singing, but they're really upfront in the mix. When the guy sings it's more on the snotty early-NY style side of things. ($3 ppd. 6 song CD, no lyrics included. 310 12th Ave. E. #106, Seattle, WA 98102.)

FPO is a Macedoniam straightedge band that is really fast and tough, with a spazzy undercurrent, and some parts that are even sort of catchy. The lyrics are shouted and spit out, and the whole thing carries really palpable energy. (4.5 Euros, or $7 ppd. 12 song cassette, some lyrics included. Schandmaul Rec., PF 610617, 10937 Berlin, Germany.)

HELL'S HOLIDAY sounds like a catchy dark Midwestern Touch and Go band, with vocals that sound like a combination of a groaning BIG BLACK song with a more spoken NO MEANS NO songs. And I missed their first shows! Sorry, but even the demo reviewer has to get out of town every once in a while. (6 song CD, no lyrics included. 5026 SE Harrison, Apt. 2, Portland, OR 97215.)

THE LAGGARDS have a poppy edge, political sensibilities, and a punk core, like a POLITICAL ASYLUM kind of band with Midwestern accents. But a bit faster. ($5 ppd. 6 song CD, no lyrics included. 2616 15th Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55407.)

LYCANTHROPHY and **NENI UNIKU** grace us with a split demo, with LYCANTHROPHY playing traditional grindcore, but mixing it up occasionally with grunge beats instead of the D-beat, topped with the grind dual vocals you've come to expect. NENI UNIKU is the more straightforward of the two, although they have grind breakdown parts to mix it up. The rest is pretty driving, and the vocals shouted out loud. (16 songs by LYCANTHROPHY and 18 songs by NENI UNIKU, on one cassette! The lyrics included are in English and Czech. PO Box 6, 501 01 Hradec Kralove 2, Czech Republic.)

(POTENTIAL) JOHNS and **SKAG BARRONS** put out a great split demo tape—the rawness and catchiness and anger all balance out into the kick-ass cathartic "I am not alone" feeling that punk rock is supposed to bring to you. (P)J is the more melodic of the two, and play like a combination of SUPERCHUNK (vocally and super catchy sensibility) and HICKEY (pacing, energy, and toughness without sacrificing the catchy). SKAG BARRONS are more straightforward rockin', a little slower, but have manic crazy vocals at times, and sound more likely to go apeshit in a FLESHIES kind of way. Maybe it's the broken glass sound effects that I'm falling for. Awesome! ($1 ppd. 12 song cassette, 6 songs by each band, only a few lyrics included, but tablature for SB. 2014 A N. Buffum St., Milwaukee, WI 53212.)

SHOT ON SIGHT play pissed-off and awesome, slightly metallic hardcore, more ECONOCHRIST-ish than full on gloomy and post-apocalyptic. They're angry but not defeated. It's fast, but mid-tempo for the genre, with a good enunciating singer guy shouting. ($.83 postage only! 2 song CD, no lyrics included. 1625 Grant St. Salem, OR 97303.)

THE SPUDS, from 1846, got back together and put out this pro-potato manifesto demo. It's funny and catchy, a gruffish kind of pop punk, on the faster side of mid-tempo. Their bad faux accents actually add to the comedy, but maybe they've just been on this side of the Atlantic too long, and Texas is causing them to lose touch with the old country. (5 song CD, lyrics included. 430 Hanover Ln., Irving, TX 75062.)

PAPER DOLL is my first exposure the post Riot Grrl sound, same venom, but it's hidden behind lots more melody and jangly pop. HEAVENLY musical sensibility, but slower paced, and a lower tone to the sweet girly-girl vocals. (5 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 2133, Fairfax, VA 22031.)

RACAK play great straightforward mid-paced hardcore, with a touch of metal in the guitars, but total hardhitting punk rock fury in their rhythm section. The vocals are shouted and/or growled, depending on the song. They have English language explanations of where they're coming from as well as lyrics. Kick-ass. (4.5 Euros, or $7 ppd. 9 song cassette, lyrics included in English and German. Schandmaul Rec., PF 610617, 10937 Berlin, Germany.)

RADIO FREE DIXIE is one guy on an acoustic guitar playing heartfelt new style protest songs. What I mean by "new style" is mixing how you actually live with your politics, and addressing that in the content of your music. There are some AGAINST ME style emo moments, and a clap along song, but on the whole this is got more pop culture commentary going on. ($2 ppd. 4 song cassette, lyrics included. 3160 Williamsburg Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48108.)

REAPER SCYTHE puts a lot of heart and energy into this good rockin', sort of melodic but not sweet at all, fast-paced layered, and straightforward, cool-as-hell demo. They have some slower break-it-down parts, here and there. For the most part, though, it's not blazing, but feels maybe like things are about to get out of control. The vocals are mostly shouted, but sometimes sore throat sung, with good screams. ($5 ppd. 10 song CD, lyrics included. 1724 E. Penny Dr., Tempe, AZ 85282.)

STRAITJACKET is less LEATHERFACE-ish these days, maybe more like nephews and not sons, but are more about the slower and less catchy style, more dirty New York in them. Still great, though. ($5 ppd. 5 song CD, lyrics included. 2923 SE 17th, Portland, OR 97202.)

WAKE songs either have a base of fast-paced, straightforward, cleanly recorded hardcore, or melodic and slow songs. Then they have bursts of either youth crew style power, slow lurching parts, super slow guitar-only emo bits, or this weird effect thing that sounds like a wind tunnel. The vocals run the gamut of styles, screams, super fast sung parts, sort of spoken bits, and good sustain on the shouts. (4 song CD, no lyrics included. 76 Garden Ave. Brick, NJ 08724.)

THE WILLOWZ play catchy mid-tempo rock songs—the first is really poppy party music, and the second rocks harder. The vocals are well sung, and then sort of snotty spoken. Plus, I'm a sucker for clap tracks! (2 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 4474, Palm Desert, CA 92261.)

NEGATIVE FX

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REFLEX 04: GOVERNMENT ISSUE : BOYCOT STABB + LIVE LP
REFLEX 03: JERRY'S KIDS : IS THIS MY WORLD? LP
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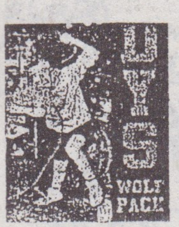
REFLEX 01: NEGATIVE FX : DISCOGRAPHY



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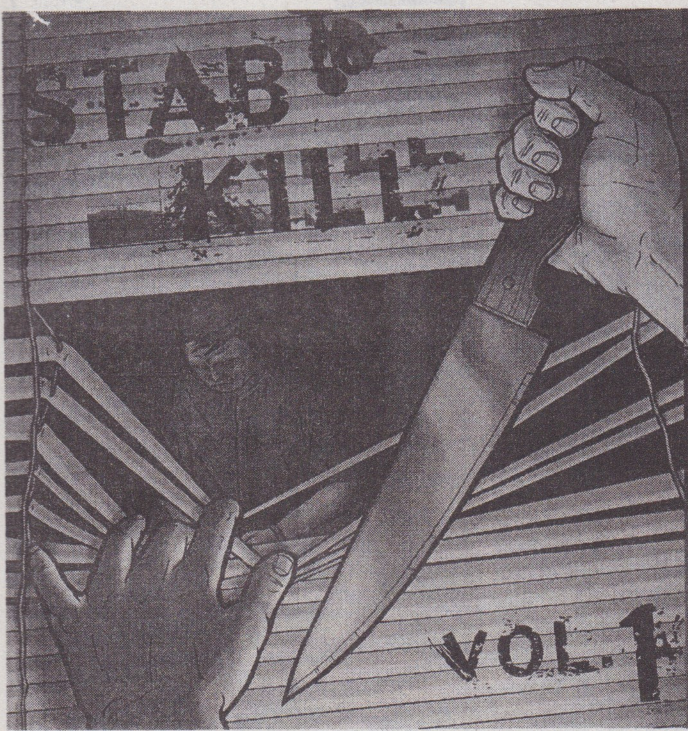

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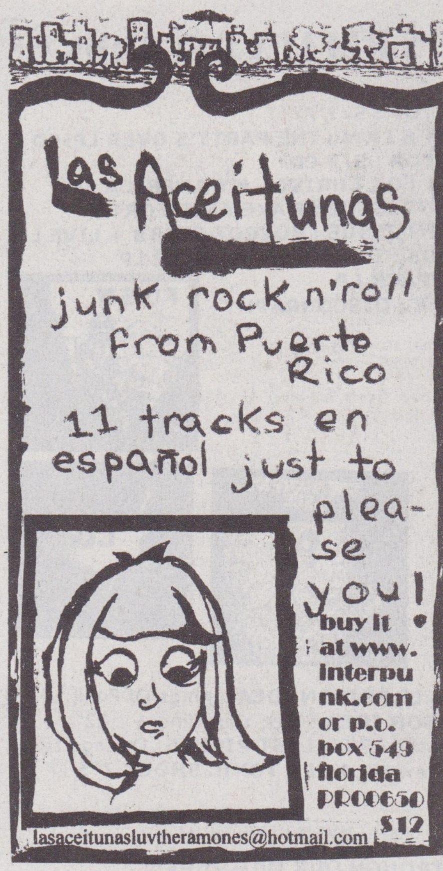
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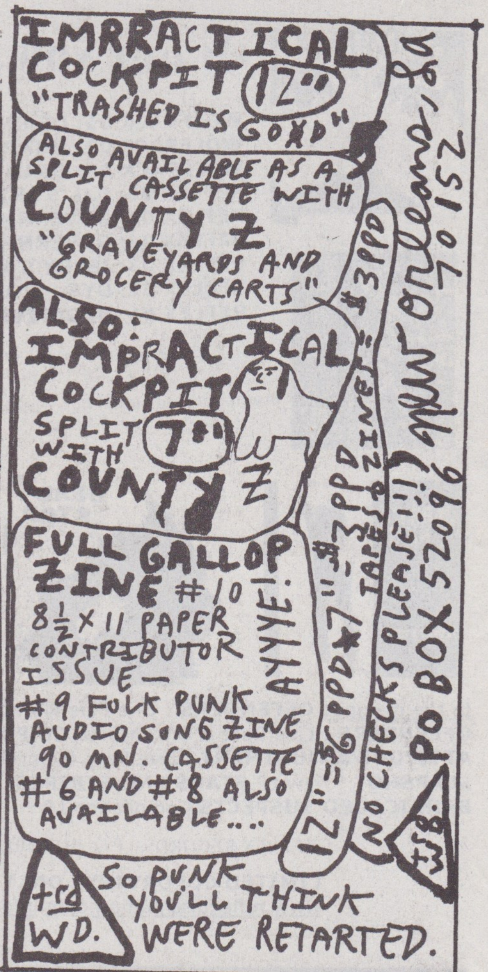
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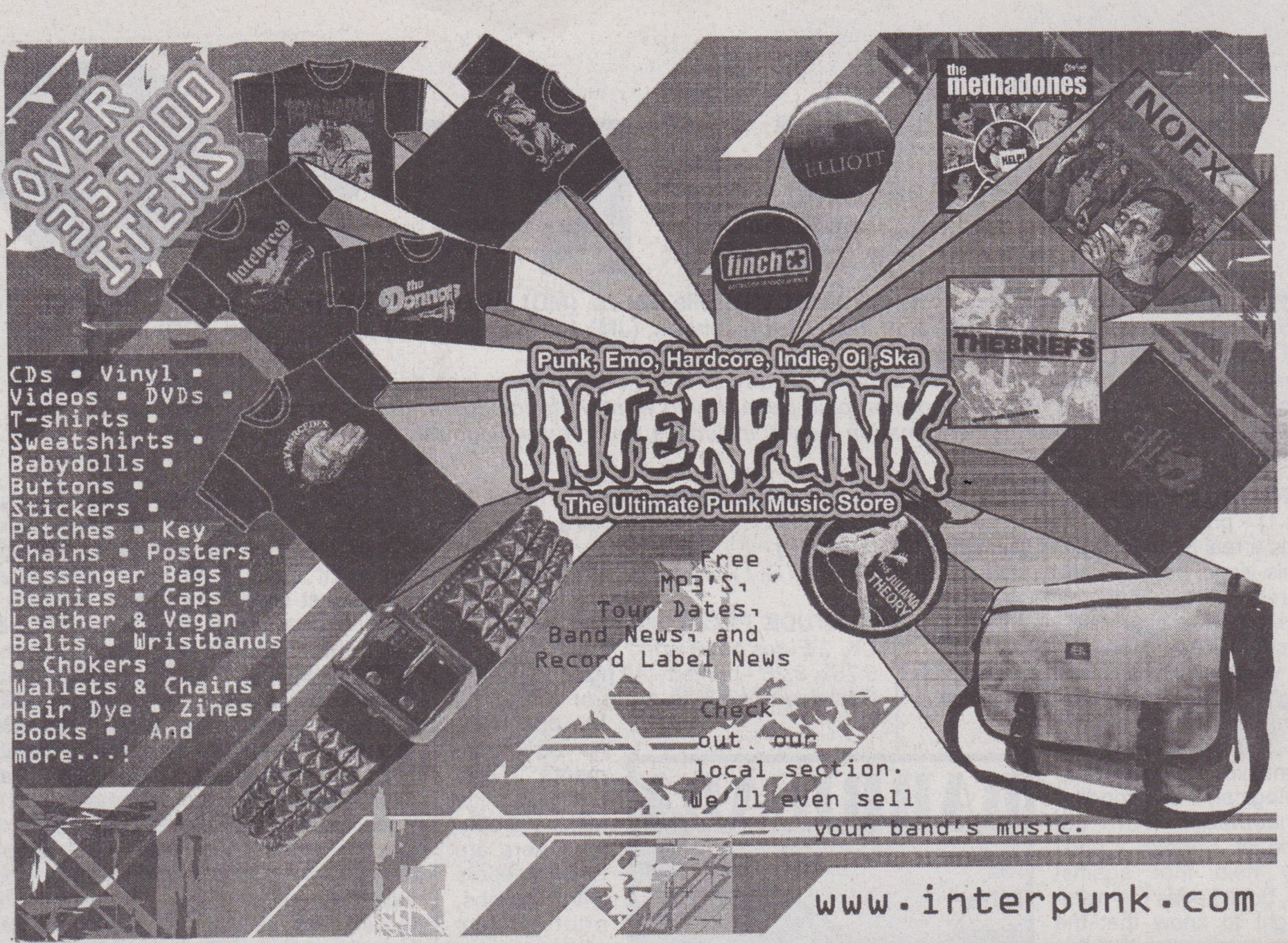

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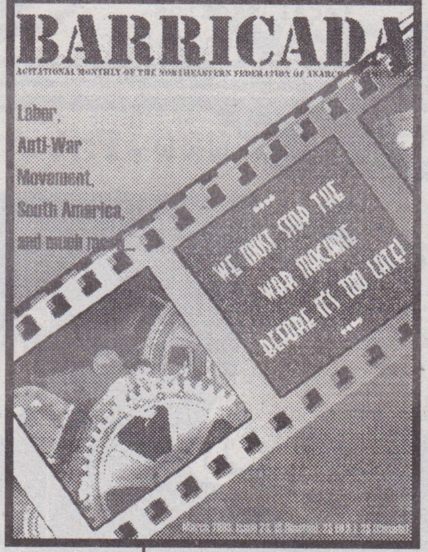
ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booze, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ALARM #14 / $4.99
8.5 x 11 - printed - 84 pgs
This is a real head-scratcher. The design on this issue would place it, to my eye, squarely in the "indie hip-hop" genre, which given my unfamiliarity with the past 13 issues of *Alarm,* set my heart aflutter. Alas, while excellently constructed (which is high praise for a slick magazine like *Alarm*) this lives squarely in the post-*Punk Planet*, "alternative lifestyle as a (n) (ideological) commodity" neighborhood with our friends at *Clamor*. I don't really hold that against them, but it keeps me warm at night to know that the seamless transition that this magazine makes between advertising and content isn't just in my head. It was designed that way. Anyway, there is a handful of good content here. An excellent interview with Joe Carducci (of SST) stands out, along with some better-than-good record reviews. The rest of the magazine contains short interviews with Revolution Summer, the Faint, Dr. Oop, Edan, In Flames, Edan, etc. (AR)
PMB #285 / 2506 N Clark St / Chicago, IL 60614



ANDY FRIENDLY CALLS IN SICK #? / free?
3.5 x 7.5 - copied - 23 pgs.
Ah, unemployment. If you're so damn unemployed how come you didn't have time to write about anything else? For the only subject of consequence, "Andy" waxes Socratic about work for a long, long time. Other than this harsh taunt, there is a moment in this zine that gets me: "A town I used to spend a lot of time in was, for a while, the arson capital of the United States. Buildings would burn down by the blockful." I suppose if you are as enticed by this sentence as I was, you would hope for some tales of victorious destruction. Instead, romantic rambling. I won't spoil it for you, but the highlight story in this zine involves a bike accident. (JB)
244 Oak St / Providence, RI 02909

ATTITUDE PROBLEM #33 / 85 pence UK, 2 Euros or $2 world
5.75 x 8.25 - printed - 40 pgs
Contained herein is a ton of writing, all handprinted, no advertisements, and plenty of nice looking graphics. There are Grim Reapers with bombs, photographs of bands, and illustrations of punks reading this very zine on the crapper, dancing drunk, and gardening. The writing is mostly interviews, which are well done and get people to discuss the relevance of punk, life in their part of the world, and how their politics are put into practice. Also featured are an opinion piece or two, reviews, a short letters column, and a recipe for vegan Armenian soup. If you want to get to know Nailbiter, Monuments to Ruins, Våning 5, and urban gardener Graham Burnett, I would recommend this publication. The price is certainly fair. (JM)
Steve Hyland / PO Box 326 / Leeds / LS7 3YR / UK

BARRICADA #23 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 20 pgs
What's left to be said about our agitated northeastern friends? They are Anarchists (of the Communist variety), Platformist (of the General Union of Anarchists (GAU)), and Federated. *Barricada* is NEFAC's monthly. This issue improves greatly on their tradition of featuring riot porn from some recent "action" with a more muted homage to Modern Times. It looks nicer than their older issues that used color copies as covers too! It is important to state that NEFAC is doing the anarchist movement a service by publishing a frequent, news content-filled, and internationally focused magazine. It has not been since *Love and Rage* that the United States has had such a publication (monthly is a great improvement over a couple times a year). With that said, I greatly fear the trajectory that *Barricada* takes (highly reminiscent of not only *Love and Rage* but also the alphabet soup of Commies) in terms of its focus. With sections labeled "Anti-War News" and "Labor Struggles," it is hard to see *Barricada* leading the Left into a new century. While the traditions of anti-militarism and labor struggle are vibrant, they are not the only blueprints of social change. Possibly the point is better made with a quote on the result of a strike on Fleet Industries: "Even though Fleet decided to shut down the plant instead of bargain with the workers this should be seen as a major victory for the workers movement. Fleet was forced to concede that even with a court injunction and a rabidly anti-worker provincial government they were unable to break the determined workers of IAMAW Lodge 717." If these are the kinds of victories that Barricada (and NEFAC) would lead us to, I think I'd rather just stay home and sleep. (AR)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133

BREAK THE CHAINS #14 / free to prisoners in WA, ID, OR, and CA, $5 for 6 issues for other prisoners, $10 for 6 issues for everybody else
8.5 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
This issue of this prisoner support newsletter opens with an editorial imploring us to be aware of the environmental impact of electricity and arson, not that the editor condemns these things. "The current rule of existence rivals that of the dinosaurs," he warns. Inside, a number of jailed Native Americans and Eugene residents provide political analysis and infor-

mation on their situations, news is provided about prisons, protests and riots on the West Coast, and Vikki Law contributes an article, "The Invisibility of Women Prisoner's Resistance." Plenty of prisoner and support group contact information can be found as well. Vikki's article did make this issue distinctive, as it was the first piece I've seen on this topic consisting of more than just generalizations. (JM)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

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SO MUCH MORE
ANOTHER YEAR TO FUCK SHIT UP

CHAOTIC NOISE #1 / free or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs.
"Ooh a rainbow!" —my roommate. What do you think would happen if everyone decided to stand up and question passivity? I've been there a few times, itchy and uncomfortable when someone is offending me with his or her racist or sexist or homophobic comment. I sat there passive, interpreting "tolerant" as not bothering to confront X bonehead on his or her remark because I was thinking, "Everybody has their own opinions, right?" Jay Bastard writes: "A lot of us, including myself, love to run their mouths off about how we stand up and fight for what we believe in. But then why the fuck is it so unbelievably hard to say to a close friend or a not so close friend 'Hey man, I think that is a little fucked up…'" Jay is right on for challenging complacency in our personal day to day experiences. Fred Mertz' show reviews are soulful enough, and the record reviews strive to justify their claims. #2 was submitted also, but somehow didn't impress me as much. In #1 there are interviews with Despite, Uncurbed, Hate Mail Killerz, Riistetyt, The Dirty 30's, and Audio Kollaps. (JB)
303 New Jersey Rd / Brooklawn, NJ / 08030
dbeatbastard@yahoo.com

CHUMPIRE #159 / stamp or trade
4.5 x 3.75 - copied - 12 pgs
One hundred and fifty-nine issues? Insane! Always a good but short read, this time around *Chumpire* is mostly just reviews and Greg talking about moving back east. Short and good as always. (MT)
PO Box 27 / Harrisburg, PA 17003-0027

COUNTERBLAST # 2 / $1
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 24 pgs
The energy and conviction of youth never fails to inspire me to feeling that maybe we're not as fucked as I usually think. Kate's zine perfectly illustrates that to me. She covers basic politics—about school and vegetarianism—with a conviction rare to witness in zines by her older, more cynical compatriots (myself included). I hope that future issues dig a little deeper and that her passion and conviction are matched by a little more information. (CR)
2230 Four Mile Creek Rd / RR3 / Niagra-on-the-Lake, Ontario LOS 1JO / Canada

DEMOLISH #2 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 52 pgs
Paraphrasing from an interview with the Virus: "Q: What do you think was the greatest band of all time and the most underrated band? A: Greatest band Exploited, UK Subs, and the Clash, Underrated the Wretched Ones and the UK Subs." While I am tempted to allow for that quote to speak for the entire magazine, it is worthwhile to note that this is an "old-school" (in style and content) punk zine with a glossy cover and representation by The Locust, Model Citizen, Che Chapter 127, Boy Dot Com, Pee Zine, the Gels, *Razorcake* zine, blah, blah, blah. The cover has posing punks with colorful hair in front of a garage door. Punk. (AR)
12 Connemars Cs, Kelso / Townsville / QLD 4815 Australia

DESTROY WHAT BORES YOU #3 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
"This copy is for review even though it's not emo." This is the post-it that greeted me when I read this one, so…OK, anyway, there's lots of writing about going to shows, with nice in-depth descriptions of the bands and the antics (9 Shocks Terror, the Testors, the Lost Sounds are the bands). Then there is a trip to Holy Land, USA—yes; they tried to make a Christian theme park! Now you can see the ruins in Connecticut! There's also a tour diary and some reviews. Decent. (MD)
Dave Hyde / 26 Lacona Dr / Patterson, NY 12563
fightordie@hotmail.com

DIE SWEET #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
My hopes were low for this comic-zine about crumby roommate situations, and I wasn't surprised in the end. Sometimes the stories we think other folks will find interesting just don't do much outside of our circle of friends. Sweet potatoes, nakedness, and vomit just don't entice me much anymore. (CR)
29 Hudson St #2 / Providence, RI 02909

Dig It!
27
Serie Z festival
Simon Chainsaw
Alien Snatch Rds
Dominique L.
Peepshows
NEW BOMB TURKS
This is Mod
Gasolheads

DIG IT! #27 / 4,5 Euros, $3
8 x 11.75 - printed - 44 pgs - French
Dig It! keeps up with their devotion to all things garage, 60s, mod, trashy, hot-rod punk rock & roll from all over the world, but concentrated in Europe and the US. The reviews are well written, casually packed with a level of information that reveals the perversity of the editors' fandom. Reviews of bands, comps, labels, and shows are all packed into one cohesive list. There are interviews with Simon Chainsaw (of the Vanilla Chainsaws), the New Bomb Turks, the Peepshows, the Gasolheads, and Alien Snatch Records from Germany. Also included is "This Is Mod," part one of a (two-part?) retrospective, and a memorial piece for Dominique Laboubée, leader of the French group Les Dogs, who died in October. So I don't know, this isn't exactly my scene, but at least *Dig It!* sticks with roots-level rock & roll, leaving out the highly codified skinhead/"streetpunk" scene, where often they seem to get mashed together. I don't like to apologize for apolitcism, but at least this is just honestly singleminded, not reactionary. (AC)
C/o Armadillo / 32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse
digitfanzine@chez.com

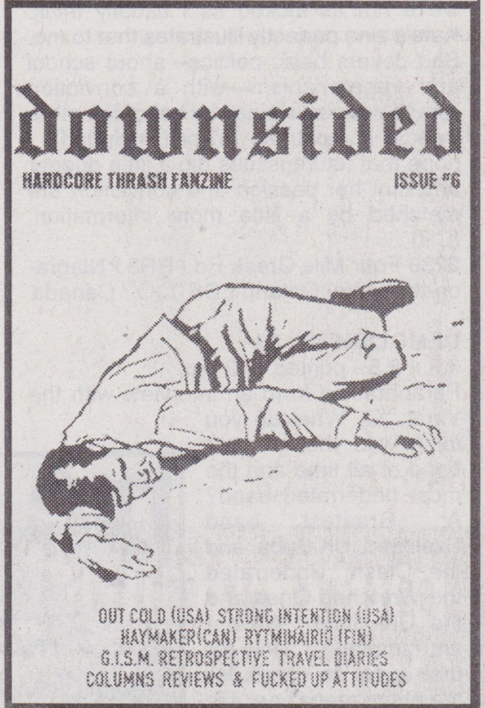
DOWNSIDED #6 / $3
6 x 8.25 - printed - 44 pgs
Finnish-produced zine covering the DIY 1000 mph hardcore scene. Lotsa great columns, reviews of zines from all over the world, and interviews with Out Cold, Strong Intention, Haymaker, Rytmihäirio—plus an article on G.I.S.M. Fucking great as is their webzine—www.thrashandburn.net. Recommended. (MT)
Sturenkatu 43-45 E 77 / 00550 Helsinki / Finland
toni@thrashandburn.net

ENTERRUPTED #3 / postage
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 20 pgs
Art. As we know, art must be destroyed in the name of art, but where does that leave today's pre-collapse artist? I think we would agree that it leaves them stuck with a day job and a prayer card for the day of days. It also leaves them in search of a medium. Zines work as a medium among many and this one can safely be brushed as a little arty. The content tends toward the urban sophisticated punk, with an interview with Gee Vaucher, a member of Septic Death, and 400 Blows. The narratives blend drivel, soft-core intention, and stream-of-consciousness pleasantly. The real odd man out is an article about the excesses (and value) of straightedge with an ode to Straight Youth. (AR)
PO Box 884626 / San Francisco, CA 94188

GAINING GROUND #1 / no price listed
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 52 pgs
A zine can't be that bad if the second page has a picture of Don Corleone on it, right? In the interview with One Up, Mirko asks, "Is there a sXe youth crew revival coming up? (I think so!)" And that statement pretty much sums up *Gaining Ground*. If I was all about straightedge then I'd be all about this zine, but as it is I have pretty much no idea who these bands are. If you're into Panic Attack! Know Your Enemy, Fairfight, or any other band that has that sort of name (yeah, you know what I'm talking about), then this zine is right up your alley. Otherwise you'll probably just end up confused, like me. (CJ)
Mirko Meerwaldt / Milletstraat 13-I / 1077 ZA Amsterdam / The Netherlands
Gainingxground_zine@hotmail.com

HEAD WOUND #14 / $2
6 x 8.25 - copied - 32pgs
This is the first time I've ever seen *Head Wound* and it is impressive! Chocked full of highly opinionated rants, reviews, and interviews of the more street punk variety, this just gushes with love of punk. This issue (the prisoner special) features interviews with Bickle's Cab, Indicator, *Morgenmuffel* zine, Tower Blocks, Dublin Anarchist Support, Brighton ABC, and Intensive Care. Look forward to seeing more of this around. (MT)
145-149 Cardigan Rd / Leeds LS6 1LJ / England

HIPPIE VOMIT #3 / $1 or 3 stamps
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 32 pgs
The stories in *Hippie Vomit* are filled with enough vomit to leave you hungover just by turning the pages. Sam and Mike D. take the train down to Miami for a supremely drunken evening at Churchill's after they find a hundred bucks on the ground of their small town. John Morin encounters cows and wingnuts on a biketrip gone wrong in Salinas. Filler includes drug-induced drawings and poetry, plus vegan receipes. (SD)
271 Holmes St / Halifax, MA 02338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COLUMNS REVIEWS & FUCKED UP ATTITUDES

MEGABEEF #7 / $1
7 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Relying heavily on small scenario-oriented vignettes to capture one's attention, this zine focuses on the odd, the compulsive, and the downright "huh?" aspects of daily life that befuddle the young editor. Despite the inundation of ads for a relatively small zine, despite the unfunny comics, despite the weird unintelligible prose, *Megabeef* has a fair amount of "funny" going for it. The escapades and tips of the European travel section by Jerome made me want to pack up and travel with the kid. Oh, and a bunch of record reviews. (SD)
PO Box 16281 / Alexandria, VA 22302

MIDWEST ASSAULT #1.5 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 22 pgs
Although the style of music covered by this zine isn't really my cup of tea, I appreciate it nonetheless. It's well done, including interviews with Modern Life Is War (who insist that haybale rides and hog roasts are "normal hardcore kid type stuff") and Sex Positions. The layout looks nice, and there's even a demo review section. If you're into East Coast-style hardcore ("hawdcaw"?) then you'll be into this zine. Bro. (CJ)
Steve Kane / 2340 Alder Court / Aurora, IL 60504

MIND THE GAP #7 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 68 pgs - German
This zine is my fave for the month; lots of raw rock & roll including interviews with TV Smith, Bouncing Souls, Turbo AC's, Planet Smashers, Tut Das Not, Bonecrusher, and Sigue Sigue Sputnik. There are also lots and lots of new record reviews plus plenty of cool ads. Finally, there is a four-page special about Joey Ramone. Great, fun zine! (HH)
Christian Giering / Harkortstrasse 32 / D22765 Hamburg / Germany
gierfisch@gmx.de

MODERN ARIZONA #1 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
Modern Arizona—not from Arizona, by the way—is a small zine with political content, which although somewhat unique in attitude and position, fails to delve too deeply into its subjects. This may be an intentional move by the editor in an attempt to retain the reader's interest, but one is left feeling as though the articles only scratch the surface. In this issue, the gallery of writers tackles the WTC, military recruitment, the VFW, Confederate flags, and a few other subjects of a general political nature. I hope future issues of this get a little more in-depth. (CR)
PO Box494 / Brewster, NY 10509

MOON RUST #4 / stamps
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 32 pgs
Split zines are often the hardest for me to read, and the worst to review. One side is almost always better than the other, leaving me with the feeling that perhaps collaboration is not the key to success in the world of zine publishing. *Moon Rust*'s two sides tell two different stories: the "Alex" side tracks his journey through giving blood, drinking cigarette tea, playing Canadian shows, and getting mono. The "Mike" side carries general musings, quotes, and politics. Not a bad little zine. (CR)
23 Alger Dr / Rochester, NY 14624

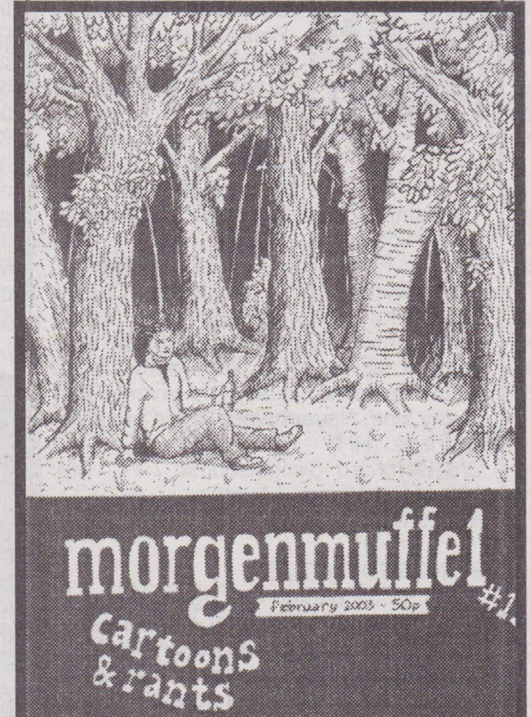
MORGENMUFFEL #11 / $1.50
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
You've got to love this autobiographical

punk/anarcho themed comic from England. Izsy spins tales from her hectic, inspiring life that are coupled with simple, yet detailed, and sometimes downright cute illustrations. This girl helps out her community by working to create a community space, runs a distro, works a ton of odd jobs, and still manages to find time to drink beer (she usually even works the beer drinking into some realm of activism, like the New Year's Eve prisoner solidarity vigil). Whew. The spoof on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* appropriately titled Tuffy the Fascist Slayer nearly made me fall out of my seat on the bus. This comic is great! (SD)
PO Box 74 / Brighton BN1 42Q / UK

THE NEUS SUBJEX #50 / free
3.5 x 8.5 - copied - 1 pg
Damned if I know what to make of it—it's dense, cramming more information into one 11" x 17" sheet (folded into tiny segments) than most zines of its ilk manage in 20 pages. Pics of grubby punk bands on stage at a venue called the Flood. News about Midwestern happenings. Witty reviews: their take on aged UK punkers the Drones begins with "You're dying. I'm dying. The Drones are dying. Slowly. We are all going to shake hands with the reaper soon enough: the difference is that the Drones are documenting their downward spiral with music and word." Some incisive and bitchy words for Ohioans, Ohio transplants, and interested outsiders. Good news for all.(JH)
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 54018
www.neussubjex.net

NO-NA-MÉ / $1
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 32 pgs
No-Na-Mé, based out of Honolulu, has a political focus, but isn't affiliated with any group more specific than activists and punks. In this issue (I can't tell you which, since it's not numbered), the first after a hiatus, editor Dr.Lovepunk interviews Anti-Flag. Bands that are interviewed too often frequently disappoint—but while this interview wasn't revelatory in scope, they talked destructive US policy in enough detail to minimize the popular band factor and make for a decent read. The other feature in this issue is a mediocre short story/parable about "Liberty" getting (her?) ass kicked by riot cops and ending up in solitary confinement. Two colors of ink and two colors of paper make *No-Na-Mé* stand out—I especially like the effect of photos in the red ink. Also, it was refreshing to read about protests and actions in Hawaii, especially because of the strong military presence there. Apparently they just had the state's largest anti-war protest, at 1000 people. I would have liked to hear more about SEVIS, a Dept.of Homeland Security tracking system designed to monitor foreign students in the US. (AC)
PO Box 12065 / Honolulu, HI 96828
DRLovePunk@juno.com

THE NORTHEASTERN ANARCHIST #6 / $4
8.5 x 11- printed - 55 pgs
Anarchist zines are usually hard for me to slog through because I find myself looking up a lot of the words used and asking around for people to remind me of the differences between Bolshevism and Leninism. *The Northeastern Anarchist* promises to delve into the theoretical aspects of anarchism. This issue highlights the work and basic premises of the many anarchist organizations around the globe that practice a Platformist version of anarchy. What does that mean? Well, a more organized, community-based group focused on collective responsibility. As one not too familiar with the language of these groups, these articles and interviews gave me a lot of the history and background that I've been missing. (SD)
PO Box 230685 / Boston, MA 02123



PROFANE EXISTENCE #41 / $2 or 4 stamps
11 x 17 - printed - 16 pgs
Reading this issue, it strikes me how now, more than ever, we need marshmallows of politics in our punk cereal (i.e. the part that gets you to try it and eat it all in the first place). This issue, *PE* pledges to move more in the direction of anarchism and politics in a more everyday-life manner—yay! Loads of personal columns, reviews, and band interviews (Rambo and Contravene) round out the other goodies, which include a calendar of events, actions, and protests. There's an interview with the Seward Community Café collective which was interesting, but I thought let them off the hook a little too easily when talking about questions of diversity, and didn't ask about some of the issues I'd like to see collectives and cooperatives address, such as personal responsibility and leadership. Oh well! There's a lot of writing about the Iraq war and protests. Finally, there is a long personal piece about direct action by some Americans and locals in Gaza, which mentioned the evils of Zionism so many times I got a little uncomfortable. It's a fine line to walk, and I'd be curious to see if it spawns any further discussion, or if it's one of those things that punks won't touch with a ten-foot pole. Regardless, I look forward to the "renewed direction" of this long-running zine. (MD)
PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408
www.profanceexistence.com

PUNK IS LIKE A BOX OF CANDY / $2
3.5 x 4 - copied - 40 pgs
I feel like there have been a lot of "how I got into punk" stories in zines lately…which would be fine but it seems like Halloween (the holiday) and Billy Idol (we're talking Rebel Yell) come up way too much…anyway, it is interesting to see how peoples' perspectives change from excitement and involvement, to disillusionment, and then trying to find a way to fit into a movement that we may have mixed feelings about, and make it meaningful and viable to ourselves. I think many of us will see a little of ourselves in here, and I think these stories are important to share, as we try to figure out our place in this scene (it feels like a life-long battle). (MD)
Siue / 130 Clinton St #27 / Toronto / Ontario M66 243 Canada
bk913@ncf.ca

RAZORCAKE #13 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 98 pgs
Every issue I've seen of this zine rules, this one included. Maybe it's a little surprising this time, as I don't care about any of the bands on the cover—the GC5 (who came to their "working class values" from being raised by middle class intellectuals), 400 Blows, Joe Strummer, Gwar, et al. The interviews are pretty good and there is a lot of great photography printed alongside them. There are ten columns; I count eight great ones and two "eh." This thing is worth it for the fucking columns! Like in *MRR*, there

is no shortage of reviews and advertisements. The editor claims *Razorcake* is his full-time job and he earned forty bucks last year, which he spent on clothes. I don't get it—does he never have to pay for beer 'cause this mag is so good? (JM)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles,
CA 90042

REGLAR WIGLAR #18 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 48 pgs
As Mr. Burns would say, hi-larious. Interviews with Fleshies, The Woodrows, and Sluggo made me laugh loud enough so that the weird man on the bus kept staring at me. Even the record reviews are funny. Some are British. Others are haikus. The comics aren't as funny, but hey, you can't win 'em all, right? (CJ)
1658 N Milwaukee Ave #545 /
Chicago, IL 60647
wiglar@mac.com

ROCTOBER #35 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 54 pgs
In one word, meh. As usual, *Roctober* has some weird interviews and articles on things like Ed Sullivan, Snoop Dogg, Bill Haley, cyberpunk, and Dolemite. This is also apparently the "comics galore" issue, so there's lots of comics too. Some of them are good, others aren't. I think you probably already know whether or not you like *Roctober* so I'm just going to stop writing now. (CJ)
1507 E 53rd St #617 / Chicago, IL
60615
editor@roctober.com

SHRIKE #2 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 72 pgs
Not just the zine of the month for me, but really the zine of the last two years! I was totally blown away by the perfect melding of politics, family, art, and emotion running through this thick zine. *Shrike* is a collaborative effort between Jeremy and Nathan. Between them, they produce great tales of biking down Portland's sad seedy streets, bike and relationship crashes, an interview with Nathan's brother, a cop, an examination of the technology that we use so carelessly without any knowledge of how it actually works, and the silly shittiness of recycling instead of reducing. This zine is a great read from cover to cover—although the nightmare part could've been trimmed a bit. There's no reason why anyone who enjoys zines should delay in sending away for this well-made zine. (CR)
Nathan / 3443 NE Rodney / Portland, OR
97212
Jeremy / 21 SE 45th Ave / Portland, OR
97215
suppokasu@yahoo.com

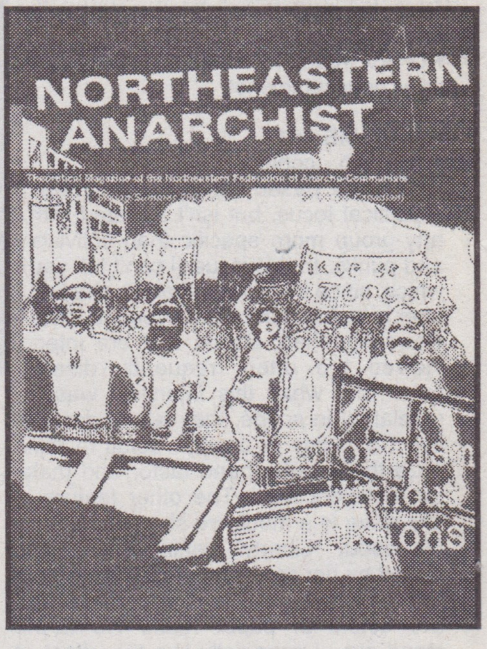
SLACKERBOOGER #2 / no price listed
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 50 pgs
I was pretty stoked to be assigned a zine from the Philippines, seeing as that's not the first place you think of when you think of the punk rock. *Slackerbooger* is a totally positive (but not posi) zine with music coverage ranging from the likes of What Happens Next? to MxPx, with a little more emphasis on the pop-punk end of things. The best part is the scene reports and local band interviews–it warms my little heart to know that kids around the world are doing shit like this. (CJ)
Dane Cortes / #2503
Unida St Baclaran /
Paranaque MM 1700
Philippines
Slackerbooger@hotmail.com

SLAM ZINE #9 / $4
11 x 8 - printed - 100 pgs - German
This zine consists of mostly interviews with such bands as All Systems Go, Rocket From The Crypt, Stratovarius, Snuff, Guttermouth, Asstronauts, Chewy, Revolvers, MIA, Cave In, and many, many more. I have issues with the zine being a bit too slick; plus, there are no record reviews, usually my favorite part of any zine. Nevertheless, there are plenty of ads. (HH)
C/o Bernhard Sengstschmid / PO Box
100 / 1151 Vienna / Austria
www.slam-zine.com

SLINGSHOT #77 / $1
11.5 x 17.5 - printed - 16 pgs
With this issue, *Slingshot* celebrates 15 years of publishing, and editor PB Floyd contributes an insider's view of the past, present and (hopefully) future of this fine free paper. Also included are firsthand stories of protests in San Francisco, DC, and Quito, Ecuador; plenty of anti-war and anti-WTO news; a report from a Houston INS jail; and the story of the Freemasonic connection to Poindexter's Office of Information Awareness (I thought the OIA was denied official license, just like the Admiral's earlier projects...). I say "hell yes" to the volunteers and contributors who've gotten this thing out over all these years. (JM)
Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Ave /
Berkeley, CA 94705

SOUNDS OF WAR #1 / free
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs.
I read this and forgot about my yeast infection for a minute. The reviews have a personality and vigor, the interviews an old familiar charm of "tell us your influences," but what really got me was the interview with Jay of *Chaotic Noise* zine (see review). It came off as interesting, honest, and in dialogue with issues I consider relevant to everyone, including consumerism, inspiration, and sexism. I found it compulsive that the interviewer consistently asks bands if they think that the internet is good for punk (I dunno, is it a pressing issue?) The editor admits that some people may disagree with his choice to do everything on the computer, and well, gag me with a pixel. Interviews with Paganizer, Audio Kollaps, Vitun, Äpärät "and other raw noise violence." (JB)
152 Gostlin / Hammond, IN / 46327
soundsofwar@yahoo.com

STARDUMB #7 / free, $2 postage
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 38 pgs
Interviews with Germany's "Hottest Punk Rock Band," the Backwood Creatures; more props to the Groovie Ghoulies; a breathless Sacramento scene report featuring the likes of the Mallrats and FM Knives; an Apers tour diary, many reviews, columns, and a soft-focus chick centerfold that doesn't reproduce well in grainy black & white halftone. Features the nimble writing skills of *MRR*'s Bobby Manic, and if you're up to the man's interests you'll know what to expect here: studded leather jackets, girls, and punk rock with the emphasis on *rock*. Good tie-in with Stardumb Enterprises that stands on its own as a worthy and worthwhile read. (JH)
PO Box 21145 / 3001 AC Rotterdam /
Netherlands
www.stardumbrecords.com


NORTHEASTERN
ANARCHIST
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Platformism without Illusions

THE STUPID JOURNEY #3 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 52 pgs
Hey, he named it, not me. This consists of journal excerpts and weak reproductions of photographs of a bike trip across Canada. The journal excerpts are brief and leave no lasting impression—just random soundbites that are not compelling and mostly about food. (MD)
Satan Macnuggit / 3584 John St / Vineland Station / Ontario L0R 2E0 Canada
siue@satanmacnuggit.com

RAZORCAKE
13
$3
THE GC5

TRASH FACTION #4 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
Covering the more garagey and rockin' side of punk, *Trash Faction* is a fun read, and also hasn't been sucked into the computer-layout black hole. This issues features Slumber Party, the Reining Sound, Guitar Wolf (although that interview is so bad it's almost not worth including), In the Red Records, and a piece on R&B singer Irma Thomas. I'd love to see a little more personal writing in here; since the layout has such a human touch, it would be nice to know a little more about the humans behind it. (MD)
Jill Hubley / 238 Walworth St #2 / Brooklyn, NY 11205
trashfaction@hotmail.com

TOWN OF HARDCORE #4 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
Town Of Hardcore is still one my favorite of the East Coast hawd-kaw zines going. While I'm not super into the East Coast sXe variety of hardcore these days, it's the enthusiasm for the scene jumping off the pages that makes me enjoy *Town Of Hardcore* quite a bit. It's got that same love and passion for East Coast tough guy hawd-kaw that I often find myself having for mountains of equally stupid raw D-beat punk. A lot of people don't get it, but I do. This time around we find new interviews with Chicago's Punch in the Face, and Mental, plus reprints of interviews with Brotherhood and Raw Deal. My favorite part is where he reprints all the bad reviews that Our War got and then talks shit on the reviewers—sorry, Our War still ain't so good, but it is funny as shit to read the rants and rebuttals. Hope this keeps going for some time and doesn't fizzle out. If you miss *Hardware, Boiling Point,* or *Radio Riot,* this one's up your alley. (MT)
1458 Reynolds Ave / Burlington, Ontario L7M 3B7 / Canada

UNDER THE VOLCANO #72 / free
8.5 x 11 - offset - 50 pgs
Slick, professional. Nice-looking color advertisements. Issue 72 of *Under the Volcano* contains an interview with the newly-reformed group Channel 3 (actually interesting to hear their justifications for hopping on the nostalgia wagon), noisemeisters the Division of Laura Lee, Alabama indie/emo group Northstar, a brief chat with covergirls Sleater-Kinney, reviews of records by bands with unfamiliar names, classifieds, and the like. It's weighed heavily toward ads, but such is the nature of free publications. (JH)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767
www.underthevolcano.net

UP MAGAZINE #8 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 56 pgs - Dutch
I enjoy reading this zine even though I wish it were less slick, with a sharper cutting edge. This issue features interviews with the Exploited, the Apers, US Bombs, the Get Up Kids, the Heartaches, Puffball, Count the Stars, Abdullah, and *Ox* fanzine. There is also lots of new record reviews, plenty of cool ads, and playlists. The zine also comes with a 22-song sampler featuring tracks by the bands interviewed. Not bad! (HH)
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands
www.upmagazine.nl

SLINGSHOT
free

VILE DOMINION #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
White on black text and interviews with studs and spikes punk rock make this a winner in my book. Short and to the point, you can really see Doug's passion for the crusty side of hardcore shining through. Good interviews with Detroit's Feast or Famine and global thrash smugglers Hardcore Holocaust. Plus mountains of reviews of records, zines and books and few rants on PETA, the importance of DIY, and the criminal "injustice" system. Keep 'em coming, Doug. Check out his columns in *Profane Existence* and *Slug and Lettuce.* (MT)
1970 Westwood Northern Blvd #5 / Cincinnati, OH 45225

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #10 / $3
5.5 x 8 - copied - 60 pgs
Xerography Debt, scheduled to come out three times yearly, is designed to review zines (mostly personal and poetry zines) in support of the "zineland." Organization and legiblity are priorities here: Editor Davida Gypsy Breier has recruited a staff of 19 reviewers, each with their own section in which they review several zines, selected from their own files or from *XD*'s submissions. Rather than its modest good looks, *XD* relies on the personality of its reviewers, many of whom (like Erin Quinlan and Mark Hain) are superior writers, and all of whom are at least literate and enthusiastic. Throughout, the writing in *XD* clearly benefits from Davida's careful editing. I was intrigued by the idea of organizing a zine with reviewers deciding what to review themselves—quite a different project than, say, *MRR*'s, which is to cover what's out there. The result is that you get a lot less grumbling (though they do their share of that, too) and a greater focus on what really moves the reviewers. The downside is that they all end up reviewing each others zines and projects, some of them four or five times. This seems like a dynamic, talented assembly, but truly, there are many other great zines out there as well. My other criticism is related—there's a faintly smug attitude toward punk running throughout *XD*. Believe me, I know there are shitty punk zines out there, but if you get to pick and choose, I mean, have you read the newest *Emergency*? There are a couple of punk zines favorably reviewed, but more often than not, mention of them is unneccesarily derisive. Despite this complaint, I think *XD* is lovingly constructed, really valuable as a resource, and very well-endowed with insight and clearmindedness. (AC)
PO Box 963 / Havre de Grace, MD 21078
davida@leekinginc.com

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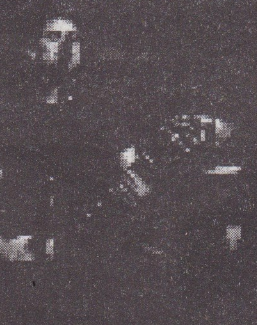

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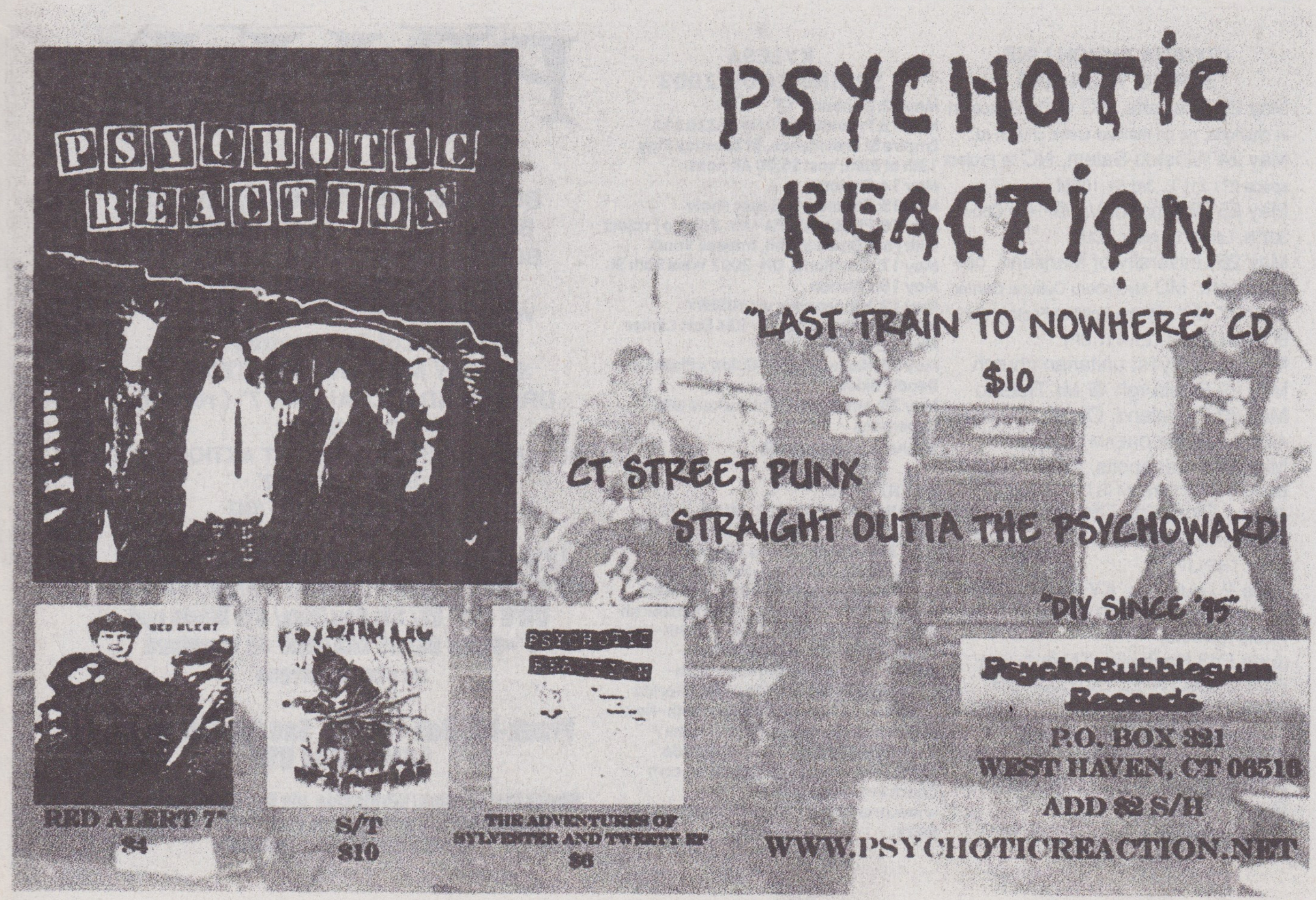

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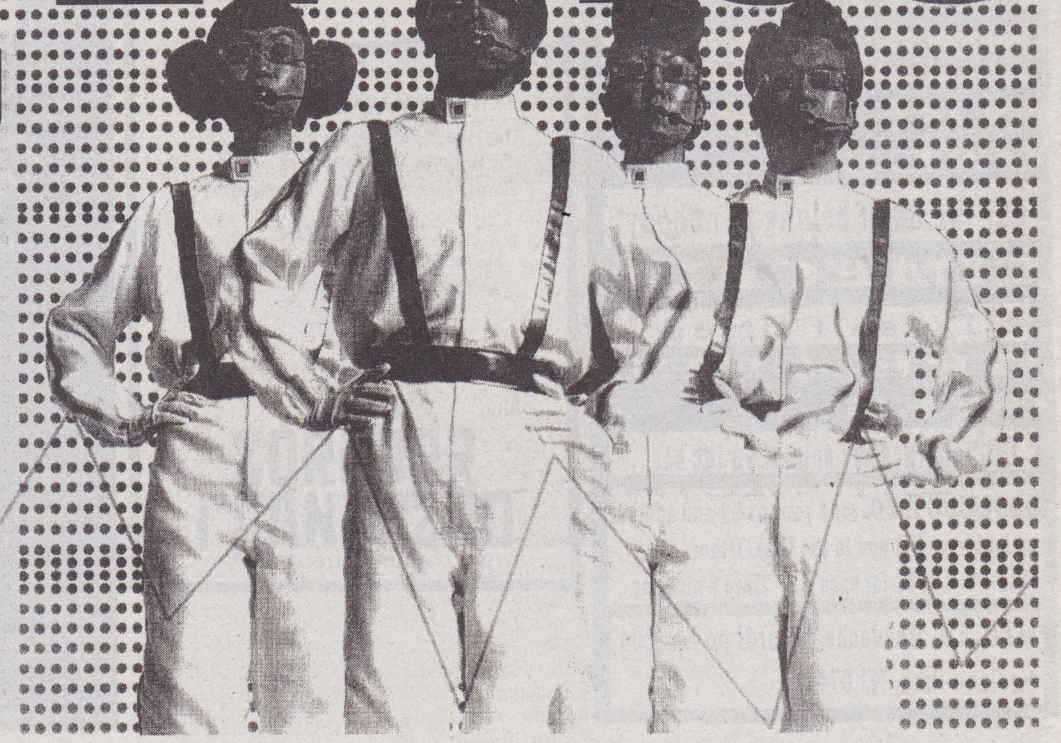

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ZINES WANTED FOR LADYFEST HAMBURG (August 21-24 2003 Germany)! We are looking for zines mainly done by wimmin (feminist/queer zines by others, too) for a small zine library during ladyfest. No homophobe/sexist/racist/religious shit! Contact: ladyriot@yolamda.net, www.ladyfesthamburg.org

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HI, NEW ISSUE OF BANANA ZINE is out, packed with ska/reggae/mod and similar crap (Alcapone, Dekker, Smodati, Rivercidal Syndicate rec., Skunk and more) + cd with 22 bands (ska/reggae only) on 70 minutes. $5 ppd anywhere. Desperately looking for distros. Thanks, Don Bruno c/o Banana/Post box service/ PO BOX 75/ Pekarska 54/602 00 Bmo/ Czech republic. donbrunoferrari@seznam.cz

WANTED - AMERICAN, CANADIAN Oi! /Skin zines. Send me a zine and I'll send you a cool CDR or Australian Oi!/Skin bands. Let's Trade! Barry Smith/Unit 1/833 Marion Road/Mitchell Park/S.A/5043/Australia

STARTING A DIY MIX TAPE TRADE Donate your mix tape and receive one in return! Please list bands and song titles. A cover would be nice. If you're interested in sharing music and ideas, send your mix tape to: Absence of Malice c/o Marc Silverstein, 5275 Whisper Dr., Coral Springs, FL 33067

POOR AND FORGOTTEN, DIY zine L.A.M.F., zines, distros, & labels get in touch for trades or free ad space, bands get in touch for interviews, people get in touch with your contributions or to place free classified ads at: Matthew Johnson PO Box 59, Linwood, MA 01525-0059 or send $1.00/stamps/trade for current issue (#13 out soon!!)

TRADE: Antisect "In Darkness..." LP (original), Decibelios 1st 7", Fuck Ups 7", Plastic Surgery 7", Rebel Truth 7", SIB "Third world war" LP, Stalin "Go Go" 12", Flex Your Head "XXX" cover, Pussy Galore "Groovy" Test Press LP, Making A Scene book. WANTS: Zmiv, Mornington Crescent, Execute, Zouo, Reign of Terror, Silver Chalice, Siouxsie "Hong Kong" Japanese, a lot more Japanese & US stuff. Send trade lists to: BILL SKOULAS, POSTE RESTANTE, EOLOU 100, 10200 ATHENS, GREECE (or e-mail me at: milsain@hotmail.com

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LOOKING FOR GANG OF FOUR, on vinyl format. Entertainment LP, Solid Gold Lp, Songs of the Free Lp, Brief History of the twentieth century Lp, plus any 7"s, 12"s, and other Lps or I can offer you mine. Please write me at: Kristopher Jolly/1201 Office Park Rd., Apt. 1712/West Des Moines, Iowa/50265

FOR TRADE: Bastard 12", Target of Demand "Mans Ruin" LP, Beaver EP, White Pigs live EP, Car Thieves EP (Radio X), Aspirin Feast "How Do You Call the Cops..." EP, more...WANTED: Missbrukarna/Panic EP, Gastunk "Devil" +2 EP, Desperate Bicycles "New Cross" EP, Burning Kitchen 10", Problematics 10" and EP w/b-side track, Mummies "Skinnie Minnie" "That Girl" (Pre-BS), split w/Phantom Surfers, Lost Sounds "Plastic Skin" 7"... Write me: Dave Hyde/26 Lacona Dr./Patterson, NY 12563/fightordie@hotmail.com

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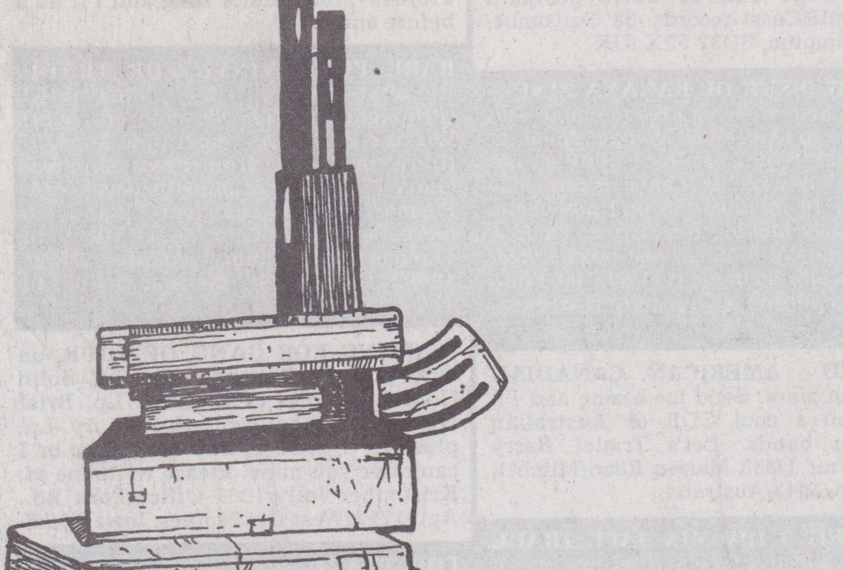PRESORTED STANDARD
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